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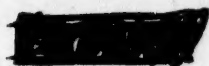


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NEW DRAMATIC READER.

COMPRISING

A SELECTION OF PIECES FOR PRACTICE
IN ELOCUTION;

WITH

INTRODUCTORY HINTS TO READERS.

BY JOHN ANDREW,

*Instructor in Elocution in the McGill University and Normal
School and in the High Schools of Montreal, &c.*



Montreal:

DAWSON BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

1876.

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PREFACE.

THIS Reader is presented to the public, not with a view of superseding the books which are now used in our schools, but in order to provide a fresh and attractive collection of pieces especially adapted for Practice in Elocution.

The extracts are, therefore, as far as known, not published in any of the Readers at present in use, with the exception of a small number of pieces at the end of the book. These, it is suggested, may be committed to memory, after careful analysis, and used for the cultivation of the voice. Scenes from Shakespeare have not been inserted,—the many School Editions of his Plays seeming to render their introduction unnecessary.

It will be observed that the prose selections are complete in themselves, and not of the usual fragmentary character; and that while they are instructive, they are not *dry*. Humorous pieces, always favourites with young readers, have been freely admitted.

THE PAGE



It is the duty of the editor to select the best material for his page, and to arrange it in such a manner as to interest the reader. The editor should also be careful to see that the page is well printed, and that the type is well set.

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HINTS TO READERS.

ARTICULATION.

Distinctness is of the first importance in reading aloud. All books on Elocution insist upon it, and give directions for acquiring it; yet there is no part of the art of speaking which is more neglected. Distinctness is not easy to learn, nor is it readily taught. Few teachers are willing to undergo the drudgery, lesson after lesson, and day after day, of insisting on perfect enunciation.

It must be understood that distinct articulation depends wholly on the organs of speech, and on the force and precision of their exertion. The student, whose utterance is the result of casual habit only, requires therefore a thorough organic training, before he can pass successfully to the firm and exact mode of using his voice, which distinguishes public reading and speaking from ordinary discourse. In connection with the necessary physical training he must give strict attention to *elementary* sounds, because exactness of articulation cannot exist without close discrimination and careful analysis; for however inseparable the elements of a syllable may seem to the ear, they are in reality separate and wholly independent formations.

When the syllabic elements are pronounced singly, each may receive an undivided energy of organic effort—a corresponding clearness and firmness, and a well-defined outline, which make an excellent preparation for distinct pronunciation when they are combined in speech. Few persons, however, will be able at first, to command a prompt utterance of these sounds, particularly of the consonants or articulations (Table II); indeed, it is remarkable that sounds which are pronounced readily in combination, demand considerable practice before they can be uttered separately. It should be, notwithstanding, the first duty of the learner to give his earnest attention to their acquirement. The readiest mode of mastering an element, at first found difficult, is to place it at the

end of a syllable, and observe carefully the position of the lips and tongue when pronouncing it in connection with other sounds ; for example, to acquire the exact formation of the whispered consonant "t", pronounce the syllable "put", and by dwelling upon it, the exact sound of "t" will be readily perceived. Note particularly that no consonant sound is complete until the organs are *detached* from their position.

The following tables of the elementary sounds in the English language form the most complete and systematic arrangement with which the writer is acquainted. They are from the works of Mr. Melville Bell, the accomplished Reader, and inventor of "Visible Speech."

TABLE I.

ENGLISH VOWEL SCHEME AND NUMERICAL NOTATION.

No. 1	æ(1)	(p)ū(11)	(p)ōō(1)	13 No.
" 2	ī(11)	(ō)oo(1)	ō(13)	12 "
" 3	ā(1e) (ā)c		ō(re)	11 "
" 4	ē(11) ē(re)		ō(n) ā(11)	10 "
" 5	ā(n)		ū(p) ū(rn)	9 "
" 6	ā(sk)		(s)lr (h)er	8 "
		No. 7		
		āh		
COMBINATIONS.				
7-1, AH_ee (ise.)		7-13, AH_oo (owl.)		
10-1, AW_ee (oil.)		y-13-(use).		

In order to bring this scheme into practical application, the student must commit it to memory, discarding letters as names of the sounds, and adopting instead a numerical nomenclature, in accordance with the arrangement in the above Table. Thus, he must associate the sound *ee* with Number 1, and speak of the vowel in the words *be*, *fee*, *tea*, *key*, *ceil*, *field*, *people*, *pique*, &c., as uniformly No. 1, independently of the diverse vowel letters which represent the sound. And so with all the other vowels. He has to deal with sounds, not letters.

TABLE II.
ARTICULATIONS.

	Whispered.	Vocalized.	Nasal.	Examples.
1, 2, 3	K	G	NG	call, gall, gong.
4		Y		yet.
5, 6	Sh	Zh		mission, vision.
7		R	N	far, rough.
8		L		light.
9, 10, 11	T	D		tame, dame, name.
12, 13	S	Z		seal, zeal.
14, 15	Th	Th	M	thigh, thy
16, 17	F	V		fine, vine.
18, 19	Wh	W		whay, way
20, 21, 22	P	B		pay, bay, may.

A practice now fallen into disuse in schools, but which might be revived with great benefit to pupils, is the resolving of a syllable into its elementary sounds. Take, for instance, the word "neighbour." It consists of the elements *n*, *a*, (No. 3) *b*, *i*, *r* (No. 8). Let these sounds be uttered separately in a distinct and forcible manner, and afterwards combined. Words which have been imperfectly pronounced may be selected and "spelled" in this manner.

It is suggested also, that a sentence be selected and the pupil subjected to the following drill, his attention being confined as much as possible to the mere act of enunciation ;

1. Utter every element separately.
2. " " syllable "
3. " " word "
4. Read the whole in a loud whisper.

The last exercise is a very valuable one. The reader, to be heard, is obliged to pause frequently in order to recruit his lungs with the extra air which is necessary, and the larynx, the primary organ of speech, being inactive, he is compelled to exert the other organs to their fullest extent. It is proper to caution the learner against overdoing this exercise, as it is fatiguing and might be injurious to persons of weak lungs.

It need scarcely be added, that the best conceived plan of vocal training will be of little avail if not persistently followed. The indolent will find the exercises irksome, and the capricious

will soon abandon them, but the learner who carries them out faithfully, will attain what he desires—a precise and firm articulation.

In connection with this part of the subject, it may be necessary to warn the student against giving a strained and unusual prominence to individual sounds when reading ; since the least deviation from the assumed standard of pronunciation will distract the attention of his audience from the subject of the reading, and convert them into critics of his utterance. In this, as in other branches of this Art, he must “acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.”

GROUPING.

The words in a sentence are not pronounced singly, nor are they uttered continuously without break or rest. Words in correct reading fall into expressive groups, which are separated from each other, not always by a pause, but by some change of tone or variety of style which clearly marks to the ear the boundaries of each division. The commas and other points will be of little service to the reader, as they are introduced with no reference to their use in reading aloud ; they tell, in fact, nothing more than that the author, or rather the printer, is of opinion that at the places of insertion the sentence is divisible into parts more or less perfectly. Neither does grammar furnish a reliable guide ; for grammatical sequences of words are often interrupted by a pause as an important means of expressing emphasis. The reader must make his own punctuation, both in place and length of pause, being guided by the meaning of the words, by a sense of fitness, by the ear and by the requirements of breathing.

Perhaps the readiest mode of acquiring a correct idea of grouping is to consider every cluster of words as one “oratorical” word, and that these oratorical words must be distinguished by breaks, of greater or less duration, in the same manner as words are separated on the printed page.

The learner must carefully avoid *abrupt* pauses between the oratorical words, or disjunctive downward inflexions, where the sense implies that the members of the sentence should be connected. Indeed, as has been before hinted, the pause is one only of the modes of marking the group. Mr. Sheridan says on this point “The tones and inflections appertaining to these pauses, and the time taken up in them must be left to the reader’s own judgment ; and his best rule will be to reflect what tones he would use, and what time he would suspend his voice, were he to speak the words as his own immediate sentiments.”

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

Every word of more than one syllable in the English language has one of its *syllables* distinguished by force of articulation or vocal effort. This is called verbal or syllabic accent. There is also accent in sentences, which points out the relative value of *words*, and which is named sentential accent. The position of the sentential accent depends wholly upon the perceptions of the reader, and forms the best test of the accuracy of his judgment; the regulation of the accent, so as perfectly to bring out the sense of a passage, being often a very nice point, requiring much judgment and skill.

Emphasis is among sentential accents what syllabic accent is among syllables, a prominence given to one accent at the expense of the others. Mr. Bell remarks, "The words in a sentence which express ideas new to the context are pronounced with the first degree of emphasis, while all words involved in preceding terms are unemphatic. Words contrasted with preceding terms are more strongly emphasized, and words suggestive of unexpressed antithesis are emphatic in the highest degree."*

The purpose of emphasis and accent is to impress upon the listener's mind the ideas on which it is desired to arrest the attention in proportion to their relative importance. Care must, however, be taken that due discrimination is made between words which require accent only, and words which ought to be made emphatic. Let it be kept in view that the power of emphatic stress is lost if it is overlaid, and that the reading which is all emphasis is, in reality, the reverse of emphatic.

As this important branch of the subject will be most readily understood by illustration, the attention of the reader is specially directed to the following masterly analysis by Mr. Bell:—

EXAMPLE OF EMPHASIS.

Lines on the burial of Sir John Moore.

At the commencement of a Composition everything is, of course, new; and the first subject and predicate will be emphatic unless either is in the nature of things implied in the other.

"Not a drum | was heard, | not a funeral note,
As | his corpse | to the ramparts | we hurried."

The subject "drum" will be accented and the predicate

* Bell's Elocutionary Manual.—Also his Principles of Speech and Dictionary of Sounds. London; Hamilton, Adams & Co.

"was heard" unaccented, because the mention of a "drum" involves, in the nature of things, recognition by the sense of hearing. To accentuate "heard" would involve one of the false antitheses,

"Not a drum was heard" (because we were deaf),

or
"Not a drum was heard" (but only seen or felt).

The second subject "note" will be *emphatic*, because it is contrasted with "drum" and suggests the antithesis "not a note" (of any instrument). "Funeral" is unaccented, because pre-understood from the title of the poem. In the next line, "as" will be separately accented, because it has no reference to the words immediately following, but to the verb "we hurried." "His corpse" will be unaccented, because a funeral implies a corpse, and there is no mention in the context of any other than "his." The principal accent of the line may be given to "ramparts" or "hurried;" the former would perhaps be the better word, as it involves the antitheses

"To the ramparts" (and not to a cemetery).

In the next two lines,

"Not a soldier | discharged | his farewell shot
O'er the grave | where | our hero | was buried."

"Soldier" is implied in connection with "drum" and "ramparts," and the emphasis will fall on "shot," "discharged," being involved in the idea of "shot," and "farewell" being involved in the occasion to which "shot," refers— a funeral. In the next line the leading accent will be on "grave"—but no word is *emphatic*, as a "grave" is of course implied. "O'er" is implied in the nature of things, as the shot could not be discharged *under* the grave; "our hero" is the same as "his corpse," and "was buried" is involved in the mention of "corpse" and "grave."

In the next lines,

"We buried him | darkly | at dead of night, |
The sods | with our bayonets | turning,"

the first clause will be unemphatic, as the fact has been already stated. To emphasize "buried" would suggest the false antithesis

"We buried him" (instead of leaving him on the battle-field.)

"Darkly" and "at dead of night" convey the same idea; the latter being the stronger expression will receive the principal accent—on "night;"— and "darkly" will be

pronounced parenthetically. "Turning the sods" is, of course, implied in the act of burying; the word "bayonets," therefore, takes the principal accent of the line, because involving the antithesis

"With our bayonets" (and not our spades).

"By the struggling moonbeam's | misty light,
And the lantern | dimly burning."

In the first clause, "moonbeam's" will be accented, and "misty light" unaccented, because implied in "the *struggling* moonbeam." "Lantern," in the second line, will take the superior accent of the sentence, because of the two sources of light spoken of, it is the more immediately serviceable on the occasion; and "dimly burning" will be unaccented, unless the forced antithesis be suggested,

"Dimly burning" (as with shrouded light, to escape observation).

"No useless coffin | enclosed his breast;
Not in sheet | nor in shroud | we wound him."

Emphasis on "coffin," because the word not only conveys a new idea, but is suggestive of contrast:—

"No coffin" (as at ordinary interments).

No accent on "useless," because it would suggest the false antithesis.

"No *useless* coffin" (but only one of the least dispensable kind).

"Enclosed his breast" without emphasis, because implied in the mention of "coffin." Emphasis on "breast" would convey the false antithesis

(Not) "his breast" (but merely some other part of his body).

"Sheet" and "shroud" in the second line express the same idea; the latter being the stronger term, takes the leading accent. "We wound him" unaccented, because implied in the idea of "shroud." The tones in these lines should be rising to carry on the attention to the leading facts of the sentence predicated in the next lines,

"But | he lay | like a warrior | taking his rest,
With his martial cloak | around him."

"But" separately accented, because it does not refer to "he lay," which is of course implied in the idea of the dead warrior. To connect "but" with "he lay" would indicate the opposition to

"But he lay" (instead of assuming some other attitude).

The reference is rather

(In "no coffin" or "shroud") "but" in "his martial cloak."

In the simile that follows, no accent on "warrior," because he *was* a warrior, and not merely was "like" one. The principal emphasis of the whole stanza lies on "rest," which suggests the antithesis,

(As if) "taking his rest" (and not with the aspect of death).

In the next line, the principal accent on "cloak;" "martial" being implied, unless intended contrast could be supposed between his "martial" and some other cloaks; and "around him" being included in the idea of a warrior taking rest in his cloak.

* * * * *

THE SLUR.

Closely allied to and of equal importance with emphasis and sentential accent, is the vocal subordination of words or clauses which are mere rhetorical embellishments, or which repeat ideas already expressed. All such expletive words or clauses should be passed over lightly, though distinctly, and without significant expression. This quality of effective reading, which has been called "Slurring," is by no means easy in practice. Readers who experience little difficulty in rendering words emphatic, being quite unable to command the intonation required for the inexpressiveness of the "Slur."

MANAGEMENT OF THE BREATH.

The advice, sometimes given, to take in enough of air at the commencement of a sentence to last until its conclusion, is not only impracticable in long sentences, but the attempt to do so might be injurious. The time required for the pauses, and which *must* be observed, will be found quite sufficient to enable the reader to replenish his lungs. It is true that, *voice being breath made vocal*, a larger supply of air is required for reading than is necessary for vital wants—yet, if the chest is raised, and the channels of entrance to the lungs (particularly the nasal passage) kept free, the air will enter noiselessly and with little effort. The insufficiency of breath, of which we sometimes hear young readers complain, arises generally from nervousness, and can be avoided by taking two or three full inspirations before attempting to speak. In reading the first sentence or two, let the pauses between the groups be made rather longer than usual, and the reader will find, as he proceeds, that his breathing will become regular, and that he will encounter no difficulty in uttering the longest sentence or series of sentences in his selection.

INTONATION.

Oral example is absolutely necessary to exhibit the varieties of vocal expression, and to correct the faults in intonation to which readers are liable. Books on elocution contain directions for the management of the voice which are more or less correct in themselves, but it is doubtful if they are of practical use to the learner. Certainly no one ever became an accomplished reader by merely following these precepts. It seems impossible to convey by words, or by printed signs, full directions for correct and melodious vocal expression in reading. Those who are curious about the mechanism of expression are referred to Dr. Rush's *Philosophy of the Voice*,* and to a little treatise founded upon that work by the late Dr. Barber.† In the writings of Mr. Melville Bell, already referred to, will be found valuable directions deduced from certain *principles* of expression there explained.

GENERAL HINTS.

In order to give the right meaning, it is necessary for the reader to invest himself with the thoughts of the author. It is in vain for him to expect to do this without preliminary study. Every one who has made reading aloud a practice, will admit that he cannot deliver any piece of written composition so well at sight, or on the first reading, as on the second; nor on the second as on the third. He finds that he improves in his manner at every repetition, as the thoughts and the words in which they are conveyed grow more familiar to him. After much practice a reader may indeed, by the quick motion of the eye, comprehend the full meaning and import of the words in compositions which have no obscurity in their construction; yet it by no means follows that the exact intonation should be ready at his will, or that his execution should at first answer his conception. If the learner practise upon scenes from modern comedies, in which no tones are required but those which he uses in every-day discourse, he will find that it is one thing to conceive, and another to perform; that it will not be till after repeated attempts that he can hit upon the exact manner in which the words should be delivered, or be able to associate to them the just tones that ought naturally to accompany them.

The following exercise may be found useful to beginners: Read a sentence, ponder over its meaning, then, *mark* it by placing a single line under accented, and a double line under emphatic words. At first this exercise will appear easy, and

* Philadelphia, 1859.

† Lovell, Montreal, 1860.

seem of little use, but let the learner think over the sentence again, he will then begin to doubt the correctness of some of his markings, other meanings will present themselves, and he will be obliged to question closely the author's intent. The more minute inspection will reveal new difficulties, not so much of meaning as of the proper mode of expressing the meaning, and he will find at length, that much thought and study are required before he can satisfy himself of the correctness of his notation. He may then proceed to divide the sentences into groups. He will find in his first attempts even less difficulty than he experienced in marking for emphasis, and his pencil will jot off the oratorical words with dashing rapidity, very flattering to his self-complacency. But on the second or third reading he will again find that he has been going too fast; and it will not be until he has arrived at this stage that he will begin to discover the true extent and difficulty of the Art of Reading.

ERRORS OF READERS.

The mention of a few of the errors to which readers are liable, will be of service as pointing out to the learner what he should avoid.

Indistinct utterance has been already alluded to; but there is another cause of inaudibility, and that is the diminution in force, and the lowering of pitch, at the end of clauses and sentences. The general rule should be to sustain the pitch, and even slightly to raise the voice at the termination of sentences. By this, not only is audibility secured, but vigour and liveliness imparted to the reading. In addressing large assemblies, the speaker should direct his voice to that part of his audience which is at the greatest distance from him.

Another cause of want of distinctness arises from speaking too *loud*. An unpractised reader often falls into this error. Deliberate utterance, a vocal power suited to the size of the room in which he speaks, an attention to grouping, and a well-sustained pitch at the periods, will make his reading better heard than shouting at the utmost extent of his voice.

A very common fault in intonation is the practice most unpleasant to the ear, of making the voice rise and fall in meaningless undulations at almost regular periods. This is done with a view of avoiding monotony; but the perpetual unvarying recurrence of the rise and fall, is quite as tiresome as the level pitch from which the reader desires to escape. There is also a bird-like succession of a certain run of melody, which, if not interrupted by some forcible or peculiar expression, is repeated again and again, until it can be anticipated by the critical ear with almost unerring certainty. This is often ludicrously apparent in the reading of poetry.

Another fault is that of the reader executing all his emphasis by "hammering" upon the accented syllables. Besides being wearisome to the listener, this habit destroys the dignity of deliberate utterance. Remember that the emphatic syllable can

be distinguished by a variety of means besides force—by the pause, the wave or circumflex, and other changes in intonation, nay, even by the sudden diminution of force.

Although the principles which govern the reading of prose are also applicable to poetical composition, there are faults in the recitation of the latter which require special notice.

The habit which many have acquired of "singing" instead of reading poetry is so common that it must have been observed by all. The child chants the nursery rhyme unforbidden, and the pupil at school is too often strengthened in the fault by the example of his teacher. Good readers of prose often fail most signally when they attempt the interpretation of verse; if they avoid sing-song, they fall into the opposite error of ignoring the versification altogether, and uttering the composition as if it were written in prose. Of the two evils the latter is, perhaps, the more objectionable.

The metre, rhythm, and rhyme must be made clearly sensible to the ear, but the meaning of the author should override all. The reader should abandon himself to the spirit of the poem, and make his intonation a faithful echo of the sense. The fear of over-doing, or, as it is sometimes called, "over-acting," is too much dreaded by young readers. They are afraid of rendering themselves ridiculous. But the truth is, that the less the reader thinks about himself and his manner the better, when actually engaged in reading before an audience. If he has familiarized himself with the proper intonation by previous practice, he will be more likely to succeed by giving entire freedom to his imagination and powers of expression.

In conclusion, the learner is earnestly warned against imitating *fine* readers—readers who exhibit the fine quality and flexibility of their voices by setting the words to meaningless melodies. Every vocal movement should be prompted by the sense of the passage, and the voice should convey the meaning with spirit and sympathetic expression, but no attempt should be made at ornamentation. The "fine" reading and "stilted" declamation of some Elocutionists have done very much to prevent educated men from cultivating the Art of Elocution.

The student is referred to two selections in this book, by Mr. Cox, which contain useful information on this subject, and are written in a clear and familiar style.



I

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

PUBLIC READINGS IN ENGLAND.

*Edward H. Cox, Recorder of Helston, England ; author
of "The Arts of Writing, Reading and Speaking."
One of the original promoters of "Penny Readings."*

. . . The greatest difficulty has been to procure good Readers. These Public Readings have revealed the results of the inattention with which the Art of Reading is treated at our schools, and the little care given to its acquirement in after-life ; for not only is there an astounding paucity of tolerable Readers, but the vast majority read so badly as to be unendurable to an audience.

Nor is the difficulty of procuring fit Readers the only one with which the Societies have had to grapple. Another trouble has attended this part of their duties, which has been found far more unmanageable, and which has proved, indeed, the single cause of failure with many. Equally astonishing with the entire incapacity to read properly is the ignorance of that incapacity on the part of the Readers. The first step in knowledge is to learn our ignorance ; the lowest deep of ignorance is unconsciousness of itself. It is a proof of the neglect into which the Art of Reading has fallen, that even persons of educated taste may not only read execrably, but believe, when they do so, that they are reading well.

This is everywhere the greatest trouble that besets the Public Readings. What can be done with the incapa-

bles who offer themselves so liberally as Readers ? It is awkward to say " You cannot read ; " it is ruinous to the Society to suffer them to read, for they will inevitably scare away the company. Whenever the Public Readings have failed, it has been by reason of the influence of bad Readers upon the audience. Good Readers have never failed to attract and keep a crowded room. Let, then, the Committee or Managers be firm in rejection of incompetency, however respectable or influential. Thank the volunteer for the proffer of service, but tell him frankly, that he must give some time to the study of the Art of Reading, before he can be admitted to read in public ; remind him, good-temperedly, that as he would not dream of attempting to sing in public before he had learned to sing, so neither, without serious and laborious study of it, should he venture upon Reading, which is an Art requiring education equally with the Art of Singing. . . .

SONGS OF SEVEN.

Jean Ingelow, an English writer ; author of " A Story of Doom, and other Poems," " Mopsa, the Fairy," &c. She is best known by a volume of Poems, entitled " Round of Days," which has gone through several editions in England and the United States.

SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
 There's no rain left in heaven :
 I've said my " seven times " over and over,
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;
 My birthday lessons are done ;
 The lambs play always, they know no better ;
 They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low ;
 You were bright ! ah bright ! but your light is failing—
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
 That God has hidden your face ?
 I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
 You've powdered your legs with gold !
 O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
 O cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;
 I will not steal them away ;
 I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
 I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO. ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
 How many soever they be,
 And let the brown meadow lark's note as he ranges
 Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
 No magical sense conveys,
 And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
 The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone ;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be ;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover :
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow ;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather :
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late ;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head ;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree ;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it !
Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE. LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate ;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush ! O, sweet nightingale, wait

Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer :
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see ?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep ;
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling : and yet my one lover
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white
clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups !
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain ;
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain ;
 Sing, " Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but
 narrow "—
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow ;
 A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
 And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
 O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
 Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall !
 Send down on their pleasure, smiles passing its measure,
 God that is over us all !

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
 Before I am well awake ;
 " Let me bleed ! O let me alone,
 Since I must not break ! "

For children wake, though fathers sleep
 With a stone at foot and at head ;
 O sleepless God, for ever keep,
 Keep both living and dead !

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
 But a world happy and fair !

I have not wished it to mourn with me—
Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
O what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—
How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
O that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;
O once to feel thy spirit anear,
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an angel entering trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!

SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;

This have I done when God drew near
Among His own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
“Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears ;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears—
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres ;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views ;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in nought accuse ;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. LONGING FOR HOME.

I.

A song of a boat :—
There was once a boat on a billow ;
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,

And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtsying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short :—
My boat, you shal' find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

IV.

A song of a nest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow :
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long :—

You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

SAMUEL PEPYS TAKING NOTES.

Wm. F. Collier, LL.D. ; author of "School History of the British Empire," "History of English Literature," &c. The following is taken from his larger "History of England."

Between New Year's Day, 1660, and May 31st, 1669, a keen eye was looking upon the upper phases of English society, and a ready pencil was jotting down in shorthand the little incidents of every-day life. Samuel Pepys, Esquire, was during that interval writing his very amusing and very valuable Diary. I must first tell who Samuel was.

The son of a retired London tailor, he went to school at Huntingdon and St. Paul's ; became a sizar at Trinity and a scholar at Magdalen College, Cambridge ; and in 1655, being then twenty-three, married a well born Somersetshire girl of fifteen, without a coin of fortune. He rose in life by clinging to the skirts of his cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, a name well known in our naval history. His first public appointment was a clerkship in some department of the Exchequer, connected with the pay of the army. After holding this for a couple of years, he had the good fortune to be selected for the post of Secretary to the Generals of the Fleet that went to bring Charles II. from exile to a throne. Out of this important trip across the German Ocean grew his nomination as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, upon which office he entered in June, 1660. In a time when the navy of England was at its very lowest, Pepys came to its rescue. In a quiet subordinate way he contrived to stem the tide of corruption, and to prevent the money devoted to this branch of the service from being entirely squandered. His power of work was prodigious and very marvellous, when we know that he gave a good portion of his time

to books and the lighter amusements of the theatre and society. . . . It is an interesting point in the story of his life that he wrote in short-hand from the King's own lips, during a ten days' visit to Newmarket in 1680, that account of the fugitive monarch's escape from the field of Worcester, which has since been published. His literary standing may be judged from the fact that he was elected President of the Royal Society in 1684, and held the chair for two years.

We find in this Diary the self-drawn portrait of a man tinged with all the doubtful hues of the Restoration era, but possessing no shades of deep black in his nature. We see him as he rises in the world, counting his gains, and expressing his thankfulness for prosperity and health. We learn his transactions with his tailor, and his wife's dealings with the mercer. He likes the new fashion of periwigs, until the Plague comes on, when people grow afraid of the infection that may lurk in the false hair. When his noble suit of rich silk camelott—costing £24— or his coloured *ferrandin* with lace for sleeve bands, or his velvet with gold buttons, comes in just as he is going out to church on Lord's day, he puts it on and goes to sermon with his wife, who may probably wear a modish gown of light silk adorned with new point, and have her patched face and fair wig encircled with a yellow bird's-eye hood. Or, after dinner he may take boat for Westminster, and, as he naïvely tells us, "there entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done." Then, rowing up to Barne Elmes, and reading Evelyn against Solidone by the way, he lounged among the Londoners who were enjoying their pic-nics under the trees by the river in the soft May sunshine. We know all the clothes he wears. We dine with him nearly every day. At first in lodgings, with his wife and their single servant Jane, the fare is plain enough.

On washing day we get nothing but cold meat. A plain leg of mutton must often content us, the host sometimes losing temper a little because there is no "sweet sawce," and dining in dudgeon off a marrow bone. But in later days we have venison pasty, cygnets, and quilted partridges in abundance, seasoned with the wittiest and most musical, if not the very best, of company the Court and theatres can give. Mingled with conversations on the state of the navy and speculations on the fall and rise of ministers, we find entries regarding the cutting of his hair, and the taking of butter-ale for a cold. Lounging in fashionable Covent Garden or among the glove-shops on the Exchange—writing huge documents with untiring patience at the office, which is never forgotten in the gayest whirl of pleasure—alighting from a hackney coach on London Bridge to pen a hurried business note "by the help of a candle at a stall, where some pavers were at work"—singing madrigals and glees in boats, hackney coaches, private houses, taverns, everywhere that he can get an audience or an accompaniment—buying cloves and nutmegs on the sly, from dirty sailors at Gravesend, for 5s. 6d. and 4s. a pound—composing duos of counterpoint and playing on the *viallin*—enjoying a "mighty neat dish of custards and tarts, and good drink and talk"—sitting to Hales for his picture, which is to cost £14, and for the *pose* of which he almost breaks his neck looking over his shoulder—the moods in which this courtier exhibits himself are too varied to be more than glanced at. But we see the real man everywhere, as even his own wife never saw him, and we find the life of the time mirrored with the most minute and entertaining fidelity.

I may here condense one or two of the most important descriptions which the Diary contains.

Having crossed to the sandy shore at Scheveling, where the restored Stuart was to embark, Pepys and a Mr. Creed took coach to the Hague, "a most neat place in all respects." After they had viewed the May-poles

which stood at every great man's door, and had visited the little Prince of Orange, "a pretty boy" (better known to history as William III.), they supped off a *sallet* and some bones of mutton, and lay down to sleep in a press-bed. Next day (May 15), after having seen the town under the guidance of a schoolmaster, and having bought, "for love of the binding," three books—the French Psalms, Bacon's Organon, and Farnab. Rhetor—he returned to his ship at Scheveling. Not until the 22nd did the royal personages begin to embark. On that day a Dutch boat bore off the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. (The tailor's son seldom forgets the dress of the people he describes.) The guns were fired all over the fleet, and during the dinner in the cabin, at which the Dutch Admiral Opdam was present, the music of a harper who played was often drowned in the thunder of the ordnance. Loyal Pepys, acting after dinner as an amateur artilleryman, "nearly spoils his right eye" by holding it too much over the gun. The King embarked on the 23rd of May, and after dinner—no inconsiderable event in the estimation of Sam—the names of some of the ships were changed—the *Naseby* becoming the *Charles*; the *Winsley*, the *Happy Return*; and so forth. Walking up and down the quarter-deck, the King told of his mud-wading after Worcester in a green coat and country breeches, and of the risks he ran until he got to Fécamp. On the 25th the King and the two Dukes went ashore at Dover, after having breakfasted on ship's diet—pease, pork and boiled beef. "I went," says Pepys, "and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen. The mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, which the King did give him, again. The mayor also presented him from the town a very rich

Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. And so away towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover."

The Plague and the Fire are depicted by Pepys in graphic touches.

The misery of the sad year 1665 glooms out continually in this record of the trivialities that make up life. Whether he walks the streets by night with a lanthorn, or stops to speak to the watchman as he goes home late, the awful burden—a corpse dead of the plague—goes by with its wretched bearers. Walking from Woolwich, where his wife is lodging during the time of sickness, he sees an open coffin lying by Coome Farm with a dead body, which none will bury. As he continues his walk to Redriffe, he fears to go down the narrow lanes where the plague is raging. In London almost all the shops are shut, and 'Change is nearly deserted. And then we have a glimpse, serving to explain the sorry stains which these years brought upon the British flag at sea: "Did business, though not much at the office, because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon when we were to go through them, for above a whole hundred of them followed us, some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us." A similar scene next year, with a comic touch: "July 10, 1666. To the office; the yard being full of women, I believe above three hundred, coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it; but it went, and no harm done."

The brilliant contrast to this noisy wretchedness may be found in the following sketch of a Court ball. To pay for the splendour of Lady Castlemaine, who in-

fested the saloons of Whitehall, sailors went without pay, and merchants were robbed of their invested capital.

"To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birthday. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon, the house grew full and the candles bright, and the King and Queen and all the ladies sat; and it was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some in cloth of silver and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queen, and about fourteen more couples there was, and began the *Bransles*. After the *Bransles* then to a *Corant*, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the *Corants* grew tiresome, and I wished it done. Only Mr. Stewart danced mighty finely and many French dances, especially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty. About twelve at night it broke up. So away home with my wife: was displeased with the dull dancing, and satisfied with the clothes and persons. My Lady Castlemaine, without whom all is nothing, being there, very rich, though not dancing."

His account of the Great Fire is as follows: "Met my wife and Creed, and walked to my boat, and then upon the water again, so near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the

city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame ; not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long ; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. . . . The news coming every moment of the growth of the fire, we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden ; and Mr. Hailes and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money and plate and best things to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall Green, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart."

The Diary of Pepys should be read in conjunction with a contemporary work, similar but purer, written by his friend and correspondent, John Evelyn, the author of a work on Forest-trees called *Sylva*, and another on Agriculture called *Terra*. In these two Diaries the student of the Restoration Era will find mirrored, as no pure history can ever mirror them, the manners of an age whose follies and disasters make it, when rightly read, fruitful in warning and instruction.

THE SEVEN HEADS.

A Spanish Ballad, translated by J. G. Lockhart; born 1794, died 1843. Son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott.

“Who bears such heart of baseness, a king I’ll never call” —

Thus spake Gunzalo Gustos within Almanzor’s hall;
To the proud Moor Almanzor, within his kingly hall,
The grey-haired knight of Lara thus spake before them
all :—

“In courteous guise, Almanzor, your messenger was sent,

And courteous was the answer with which from me he went ;

For why ? I thought the word he brought of a knight
and of a king,—

But false Moor henceforth never me to his feast shall bring.

“Ye bade me to your banquet, and I at your bidding came,

And accurséd be the villany, and eternal be the shame—
For ye have brought an old man forth, that he your sport might be :—

Thank God I cheat you of your joy—Thank God, no tear you see.

“My gallant boys,” quoth Lara, “it is a heavy sight,
These dogs have brought your father to look upon this night ;

Seven gentler boys, nor braver, were never nursed in Spain,

And blood of Moors, God rest your souls, ye shed on her like rain.

"Some currish plot, some trick (God wot) hath laid
 you all so low,
 Ye died not altogether in one fair battle so ;
 Not all the misbelievers ever pricked upon yon plain
 The sever brave boys of Lara in open field had slain.

"The youngest and the weakest, Gonzalez dear, wert thou,
 Yet well this false Almanzor remembers thee, I trow ;
 Oh, well doth he remember how on his helmet rung
 Thy fiery mace, Gonzalez, altho' thou wert so young.

"Thy gallant horse had fallen, and thou hadst mounted
 thee
 Upon a stray one in the field—his own true barb had he ;
 Oh, hadst thou not pursued his flight upon that runaway,
 Ne'er had the caitiff 'scaped that night, to mock thy
 sire to-day !

"False Moor, I am thy captive thrall ; but when thou
 badest me forth,
 To share the banquet in thy hall, I trusted in the worth
 Of kingly promise.—Think'st thou not my God will
 hear my prayer ?—
 Lord ! branchless be (like mine) his tree, yea, branchless,
 Lord, and bare ! "

So prayed the Baron in his ire, but when he looked
 again,
 Then burst the sorrow of the sire, and tears ran down
 like rain ;
 Wrath no more could check the sorrow of the old and
 childless man,
 And like waters in a furrow, down his cheeks the salt
 tears ran.

He took their heads up one by one—he kissed them o'er
 and o'er,
 And aye he saw the tears down run—I wot that grief
 was sore.

He closed the lids on their dead eyes all with his fingers
frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kissed their lips
so pale.

"O, had they died all by my side upon some famous
day,
My fair young men, no weak tears then had wash'd your
blood away!
The trumpet of Castile had drowned the misbeliever's
horn,
And the last of all the Laras' line a Gothic spear had
borne."

With that it chanced a Moor drew near, to lead him
from the place,
Old Lara stooped him down once more, and kissed Gon-
zalez' face;
But ere the man observed him, or could his gesture
bar,
Sudden he from his side had grasped that Moslem's
scimitar.

Oh! swiftly from its scabbard the crooked blade he
drew,
And, like some frantic creature, among them all he
flew—
"Where, where is false Almanzor? back, dastards of
Mahoun!"
And here and there, in his despair, the old man hewed
them down.

A hundred hands, a hundred brands, are ready in the
hall,
But ere they mastered Lara, thirteen of them did fall;
He has sent, I ween, a good thirteen of dogs that
spurned his God,
To keep his children company, beneath the Moorish sod.

SNOW-FIELDS AND GLACIERS.

Prof. Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. ; born in 1835. Author of the "Life of Forbes," "Phenomena of the Glacial Drift," "Memoir of Sir Roderick Murchison," &c., Director of Geological Survey of Scotland, and Professor of Geology in the University of Edinburgh.

On the tops of some of the highest mountains in Britain snow lies for a great part of the year. On some of them, indeed, there are shady clefts wherein you may meet with deep snow-wreaths even in the heat of summer. It is only in such cool and sheltered spots, however, that the snow remains unmelted.

But in other parts of Europe, where the mountains are more lofty, the peaks and higher shoulders of the hills gleam white all the year with unmelted snow. Hardly anything in the world will impress you so much as the silence and grandeur of these high snowy regions. Seen from the valleys, the mountains look so vast and distant, so white and pure, yet catching up so wonderfully all the colours which glow in the sky at morn or even, that they seem to you, at first, rather parts of the heaven above than of the solid earth on which we live. But it is when you climb up fairly into their midst that their wonderful stateliness comes full before you. Peaks and pinnacles of the most dazzling whiteness glisten against the dark blue of the sky, streaked here and there with lines of purple shadow, or with knobs of the dark rock projecting through the white mantle, which throws far and wide its heavy folds over ridge and slope, and sends long tongues of blue ice down to the meadows and vineyards of the valleys. There is a deep silence over this high frozen country. Now and then a gust of wind brings up from the far distance the sound of some remote waterfall or the dash of a mountain torrent. At times, too, there comes a harsh roar as of thunder, when

some mass of ice or snow, loosened from the rest, shoot down the precipices. But these noises only make the silence the deeper when they have passed away.

Let us see why it is that perpetual snow should occur in such regions, and what part this snow plays in the general machinery of the world.

You have learnt that the higher parts of the atmosphere are extremely cold. You know also that in the far north and the far south, around those two opposite parts of the earth's surface called the Poles, the climate is extremely cold—so cold as to give rise to dreary expanses of ice and snow, where sea and land are frozen, and where the heat of summer is not enough to thaw all the ice and drive away all the snow. Between these two polar tracts of cold, wherever mountains are lofty enough to get into the high parts of the atmosphere, where the temperature is usually below the freezing-point, the vapour condensed from the air falls upon them, not as rain, but as snow. Their heads and upper heights are thus covered with perpetual snow. In such high mountainous regions the heat of the summer always melts the snow from the lower hills, though it leaves the higher parts still covered. From year to year it is noticed that there is a line or limit below which the ground gets freed of its snow, and above which the snow remains. This limit is called the *snow line*, or the *limit of perpetual snow*. Its height varies in different parts of the world. It is highest in the warmer regions on either side of the equator, where it reaches to 15,000 feet above the sea. In the cold polar tracts, on the other hand, it approaches the sea-level. In other words, while in the polar tracts the climate is so cold that perpetual snow is found even close to the sea-level, the equatorial regions are so warm that you must climb many thousand feet before you can reach the cold layers of the air where snow can remain all the year.

You have no doubt watched a snow-storm. You have seen how at first a few flakes begin to show themselves

drifting through the air ; how they get more in number and larger in size, until the ground begins to grow white ; and how, as hours go on, the whole country becomes buried under a white pall, perhaps six inches or more in thickness. You see one striking difference between rain and snow. If rain had been falling for the same length of time, the roads and fields would still have been visible, for each drop of rain, instead of remaining where it fell, would either have sunk into the soil, or have flowed off into the nearest brook. But each snow-flake, on the contrary, lies where it falls, unless it happens to be caught up and driven on by the wind to some other spot where it can finally rest. Rain disappears from the ground as soon as it can ; snow stays still as long as it can.

You will see at once that this marked difference of behaviour must give rise to some equally strong differences in the further procedure of these two kinds of moisture. You have followed the progress of the rain ; now let us try to find out what becomes of the snow.

In such a country as ours, where there is no perpetual snow, you can without much difficulty answer this question. Each fall of snow in winter-time remains on the ground as long as the air is not warm enough to melt it. Evaporation, indeed, goes on from the surface of snow and ice, as well as from water ; so that a layer of snow would in the end disappear, by being absorbed into the air as vapour, even though none of it had previously been melted into running water. But it is by what we call a *thaw* that our snow is chiefly dissipated ; that is, a rise in the temperature, and a consequent melting of the snow. When the snow melts, it sinks into the soil and flows off into brooks in the same way as rain. Its after course needs not to be followed, for it is the same as that of rain. You will only bear in mind that if a heavy fall of snow should be quickly thawed, then a large quantity of water will be let loose over the country, and the brooks and rivers will rise rapidly in flood. Great destruction may thus be caused by the sudden rise of rivers and the overflowing of their banks.

In the regions of perpetual snow the heat of summer cannot melt all the snow which falls there in the year. What other way of escape, then, can the frozen moisture find? That it must have some means of taking itself off the mountains is clear enough; for if it had not, and if it were to accumulate there from year to year and from century to century, then the mountains would grow into vast masses of snow, reaching far into the sky, and spreading out on all sides, so as to bury by degrees the low lands around. But nothing of this kind takes place. These solemn snowy heights wear the same unchanged look from generation to generation. There is no burying of their well-known features under a constantly increasing depth of snow.

You will remember that the surplus rainfall flows off by means of rivers. Now the surplus snow-fall above the snow-line has a similar kind of drainage. It flows off by means of what are called glaciers.

When a considerable depth of snow has accumulated, the pressure upon the lower layers from what lies above them squeezes them into a firm mass. The surface of the ground is usually sloped in some direction, seldom quite flat. And among the high mountains the slopes are often, as you know, very steep. When snow gathers deeply on sloping ground, there comes a time when the force of gravity overcomes the tendency of the pressed snow to remain where it is, and then the snow begins to slide slowly down the slope. From one slope it passes on downwards to the next, joined continually by other sliding masses from neighbouring slopes until they all unite into one long tongue which creeps slowly down some valley to a point where it melts. This tongue from the snow-fields is the glacier; it really drains these snow-fields of their excess of snow as much as a river drains a district of its excess of water.

But the glacier which comes out of the snow-fields is itself made, not of snow, but of ice. The snow, as it slides downward, is pressed together into ice. You

have learned that each snow-flake is made of little crystals of ice. A mass of snow is thus only a mass of minute crystals of ice with air between. Hence when the snow gets pressed together, the air is squeezed out, and the separated crystals of ice freeze together into a solid mass. You know that you can make a snowball very hard by squeezing it firmly between the hands. The more tightly you press it the harder it gets. You are doing to it just what happens when a glacier is formed out of the eternal snows. You are pressing out the air, and allowing the little particles of ice to freeze to each other and form a compact piece of ice. But you cannot squeeze nearly all the air out ; consequently the ball, even after all your efforts, is still white from the imprisoned air. Among the snow-fields, however, the pressure is immensely greater than yours ; the air is more and more pressed out, and at last the snow becomes clear transparent ice.

A glacier, then, is a river, not of water, but of ice, coming down from the snow-fields. It descends sometimes a long way below the snow-line, creeping down very slowly along the valley which it covers from side to side. Its surface all the time is melting during the day in summer, and streams of clear water are gushing along the ice, though when night comes these streams freeze. At last it reaches some point in the valley beyond which it cannot go, for the warmth of the air there is melting the ice as fast as it advances. So the glacier ends, and from its melting extremity streams of muddy water unite into a foaming river, which bears down the drainage of the snow-fields above.

A river wears down the sides and bottom of its channel, and thus digs out a bed for itself in even the hardest rock, as well as in the softest soil. It sweeps down, too, a vast quantity of mud, sand, and stones from the land to the sea. A glacier performs the same kind of work, but in a very different way.

When stones fall into a river they sink to the bottom, and are pushed along there by the current. When mud

enters a river it remains suspended in the water, and is thus carried along. But the ice of a glacier is a solid substance. Stones and mud which fall upon its surface remain there, and are borne onward with the whole mass of the moving glacier. They form long lines of rubbish upon the glacier, and are called moraines. Still the ice often gets broken up into deep cracks, opening into yawning clefts or crevasses, which sometimes receive a good deal of the earth and stones let loose by frost or otherwise from the sides of the valley. In this way loose materials fall to the bottom of the ice, and reach the solid floor of the valley down which the ice is moving ; while at the same time similar rubbish tumbles between the edge of the glacier and the side of the valley.

The stones and grains of sand which get jammed between the ice and the rock over which it is moving are made to score and scratch this rock. They form a kind of rough polishing powder, whereby the glacier is continually grinding down the bottom and sides of its channel. If you creep in below the ice, or catch a sight of some part of the side from which the ice has retired a little, you will find the surface of the rock all rubbed away and covered with long scratches made by the sharp points of the stones and sand. You will now see the reason why the river, which escapes from the end of a glacier is always muddy. The bottom of the glacier is stuck all over with stones, which are scraping and wearing down the rock underneath. A great deal of fine mud is thus produced, which, carried along by streams of water flowing in channels under the glacier, emerges at the far end in the discoloured torrents which there sweep from under the ice.

A glacier is not only busy grinding out a bed for itself through the mountains ; it bears on its back down the valley enormous quantities of fallen rock, earth, and stones, which have tumbled from the cliffs on either side. In this way blocks of rock as big as a house may be carried for many miles, and dropped where the ice melts.

Thousands of tons of loose stones and mud are every year moved on the ice from the far snowy mountains away down into the valleys to which the glaciers reach.

The largest glaciers in the world are those of the polar regions. North Greenland, in truth, lies buried under one great glacier, which pushes long tongues of ice down the valleys and away out to sea. When a glacier advances into the sea, portions of it break off and float away as icebergs. So enormous are the glaciers in these cold tracts that the icebergs derived from them often rise several hundred feet above the waves which beat against their sides. And yet, in all such cases, about seven times more of the ice is immersed under water than the portion, large as it is, which appears above. You can realize how this happens if you take a piece of ice, put it in a tumbler of water, and watch how much of it rises out of the water. Sunk deep in the sea, therefore, the icebergs float to and fro until they melt, sometimes many hundreds of miles away from the glaciers which supplied them.

You will come to learn afterwards that, once upon a time, there were glaciers in Britain. You will be able with your own eyes to see rocks which have been ground down and scratched by the ice, and big blocks of rock and piles of loose stones which the ice carried upon its surface. In Wales and Cumberland, in many parts of Scotland, and also in Ireland, these and many other traces of the ice are to be found. So that, in learning about glaciers, you are not merely learning what takes place in other and distant lands—you are gaining knowledge which you will be able by-and-by to make good use of, even in your own country.

THE MOSQUITO.

*William Cullen Bryant ; born 3rd of November, 1794, in
Cummington, Mass. At the age of thirteen published
a clever satire.*

Fair insect ! that, with thread-like legs spread out
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint ;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved and faint :
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honour of so proud a birth ;
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth ;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph, that nursed thy infancy.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch ;
To worship—not approach—that radiant white ;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou should'st have gazed at distance and admired,
Murmured thy admiration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt, like thee ?
Alas ! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood,
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat ;
On well-fill'd skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet :
Go to the man for whom in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows¹
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow ;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along ;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
And as its grateful odours meet thy sense,
They seem the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length, thy pinion fluttered in Broadway,
Ah ! there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through
mist ;
And fresh as morn on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite !

What ! do I hear thy slender voice complain ?

Thou waildest when I talk of beauty's light,

As if it brought the memory of pain :

Thou art a wayward being—well, come near

And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

And say'st thou, slanderer ! rouge makes thee sick ?

And China bloom at best is sorry food ?

And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,

Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood ?

Go ! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime,

But shun the sacrilege another time.

FOUNDATION OF MONTREAL.

Francis Parkman, a native of Boston ; author of "The Old Regime in Canada," and other works on the early history of America.

On the 17th of May, 1642, Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats—approached Montreal ; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them, to deliver the island, in behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the missions ; for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony. On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterwards as Point Cal-

Here. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot, near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies, with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans, and labourers—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:—"You are as a grain of mustard seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fireflies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards. Such was the birth-night of Montreal.

A CHARMING WOMAN.

*John G. Saxe ; an American writer of humorous poetry.
Born in 1815.*

A charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she ;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
And her form is quite as good as the best,
Where nature has given the bony stuff,
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent ? Yes—in a certain way :
With the feminine gift of ready speech ;
And knows very well what *not* to say
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.
But turn the topic on things to wear,
From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit*—
Hats, basques or bonnets—'twill make you stare
To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please ;
For an honest laugh must always start
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,
And her's is purely a matter of art—

* * * *

To her seat in church—a good half mile—
When the day is fine she is sure to go,
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style
La mode de Paris has got to show ;
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew,
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin ?)
And thinks how her prayer-book's tint of blue
Must harmonize with her milky skin !

Ah! what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of whom she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

Charles Lamb; born in London in 1775; friend and school-fellow of Coleridge. The following extract is from the "Essays of Elia," upon which his literary fame chiefly rests.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following:—The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian

make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling* ! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now ; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious ; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as

thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued :—

“ You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring ? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you ? But you must be eating fire, and I know not what. What have you got there, I say ? ”

“ O, father, the pig, the pig ! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “ Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father ; only taste—Oh ! ”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned

them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig of which the culprits stood accused might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued,

till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoyes—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *prælude* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the

first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food—the lean, not lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative

of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined I may say, to my individual palate. It argues a insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy like I

made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining; a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omers', and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*), super-added a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense

than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

LADY JANE GREY.

*Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., the poet-laureate, born in 1809.
The following is taken from his latest work, "Queen Mary."*

Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchman; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—
Seventeen—a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud.

She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemn'd to die for treason;
She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;

She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,
And trusted God would save her thro' the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—
But all in English, mark you ; rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiv'n,
Said, " You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly ;" then all wept but she,
Who changed not colour when she saw the block,
But ask'd him, childlike : " Will you take it off
Before I lay me down ? " " No, madam," he said,
Gasping ; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling—" where is it ?
Where is it ?"—You must fancy that which follow'd,
If you have heart to do it !

SOUND.

HOW SOUND TRAVELS, AND HOW FAST IT TRAVELS--
ECHOES—MUSICAL NOTES.

Professor Tyndal, LL.D., F.R.S., born about 1820 ; President of British Association in 1874, successor to Davy and Faraday.

SECT. 1. How does sound travel through the air ?
Let me try to answer this question. Imagine a row of boys standing close side by side, and that the last boy of the row stands close beside a wall or a glass window. Suppose somebody to give the first boy a push in the direction of the line of boys ; the first boy knocks against the second and recovers himself, the second knocks against the third, the third against the fourth, and so on, each boy recovering himself after he has sent on the push to the boy next him. The last boy of the row

would be pushed up against the wall or through the window, as the case might be.

Now, when a gun is fired, a percussion cap exploded, a bubble of explosive gas ignited, or when a peal of thunder occurs, the air at the place of explosion receives a sudden shock, and this shock is transmitted from particle to particle through the air, in a manner closely resembling the transmission of the push from boy to boy. There is a passage leading from the ear towards the brain; at a certain place a thin membrane, called the tympanum, is drawn across this passage, the membrane and the cavity which it stops being called the drum of the ear. Well, the air is pushed against the head of this drum, just as we have supposed the last boy of our row to be pushed against the wall or the window, only with infinitely greater rapidity. The membrane is thus thrown into motion, and this motion is communicated to the nerve of hearing. It is thus transmitted along the nerve to the brain, and there produces the sensation of sound. Nobody understands how this motion is converted into a sensation; it is one of the mysteries of life, regarding which the youngest boy who reads this page knows just as much as I do myself.

How fast does the shock travel through the air; or, in other words, what is the velocity of sound? The answer is, about 1,100 feet a second. It travels more quickly in warm than in cold weather. Through water it travels about five times as fast as through air, and through wood it travels more than twice faster than it does through water. I once took a man and a hammer with me into Hyde Park, London, where there are very long iron rails. I placed my ear close to a rail, sent the man to a distance, and caused him to strike the rail with the hammer. For every blow he gave the rail *I heard two*, and the reason is that the sound of each stroke travelled through the air and the iron at the same time; but through the iron it travelled with greater rapidity, and reached the ear sooner, the shock transmitted by the

air arriving a little while afterwards. If the air were absent there could be no transmission of sound as at present ; and where the air is very thin, as up on the tops of high mountains, the sound is much weakened. I fired a little cannon at the top of Mont Blanc last summer, and found the sound much weaker than when a similar cannon was fired on one of the Hampshire downs. This experiment was first made by the celebrated traveler, De Saussure. I may add that sound travels just as *quickly* in thin air as in dense air ; it is only the *intensity* of the sound that is affected.

SECT. 2. Let us now seek to apply the little bit of knowledge we have gained in the foregoing section. Have you ever stood close beside a man when he has fired a gun ? If so, you will have seen the flash and heard the explosion at one and the same time. But if you stand at a distance from the man, you see the flash first, and hear the sound afterwards. The reason is, that while the light of the flash moves almost instantaneously, the sound requires some time to travel to your ear. Now, let me ask you a question or two. Suppose you have a good watch, which informs you that the time which elapses between the flash and the sound is three seconds, at what distance would you be from the man who fires the gun ? Of course you could tell me in a moment. These three seconds are the time required by the sound to travel from the man to you, and as the velocity of sound through air is 1,100 feet a second, the man must be 3,300 feet distant. An equally simple calculation enables you to tell at once whether a thunder storm is dangerous or not. Each peal of thunder appears to be preceded by a flash of lightning ; but if you were up in the clouds, close to the place where the peal occurs, you would see the flash and hear the peal at the same moment, for they really occur together. If therefore a few seconds elapse between the flash and peal, it is a proof that the danger is distant ; but if the peal follow hot upon

the flash, it shows that the danger is near. Never dread the sound ; if the flash pass without injury, the subsequent peal can do no harm.

SECT. 3. I want you now to turn your thoughts for a moment to the row of boys, of which I have spoken in the first section. Suppose, when the last boy is pushed up against the wall, that he, in recovering himself, pushes back against the boy next him, this second push, like the first, would propagate itself from the end to the beginning of the line of boys. In a similar way, when the pulse of air, which produces sound, strikes against a wall, it is *reflected* back and constitutes an *echo*. The reflected wave of sound moves with exactly the same velocity as the direct one. Now, suppose a gun to be fired at a distance of 2,200 feet from the side of a house or of a mountain which reflects the sound, what time will elapse between the sound and the echo ? Here the sound has to travel from the gun to the wall and back again, or a distance of 4,400 feet ; and as the velocity of sound is 1,100 feet a second, four seconds will elapse before the echo is heard. If you reflect upon the matter you will easily see that a wave of sound, after it has been once reflected, may strike upon a second object, which will reflect it a second time, and thus constitute a second echo. It is customary, when travelling up the Rhine, to fire a cannon at a certain place where the banks of the river rise in steep, high rocks ; the waves of sound are reflected several times from side to side, thus producing a perfect babble of echoes, resembling the roll of thunder. The echoes which may be aroused in some of the mountains in Switzerland, even by the human voice, are perfectly wonderful. I have known a valley to be filled with the wildest melody by a little boy singing the mountain *jodel* as he sat upon a rock and watched his goats.

Not only do solid bodies reflect sound in this way, but clouds do it also ; and this is undoubtedly one

cause of the rumbling we hear after a peal of thunder. In firing cannon, it has been observed that when the sky was clear, the sound was sharp and echoless, but that as soon as clouds appeared above the horizon, the sonorous waves striking against the clouds were reflected back again, and produced echoes. Sound is always reflected, wholly or partially, in passing from one medium to another. Even when sound passes from light to heavy air, a portion of it is reflected. This explains a singular effect which was observed by the celebrated traveller Humboldt. Being stationed some miles distant from the great falls of the River Orinoco, in South America, he found that during the night the sound of the waterfall was so loud that he could imagine himself close beside it. During the day, the sound was much feebler. You will perhaps think that this was quite natural, owing to the greater stillness of the night, but the fact was actually far otherwise. In those regions the night is far more noisy than the day. Under the noon-day sun the forest beasts cease their yelling and roaring and retire to sleep, while the innumerable swarms of insects, which fill the air with their humming during the night, are all stilled. Now pay attention to the true explanation.

A large plain stretched between the place where M. de Humboldt was stationed and the waterfall, this plain being covered partially with grass, through which, however, a great number of rocks protruded. During the day these rocks became very hot—much hotter than the grass—and the consequence was, that over each rock during the day there was a column of light air—for you know that air swells and becomes light when heated. Hence the sound of the waterfall in passing through the atmosphere over the plain, crossed perpetually from heavy to light, and from light to heavy air. At each passage a small portion of the sound was reflected, and this occurred so often that before it reached the place where M. de Humboldt was stationed, the sound was

greatly enfeebled. At night the rocks became cooled ; there was no longer that great difference of temperature between them and the grass ; the atmosphere was more homogeneous, and the sound passed through it without reflection ; the consequence was that the roar of the cataract was much louder during the night than during the day.

SECT. 4. In the first section I explained to you how a single pulse of sound was transmitted through the atmosphere, and what it did in the ear. I have said that the tympanum is thrown into motion by the shock. Now, every motion in nature, when once excited, takes *time* to subside. In the case of the tympanum the motion subsides very speedily, but still it requires time ; and if you cause two shocks to follow each other with sufficient speed, the last of them may reach the ear before the motion excited by the first has been extinguished, and thus a *prolonged* sound may be produced. Here I have to announce to you a most interesting fact,—a *musical sound* is a sound which is prolonged in this way. It is produced by a series of impulses which strike the ear at regular intervals, and in quick succession. In producing a musical sound, therefore, we make use of a body which is capable of sending a succession of waves to the ear,—a vibrating string or belt ; a vibrating tongue, as in the Jew's harp and the concertina ; a vibrating column of air, as in a flute or organ-pipe. The organs of voice also are capable of being thrown into vibration, like the reed of a clarionette, by the air passing from the lungs. But now I have to draw your attention to a peculiarity of these musical sounds or notes. They differ in *pitch*—some notes are high and others low ; and the height or pitch of the note depends solely upon the number of impulses which the tympanum receives in a second. The greater the number of impulses per second, the higher the note. A string which vibrates 500 times in a second, produces a higher note than one which vibrates only 400

times a second. The shorter a string is, the more quickly it vibrates, and the higher the note that it produces. In like manner, the shorter the organ-pipe or the flute—and you really shorten a flute when you take your fingers off its holes—the quicker are its vibrations, and the higher its note. If space permitted, I might state to you the relative lengths of the strings or of the organ-pipes, necessary for producing all the notes of the gamut. I will content myself by saying, that when one string is *half the length* of another, it vibrates *twice as quickly*, supposing both to be screwed up equally tight, and the note it produces is *the octave* of that produced by the longer string. Thus it is that by judiciously varying the lengths of a few strings, by pressing upon them with his fingers, a violin player is able to produce a great variety of notes.

A succession of *taps*, if they only follow each other speedily enough, will produce a musical note. When a slate pencil, held loosely in the hand and perfectly upright, is drawn along a slate, every boy knows that a jumping motion of the pencil, and a dotted line upon the slate, are produced. A series of distinct taps of the pencil is also heard, but the sound is a mere rattle. By pressing upon the pencil, these taps can be caused to succeed each other more quickly, until finally a musical note is produced. Most people, it is true, shut their ears against this melody, and complain that it gives them the toothache; but it is nevertheless a good illustration of our present subject. If a card be held against the circumference of a toothed wheel, it is struck by the teeth as they pass, and the distinct taps are heard; but if the wheel rotate rapidly enough, the separate taps are no longer distinguishable, but melt into a continuous musical note. A series of *puffs* can also produce a musical note. If a locomotive could send out its puffs quickly enough, we should have a musical sound of deafening intensity. Instruments have been made for the express purpose of producing taps or puffs, and such instruments

are provided with machinery which tells us the exact number of puffs or taps accomplished in a second. By means of such instruments we can tell the exact number of vibrations produced by the organs of a singer. We have only to bring the instrument and the voice to the same pitch ; the number of puffs there recorded by the instrument is the number of vibrations accomplished by the singer. In the same way the number of times a bee flaps its wings in a second can be accurately determined from the hum of the insect. In this way, indeed, it has been ascertained that gnats sometimes flap their little wings fifteen thousand times in a second !

How wonderful all this is, my boys, and how well worthy of your attention ! And how beautiful does the arrangement appear, that Nature should possess such wonders, and that man should possess the power of investigating and understanding them !

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

"Sunday Magazine."

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from the sabres bared
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly step
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old—
A woman full of years and full of woes—
The other was a maiden in her morn.
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bonds of Christ, •
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on, and down the sunny street

The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades ;
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn ;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks :
They went to prison, and they went to death
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
The troopers halted : all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening ; for the tide had drawn
Back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a sand-breadth. " It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men,
As they slackened rein—the leaders of the troop
Dismounting, and the people pressing near
To hear the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.
And both refused the oath : " because," they said,
" Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him."

On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave : and left her then,
As the waves crept about her feet, in prayer
That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Provost, and the Laird of Lag—
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham ;

And the rude soldiers jested, with rude oaths,
 As in the midst the maiden meekly stood
 Waiting her doom delayed,—said she would turn
 Before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
 From the chill waves. And ever to her lips
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
 “If God be for us who can be against!”
 “Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?”
 “Nor height, nor depth——”

A voice cried from the crowd—
 A woman's voice, a very bitter cry—
 “O Margaret! my bonnie Margaret!
 Gie in, gie in, and dinna break my heart;
 Gie in, and take the oath.”

The tide flowed in:
 And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
 And every fire went out upon the hearth;
 And not a meal was tasted in the town
 That day.

And still the tide was flowing in:
 Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ears,
 They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
 Where something white was floating—something white
 As the sea-mew that sits upon the wave:
 But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
 Then disappeared. And round the shoreward stake
 The tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson,
 With cursing, vowed that he would wait no more;
 And to the stake the soldiers led her down,
 And tied her hands; and round her slender waist
 Too roughly cast the rope, for Windram came
 And eased it, while he whispered in her ear,
 “Come, take the test.” And one cried, “Margaret,
 Say but ‘God save the king.’” “God save the king
 Of His great grace,” she answered; but the oath
 She would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knee,
She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul."
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
And the tide flowed, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face—
And there was glory over all the sky ;
And there was glory over all the sea—
A flood of glory—and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

THE WAKING OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

AFTER A SLEEP OF TWENTY YEARS IN THE CATSKILL
MOUNTAINS.

Washington Irving ; born in New York in 1783, author of "Life of Mahomet," "Sketch Book," "Life of Goldsmith," "Life of Columbus," &c. Very popular in England. Died 1859.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at nine-pins, the flagon. "Oh ! that flagon ! that wicked flagon !" thought Rip ; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle ?" He looked

round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he arose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of a surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which some-

what surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of the gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long! He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!" It was with some difficulty he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind out indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!" He entered the house. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, with old hats and petticoats stuffed in the chasms, and over the

door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceable pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, and a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre; the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington." There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity.

One orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip started in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man; a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!"

It was with the great difficulty that a self-important man in a cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking.

The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern,

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he's dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard, and that used to tell all about him; but that's rotten, and gone too."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out, in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up to the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name? "God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself; I'm somebody else; that's me yonder—no; that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads; there was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief.

At this critical moment, a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl." Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice. "Where's your mother?" "Oh, she died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New English pedlar." There was a drop of comfort, at least, at this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I'm your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed

that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being accustomed in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at nine pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer's afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

THE VULTURE.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL STUDY.

AFTER THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

Robert Brough.

The vulture is the most cruel, deadly, and voracious of birds of prey. He is remarkable for his keen scent, and for the tenacity with which he invariably clings to the victim on whom he has fixed his gripe. He is not to be shaken off whilst the humblest pickings remain. He is usually to be found in an indifferent state of feather.—*New Translation of Cuvier.*

Once upon a midnight chilling, as I held my feet unwilling
O'er a tub of scalding water, at a heat of ninety-four!
Nervously a toe in dipping, dripping, slipping, then out-skipping,
Suddenly there came a ripping whipping at my chambers' door.

"'Tis the second-floor," I mutter'd, "flipping at my
chambers' door—

Wants a light—and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the chill Novem-
ber,

And each cuticle and member was with influenza sore;
Falt'ringly I stirr'd the gruel, steaming creaming o'er
the fuel,

And anon removed the jewel that each frosted nostril
bore,

Wiped away the trembling jewel that each reddened
nostril bore—

Nameless here for evermore!

And I recollect a certain draught that fann'd the win-
dow curtain

Chill'd me, fill'd me with a horror of two steps upon
the floor,

And, besides, I'd got my feet in, and a most refreshing
heat in,

To myself I sat repeating—"If I answer to the door—

Rise to let the ruffian in who seems to want to burst
the door,

I'll be hanged, that and something more."

Presently the row grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,

"Really, Mister Johnson, blow it!—your forgiveness I
implore

Such an observation letting slip, but when a man's just
getting

Into bed, you come upsetting nerves and posts of cham-
bers' door,

Making such a row, forgetting"—Spoke a voice beyond
the door:

"'Tisn't Johnson"—nothing more!

Quick a perspiration clammy bathed me, and I uttered,
 " Hang me !"
 (Observation wrested from me, like the one I made before)
 Back upon the cushions sinking, hopelessly my eyes,
 like winking,
 On some stout for private drinking, ranged in rows upon
 the floor,
 Fix'd—and on an oyster barrel (full) beside them on the
 floor,
 Look'd and groan'd, and nothing more !

Open then was flung the portal, and in stepp'd a hated
 mortal,
 By the moderns call'd a VULTURE (known as *Sponge* in
 days of yore),
 Well I knew his reputation ! cause of all my agitation—
 Scarce a nod or salutation changed, he pounced upon
 the floor ;
 Coolly lifted up the oysters and some stout from off the
 floor,
 Help'd himself and took some more !

Then this hungry beast untiring fix'd his gaze with fond
 admiring
 On a piece of cold boil'd beef I meant to last a week or
 more,
 Quick he set to work devouring—plates, in quick suc-
 cession, scouring—
 Stout with every mouthful show'ring—made me ask, to
 see it pour,
 If he quite enjoy'd his supper, as I watch'd the liquid
 pour ;
 Said the Vulture, " Never more."

Much disgusted at the spacious *vacuum* by this brute
 voracious

Excavated in the beef—(he'd eaten quite enough for
four)—

Still, I felt relief surprising when at length I saw him
rising,

That he meant to go surmising, said I, glancing at the
door—

“Going? well, I won't detain you—mind the stairs and
shut the door—”

——“Leave you, Tomkins!—never more.”

Startled by an answer dropping hints that he intended
stopping

All his life—I knew him equal to it if he liked, or more—

Half in dismal earnest, half in joke, with an attempt at
laughing,

I remarked that he was chaffing, and demanded of the
bore,

Ask'd what this disgusting, nasty, greedy, vile, intrusive
bore,

Meant in croaking “Never more?”

But the Vulture not replying, took my bunch of keys and
trying

Sev'ral, found at length the one to fit my private cup-
board door;

Took the gin out, filled the kettle; and, with a *sang*
froid to nettle

Any saint, began to settle calmly down the grate before,
Really as he meant departing at the date I named

before,

Of never, never more!

Then I sat engaged in guessing what this circumstance
distressing

Would be likely to result in, for I knew that long before

Once (it served me right for drinking) I had told him
that if sinking

In the world, my fortunes linking to his own, he'd find
 my door
 Always open to receive him, and it struck me now that
 door

He would pass, p'raps never more !

Suddenly the air was clouded, all the furniture en-
 shrouded

With the smoke of vile tobacco—this was worse than
 all before ;

"Smith!" I cried (in not offensive tones, it might have
 been expensive,

For he knew the art defensive, and could costermongers
 floor) ;

"Recollect it's after midnight, *are* you going?—mind
 the floor."

Quoth the Vulture, "Never more."

"Smith!" I cried (the gin was going, down his throat
 in rivers flowing),

"If you want a bed, you know there's quite a nice
 hotel next door,

Very cheap. I'm ill—and joking set apart, your horrid
 smoking

Irritates my cough to choking. Having mentioned it
 before,

Really, you should not compel one—*Will* you mizzle—
 as before?"

Quoth the Vulture, "Never more."

"Smith!" I cried, "that joke repeating merits little
 better treating

For you than a condemnation as a nuisance and a bore :
 Drop it, pray, it isn't funny ; I've to mix some rum and
 honey—

If you want a little money, take some and be off next
 door ;

Run a bill up for me if you like, but *do* be off next door."

Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I shriek'd—the accent humbler dropping as another tumbler

I beheld him mix, "be off! you drive me mad—it's striking four.

Leave the house and something in it; if you go on at the gin, it

Won't hold out another minute. Leave the house and shut the door—

Take your beak from out my gin, and take your body through the door!"

Quoth the Vulture, "Never more."

And the Vulture never flitting—still is sitting, still is sitting,

Gulping down my stout by gallons, and my oysters by the score:

And the beast, with no more breeding than a heathen savage feeding,

The new carpet's tints unheeding, throws his shells upon the floor,

And his smoke from out my curtains, and his stains from out my floor,

Shall be sifted never more.

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

A Moorish Ballad translated by J. G. Lockhart.

King Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,

He hath summoned all the Moorish lords, from the hills and plains around;

From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and
twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and
state,*
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the
Alhambra's gate ;
In gowns of black, with silver laced, within the tented
ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of
the King.

Eight Moorish lords of valour tried, with stalwart arm
and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious
through ;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all
with hope and trust,
Yet ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have
bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud
tambour,
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw
wide the door ;
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike
the drum,
The Alcaydé of Agalva to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the King he passed, with reverence
stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the Queen, and the Infantas
all a-rowe :

* The day of the Baptist is a festival among the Musselmans,
as well as among Christians.

Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did
throw

A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery
is the sand,

Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand ;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with
anxious eye,

But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm
and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come
rearing on,

He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejón ;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a
blow,

He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn !" the people cry—the third comes
up behind,

Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the
wind ;

The mountaineers that lead the steers, without stand
whispering low,

"Now thinks this proud Alcaydé to stun Harpado so."

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill ;

But where from out the forest bursts Yarama's waters
clear,

Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and
stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within
doth boil,

And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the
turmoil.

His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of
snow ;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon
the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and
near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull, like daggers
they appear ;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted
tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled,
ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are
black as night ;
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his
might ;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth
the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcaydé's shock.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice
meet, and thrice give back ;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast
of black ;
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of
dun—
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou
fearless one !

Once more, once more ;—in dust and gore to ruin must
thou reel—
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel ;
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee
stagger,
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern
Alcaydé's dagger.

They have slipped a noose around his feet ; six horses
are brought in ;
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful
din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of
price bestow
Upon Gazul of Agalva, that hath laid Harpado low.

EXPLOIT OF MAISONNEUVE.

Parkman.

At Villemarie, it was usually dangerous to pass beyond the ditch of the fort or the palisades of the hospital. Sometimes a solitary warrior would lie hidden for days, without sleep and almost without food, behind a log in the forest, or in a dense thicket, watching like a lynx for some rash straggler. Sometimes parties of a hundred or more made ambuscades near by, and sent a few of their number to lure out the soldiers by a petty attack and a flight. The danger was much diminished, however, when the colonists received from France a number of dogs, which proved most efficient sentinels and scouts. Of the instinct of these animals, the writers of the time speak with astonishment. Chief among them was a bitch named Pilot, who every morning made the rounds of the forests and fields about the fort, followed by a troop of her offspring. If one of them lagged behind, she bit him to remind him of his duty ; and if any skulked and ran home, she punished them severely in the same manner on her return. When she discovered the Iroquois—which she was sure to do by the scent, if any were near—she barked furiously, and ran at once straight to the fort, followed by the rest. The Jesuit chronicler adds, with an amusing *naïveté*, that while this was her duty, “ her natural inclination was for hunting squirrels.”

Maisonneuve was as brave a knight of the Cross as ever fought in Palestine for the sepulture of Christ ; but he could temper his valour with discretion. He knew that he and his soldiers were but indifferent woodsmen ; that their crafty foe had no equal in ambuscades and surprises ; and that, while a defeat might ruin the French, it would only exasperate an enemy whose resources in men were incomparably greater. Therefore, when the dogs sounded the alarm, he kept his followers close, and stood patiently on the defensive. They chafed under this Fabian policy, and at length imputed it to cowardice. Their murmurings grew louder, till they reached the ears of Maisonneuve. The religion which animated him had not destroyed the soldierly pride which takes root so readily and so strongly in a manly nature ; and an imputation of cowardice from his own soldiers stung him to the quick. He saw, too, that such an opinion of him must needs weaken his authority, and impair the discipline essential to the safety of the colony.

On the morning of the thirtieth of March, Pilot was heard barking with unusual fury in the forest eastward from the fort ; and in a few moments they saw her running over the clearing, where the snow was still deep, followed by her brood, all giving tongue together. The excited Frenchmen flocked about their commander.

"Monsieur, les ennemis sont dans le bois; ne les ironous jamais voir ?"

Maisonneuve, habitually composed and calm, answered sharply—

"Yes, you will see the enemy. Get yourselves ready at once, and take care that you are as brave as you profess to be. I shall lead you myself."

All was bustle in the fort. Guns were loaded, pouches filled, and snow-shoes tied on by those who had them, and knew how to use them. There were not enough, however, and many were forced to go without them. When all was ready, Maisonneuve sallied forth at the head of

thirty men, leaving d'Aillebout with the remainder, to hold the fort. They crossed the snowy clearing and entered the forest, where all was silent as the grave. They pushed on, wading through the deep snow, with the countless pitfalls hidden beneath it, when suddenly they were greeted with the screeches of eighty Iroquois, who sprang up from their lurking-places, and showered bullets and arrows upon the advancing French. The emergency called, not for chivalry, but for woodcraft; and Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter, like their assailants, behind trees. They stood their ground resolutely for a long time; but the Iroquois pressed them close, three of their number were killed, others were wounded, and their ammunition began to fail. Their only alternatives were destruction or retreat; and to retreat was not so easy. The order was given. Though steady at first, the men soon became confused, and over-eager to escape the galling fire which the Iroquois sent after them. Maisonneuve directed them towards a sledge track which had been used in dragging timber for building the hospital, and where the snow was firm beneath the foot. He himself remained to the last, encouraging his followers and aiding the wounded to escape. The French, as they struggled through the snow, faced about from time to time, and fired back to check the pursuit; but no sooner had they reached the sledge-track than they gave way to their terror, and ran in a body for the fort. Those within, seeing this confused rush of men from the distance, mistook them for the enemy; and an over-zealous soldier touched the match to a cannon which had been pointed to rake the sledge-track. Had not the piece missed fire, from dampness of the priming, he would have done more execution at one shot than the Iroquois in all the fight that morning.

Maisonneuve was left alone retreating backwards from the track, and holding his pursuers in check, with a pistol in each hand. They might easily have shot him; but recognising him as the commander of the French,

they were bent on taking him alive. Their chief coveted this honour for himself, and his followers held aloof to give him the opportunity. He pressed close upon Maisonneuve, who snapped a pistol at him, which missed fire. The Iroquois, who had ducked to avoid the shot, rose erect, and sprang forward to seize him, when Maisonneuve with his remaining pistol shot him dead. Then ensued a curious spectacle, not infrequent in Indian battles. The Iroquois seemed to forget their enemy in their anxiety to secure and carry off the body of their chief; and the French commander continued his retreat unmolested, till he was safe under the cannon of the fort. From that day, he was a hero in the eyes of his men.

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

W. Edmondstoun Aytoun; a poet and essayist. Was born in 1813, and educated in Edinburgh. Professor of Rhetoric, &c., in University of Edinburgh. Best known as author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," which has passed through many editions. Died in 1865.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the bloody fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day—
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore

Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!

Lo! we bring with us the hero—

Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best becomes a victor

From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle

Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!

Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!

Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?

Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!

Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!

See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—

See! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold—

See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,

Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle field!

See—oh! never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye

Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh.

Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:



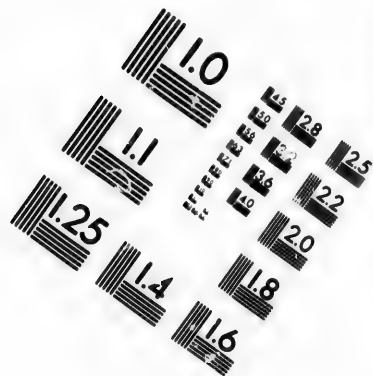
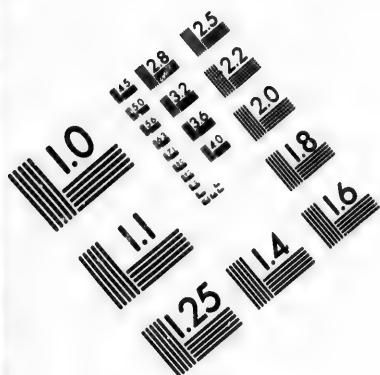
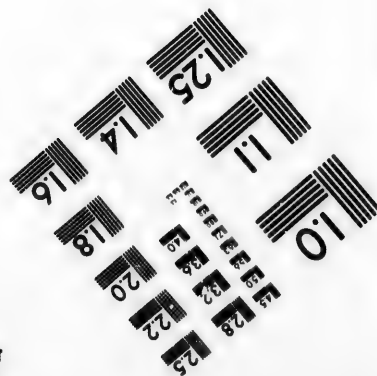
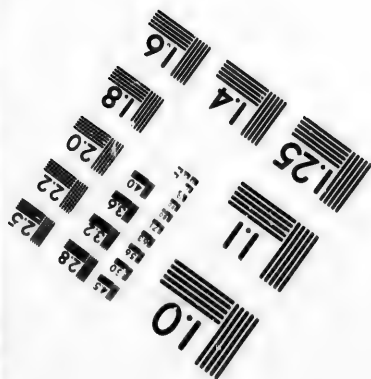
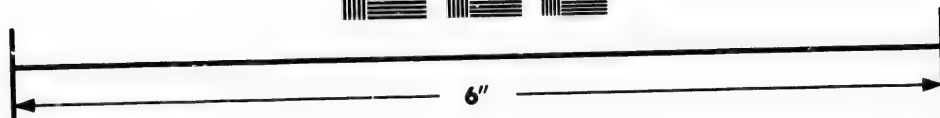
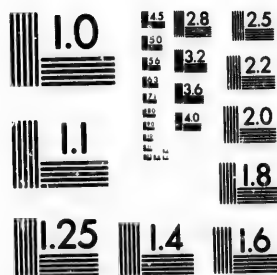


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Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen current,
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true ;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die.
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight !
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James !
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir :—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—

Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle !
Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought or sold ;
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike ! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee ! "

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the land of wild Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flashing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath ;
And their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe :
Down we crouched amid the brackens,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer,

From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum ;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert ;
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the ragged mountain
Start to life with armed men !
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald —
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band —
On we poured until we met them
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and men went down like driftwood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us,
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done !

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him
In the thickest of the slain,

And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph
And the clansman's clamorous cheer :
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood,
Passed the spirit of the Græme !

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest !
Last of Scòts, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace !
O thou lion-hearted warrior !
Reck not of the after-time :
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee.

CALLING UP A TRAVELLER.

John Poole ; dramatist, and author of " Comic Sketches."

I returned to Reeve's Hotel, College Green, where I was lodging.

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of "Boots" at the hotel was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, in consequence of such neglect, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I, in a mournful tone, "you must call me at four o'clock."

"Do'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"*Want* to, indeed! No; but I must."

"Well, zur, I'll *carl'ee*; if you be as sure to get up as I be to *carl'ee*, you'll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll have 'ee out, dauged if I doant! Good night, zur:"—and *exit* Boots.

"And now I'll pack my portmanteau."

It was a bitter cold night, and my bedroom fire had gone out. Except the rush candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment, the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rushlight, as they struggled through the holes of the box) wore a dark brown wainscot, but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trousers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair, I sat me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom, I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so resolving to defer the packing till to-morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials of a larger size—and at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR—FOUR—FOUR.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"

and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by the nightmare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe over my head—he grinned at me—struck me three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast—stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

"Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock."

It was the awful voice of Boots.

"Well, I hear you," groaned I.

"But I don't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well; that'll do."

"Begging your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur."

And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact.

"That'll do, zur; 'ee told I to carl 'ee, and I ha' carl 'ee properly."

I lit my taper at the rushlight. On opening the window shutter, I was regaled with the sight of a fog, a parallel to which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have produced. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling. My heart sunk within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do? The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau must be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured at that villanous hour; not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe in the universe entire) had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but, by dint of ham-

mering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair, bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might about as easily have bent. The tooth-brushes were riveted to the glass in which I had left them, and of which (in my haste to disengage them from their stronghold) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish, my shaving brush was a mass of ice. In short, more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.

"Who's there?"

"Now, if'ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-vive minutes of vive."

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind.

There was no time for the performance of anything like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. "I'll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done." In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste I had thrust in, among my own things, one of my host's frozen towels. Everything must come out again.

"Who's there?"

"Now, zur; 'ee'll be too late, zur!"

"Coming."

Everything was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *dishabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pairs.

It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day in slippers. Again was everything to be done.

"Now, zur, coach be going."

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely except the closing act) must be the hourly

notice given to the culprit of the exact length of time he has to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders.

"I'm coming," again replied I with a groan. "I have only to pull on my boots."

They were both left-footed! Then I must open that rascally portmanteau again.

"Please zur—"

"What in the name of——do you want now?"

"Coach be gone, please zur."

"Gone! Is there no chance of overtaking it?"

"Bless 'ee! noa, zur; not as Jim Robins do drive. He be vive miles off by now."

"You are certain of that?"

"I warrant 'ee, zur."

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past.

"Boots," said I, "you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me——"

"At what o'clock, zur?"

"This day three months at the earliest."

THE CLOSING SCENE.

T. Buchanan Read; justly celebrated both as a painter and a poet. Born in Pennsylvania, in 1822. The following poem has been highly praised in the "Westminster Review."

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The grey barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further, and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves;
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

To warn the rangers of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail ;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom .
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the flowers ;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night ;
The thistledown, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch ;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust ;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom
Her country summoned and she gave her all ;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon her wall—

Re-gave the sword—but not the hand that drew—
And struck for liberty the dying blow ;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune;

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

THE SEA.

Prof. Archibald Geikie, F.R.S.; born in 1835. Author of the "Life of Forbes," "Phenomena of the Glacial Drift," "Memoir of Sir Roderick Murchison," &c. Director of Geological Survey of Scotland, and Professor of Geology in the University of Edinburgh.

You have been told that the moisture of the air comes in great part from the sea; that the rivers of the land are continually flowing into the same reservoir of water, which is likewise the great basin into which all the soil which is worn from the surface of the land is carried. We must now look a little more closely at some of the more important features of the sea.

When you come to examine the water of the sea, you find that it differs from the water with which you are familiar on the land, inasmuch as it is salt. It contains something which you do not notice in ordinary spring or river water. If you take a drop of clear spring-water, and allow it to evaporate from a piece of glass, you will find no trace left behind. The water of springs always contains some mineral substances dissolved in it, and these not being capable of rising in vapour are left behind when the water evaporates. But the quantity of them

in a single drop of water is so minute that, when the drop dries up, it leaves no perceptible speck or film. Take, however, a drop of sea-water, and allow it to evaporate. You find a little white point or film left behind, and on placing that film under a microscope you see it to consist of delicate crystals of common or sea salt. It would not matter from what ocean you took the drop of water, it would still show the crystals of salt on being evaporated.

There are some other things besides common salt in sea-water. But the salt is the most abundant, and we need not trouble about the rest at present. Now, where did all this mineral matter in the sea come from? The salt of the sea is all derived from the waste of the rocks.

Both under ground and on the surface of the land, water is always dissolving out of the rocks various mineral substances, of which salt is one. Hence the water of springs and rivers contains salt, and this is borne away into the sea. So that all over the world there must be a vast quantity of salt carried into the ocean every year.

The sea gives off again by evaporation as much water as it receives from rain and from the rivers of the land. But the salt carried into it remains behind. If you take some salt water and evaporate it, the pure water disappears, and the salt is left. So it is with the sea. Streams are every day carrying fresh supplies of salt into the sea. Every day, too, millions of tons of water are passing from the ocean into vapour in the atmosphere. The waters of the sea must consequently be getting saltier by degrees. The process, however, is an extremely slow one.

Although sea-water has probably been gradually growing in saltiness ever since rivers first flowed into the great sea, it is even now by no means as salt as it might be. In the Atlantic Ocean, for example, the total quantity of the different salts amounts only to about three and a half parts in every hundred parts of water. But in the

Dead Sea, which is extremely salt, the proportion is as much as twenty-four parts in the hundred of water.

Standing by the shore of any part of Britain, and watching for a little the surface of the sea, you notice how restless it is. Even on the calmest summer day, a slight ripple or a gentle heaving motion will be seen ; at other times little wavelets curl towards the land, and break in long lines upon the beach ; but now and then, when storms arise, you may watch how the water has been worked up into huge billows, which, crested with spray, come in, tossing and foaming, to burst upon the shores.

Again, if you watch a little longer, you will find that whether the sea is calm or rough, it does not remain always at the same limit upon the beach. At one part of the day the edge of the water reaches to the upper part of the sloping beach ; some six hours afterwards it has retired to the lower part. You may watch it falling and rising, day after day, and year after year, with so much regularity that its motion can be predicted long beforehand. This ebb and flow of the sea forms what are called tides.

If you cork up an empty bottle and throw it into the sea, it will of course float. But it will not remain long where it fell. It will begin to move away, and may travel for a long distance until thrown upon some shore again. Bottles cast upon mid-ocean have been known to be carried in this way for many hundreds of miles. This surface-drift of the sea-water corresponds generally with the direction in which the prevalent winds blow.

But it is not merely the surface-water which moves. You have learned a little about icebergs, and one fact about them which you must remember is that, large as they may seem, there is about seven times more of their mass below water than above it. Now, it sometimes happens that an iceberg is seen sailing on, even right in the face of a strong wind. This shows that it is moving, not with the wind, but with a strong under-current

in the sea. In short, the sea is found to be traversed by many currents, some flowing from cold to warm regions, and others from warm to cold.

Here, then, are four facts about the sea:—1st, it has a restless surface, disturbed by ripples and waves; 2ndly, it is constantly heaving with the ebb and flow of the tides; 3rdly, its surface-waters drift with the wind; and 4thly, it possesses currents like the atmosphere.

For the present it will be enough if we learn something regarding the first of these facts—the waves of the sea.

Here again you may profitably illustrate by familiar objects what goes on upon so vast a scale in nature. Take a basin or a long trough of water, and blow upon the water at one edge. You throw its surface into ripples, which, as you will observe, start from the place where your breath first hits the water and roll onward until they break in little wavelets upon the opposite margin of the basin.

What you do in a small way is the same action by which the waves of the sea are formed. All these disturbances of the smoothness of the sea are due to disturbances of the air. Wind acts upon the water of the sea as your breath does on that of the basin. Striking the surface, it throws the water into ripples or undulations, and in continuing to blow along the surface it gives these additional force, until driven on by a furious gale they grow into huge billows.

When waves roll in on the land, they break one after another upon the shore, as your ripples break upon the side of the basin. And they continue to roll in after the wind has fallen, in the same way that the ripples in the basin will go on curling for a little after you have ceased to blow. The surface of the sea, like that of water generally, is very sensitive. If it is thrown into undulations, it does not become motionless the moment the cause of disturbance has passed away, but continues mov-

ing in the same way, but in a gradually lessening degree, until it comes to rest.

The restlessness of the surface of the sea becomes in this way a reflection of the restlessness of the air. It is the constant moving to and fro of currents of air, either gentle or violent, which roughens the sea with waves. When the air for a time is calm above, the sea sleeps peacefully below ; when the sky darkens, and a tempest bursts forth, the sea is lashed into waves, which roll in and break with enormous force upon the land.

You have heard, perhaps you have even seen, something of the destruction which is worked by the waves of the sea. Every year piers and sea-walls are broken down, pieces of the coast are washed away, and the shores are strewn with the wreck of ships. So that, besides all the waste which the surface of the land undergoes from rain, and frost, and streams, there is another form of destruction going on along the coast-line.

On rocky shores the different stages in the eating away of the land by the sea can sometimes be strikingly seen. Above the beach perhaps rises a cliff, sorely battered about its base by the ceaseless grinding of the waves. Here and there a cavern has been drilled in the solid wall, or a tunnel has been driven through some projecting headland. Not far off we may note a tall buttress of rock, once a part of the main cliff, but now separated from it by the falling in and removal of the connecting archway. And then, further off from the cliff, isolated, half-tide rocks rise to show where still older detached buttresses stood ; while away out in the sea the dash of breakers marks the site of some sunken reef, in which we see the relics of a still more ancient coast-line. On such a shore the whole process whereby the sea eats into the land seems to be laid open to our eyes.

On some parts of the coast-line of the east of England, where the rock is easily worn away, the sea advances on the land at the rate of two or three feet every year.

Towns and villages which existed a few centuries ago have one by one disappeared, and their sites are now a long way out under the restless waters of the North Sea. On the west coast of Ireland and Scotland, however, where the rocks are usually hard and resisting, the rate of waste has been comparatively small.

It would be worth your while, the first time you happen to be at the coast, to ascertain what means the sea takes to waste the land. This you can easily do by watching what happens on a rocky beach. Get to some sandy or gravelly part of the beach, over which the waves are breaking, and keep your eye on the water when it runs back after a wave has burst. You see all the grains of gravel and sand hurrying down the slope with the water; and if the gravel happens to be coarse, it makes a harsh grating noise as its stones rub against each other—a noise sometimes loud enough to be heard miles away. As the next wave comes curling along, you will mark that the sand and gravel, after slackening their downward pace, are caught up by the bottom of the advancing wave and dragged up the beach again, only to be hurried down once more as the water retires to allow another wave to do the same work.

By this continual up and down movement of the water, the sand and stones on the beach are kept grinding against each other, as in a mill. Consequently they are worn away. The stones become smaller, until they pass into mere sand, and the sand, growing finer, is swept away out to sea and laid down at the bottom.

But not only the loose materials on the shore suffer in this way an incessant wear and tear—the solid rocks underneath, wherever they come to the surface, are ground down in the same process. When the waves dash against a cliff they hurl the loose stones forward, and batter the rocks with them. Here and there in some softer part, as in some crevice of the cliff, these stones gather together, and when the sea runs high they are kept whirling and grinding at the base of the cliff till,

in the end, a cave is actually bored by the sea in the solid rock, very much in the same way as holes are bored by a river in the bed of its channel. The stones of course are ground to sand in the process, but their place is supplied by others swept up by the waves. If you enter one of these sea-caves when the water is low, you will see how smoothed and polished its sides and roof are, and how well rounded and worn are the stones lying on its floor.

A TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Tem Hood, son of Thomas Hood, the poet ; a contributor to the magazines ; died 1875.

Titti Fal Lay was a lovely maid—
The white of her eye was like marmalade,
Her skin was the blackest of inky blacks,
And her lips were as scarlet as sealing wax.

She wore her hair in a fuzz-a-top,
Like a swab (the nautical term for mop) ;
Her ivory teeth were two gleaming rows,
And she carried a skewer in her comely nose.

She loved a sailor (did Titti Fal Lay),
Who had been on that island east away.
Titti Fal Lay was the child of a king,
But she loved Jack Deadeyes like anything.

She loved Jack Deadeyes ; but—woe is me !—
Jack Deadeyes he wasn't in love with she ;
For he fondly thought of his lovely Nan
(Who lived at Wapping), did that young man.

And so, alas, and alack-a-day !
When an English ship sailed into the bay

(The *Lively Betty*, a seventy-four),
He took a berth in that man-of-war !

Then Titti Fal Lay (her heart was broke)
Wept—but never a word she spoke ;
But she skewered herself, did the mournful maid,
On the native weapon, a sword-fish blade.

They buried her under the Bo-bo tree,
With her favourite kitten along o' she ;
And the purple-nosed monkeys sadly rave,
And chew their tails o'er the maiden's grave

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

*William Makepeace Thackeray ; author of "Vanity Fair,"
and other novels ; a contributor to "Punch." Born
1811, died 1863. The following is from "The Vir-
ginians."*

Arriving in the St. Lawrence in June, the fleet which brought Wolfe and his army had landed them, on the last day of the month, on the Island of Orleans, opposite which rises the great cliff of Quebec. From his position on the island, which lies in the great channel of the river to the north of the town, the General was ever hungrily on the look-out for a chance to meet and attack his enemy. Above the city and below it he landed—now here and now there ; he was bent upon attacking wherever he saw an opening. It was surely a fault on the part of the Marquis of Montcalm to accept a battle from Wolfe on equal terms, for the British General had no artillery, and when he had made his famous escalade of the heights, and was on the Plains of Abraham, he was a little nearer the city certainly, but as far off as ever from being within it.

The game that was played between the brave chiefs of those two gallant little armies, and which lasted from July until Wolfe won the crowning hazard in September, must have been as interesting a match as ever eager players engaged in. On the very first night after the landing the sport began. At midnight the French sent a flaming squadron of fire-ships down upon the British ships which were discharging their stores at Orleans. Our seamen thought it was good sport to tow the fire-ships clear of the fleet, and ground them on the shore, where they burned out.

As soon as the French commander heard that our ships had entered the river, he marched to Beauport, in advance of the city, and there took up a strong position. When our stores and hospitals were established, our General crossed over from the island to the left shore, and drew nearer to his enemy. He had the ships in the river behind him, but the whole country in face of him was in arms. The Indians in the forest seized our advanced parties as they strove to clear it, and murdered them in horrible tortures. The French were as formidable as their Indian friends. The Montmorenci River rushed between Wolfe and the enemy. He could neither attack these nor the city behind them.

Bent on seeing whether there was no other point at which his foe might be assailable, the General passed round the town of Quebec, and skirted the left shore beyond. Everywhere it was guarded, as well as in his immediate front, and having run the gauntlet of the batteries, up and down the river, he returned to his post at Montmorenci. On the right of the French position, across the Montmorenci River, which was fordable at low tide, was a redoubt of the enemy. He would have that. Perhaps, to defend it, the French chief would be forced out from his lines, and a battle be brought on. Wolfe determined to play these odds. He would fetch over the body of his army from the Island of Orleans, and attack from the St. Lawrence. He would time his

attack so that, at shallow water, his lieutenants, Murray and Townshend, might cross the Montmorenci ; and, at the last day of July, he played this desperate game.

He first, and General Monckton, his second in command (setting out from Point Levi, which he occupied), crossed over the St. Lawrence from their respective stations, being received with a storm of shot and artillery as they rowed to the shore. No sooner were the troops landed than they rushed at the French redoubt without order, were shot down before it in great numbers, and were obliged to fall back. At the preconcerted signal, the troops on the other side of the Montmorenci advanced across the river in perfect order. The enemy even evacuated the redoubt, and fell back to their lines ; but from these the assailants were received with so severe a fire that an impression on them was hopeless, and the General had to retreat.

That battle of Montmorenci formed the dismal burden of the first dispatch from General Wolfe which reached England, and plunged us all in gloom. What more might be expected of a commander so rash ? What disasters might one not foretell ? Was ever scheme so wild as to bring three great bodies of men across broad rivers, in the face of murderous batteries, merely on the chance of inducing an enemy strongly intrenched and guarded to leave his position, and come out and engage us ? 'Twas the talk of London. No wonder grave people shook their heads and prophesied fresh disaster. The General, who took to his bed after this failure, shuddering with fever, was to live barely six weeks longer, and die immortal !

"By the list of disabled officers (many of whom are of rank) you may perceive, Sir, that the army is much weakened. By the nature of this river, the most formidable part of the armament is deprived of the power of acting, yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties that I own myself at a loss how to determine.

The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures ; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favourable event. The admiral and I have examined the town with a view to a general assault ; and he would readily join in this or any other measure for the public service ; but I cannot propose to him an undertaking of so dangerous a nature, and promising so little success. . . . I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the public utility. They are of opinion that they should try, by conveying up a corps of 4,000 or 5,000 men (which is nearly the whole strength of the army, after the points of Levi and Orleans are put in a proper state of defence), to draw the enemy from their present position, and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

So wrote the General from his head-quarters at Montmorenci Falls on the 2nd day of September ; and on the 14th of October following, the *Rodney* cutter arrived with the sad news in England. The attack had failed, the chief was sick, the army dwindling, the menaced city so strong that assault was almost impossible ; "the only chance was to fight the Marquis of Montcalm upon terms of less disadvantage than attacking his intrenchments, and, if possible, to draw him from his present position." Would the French chief, whose great military genius was known in Europe, fall into such a snare ? No wonder there were pale looks in the city at the news, and doubt and gloom wheresoever it was known.

Three days after this first melancholy intelligence came the famous letters announcing that wonderful consummation of Fortune with which Wolfe's wonderful career ended. If no man is to be styled happy till his death, what shall we say of this one ? His end was so glorious that I protest not even his mother nor his betrothed ought to have deplored it, or at any rate have wished him

alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether, in the last act of his life, I admire the result of genius, invention or daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds. Suppose his ascent discovered a half hour sooner, and his people, as they would have been assuredly, beaten back? Suppose the Marquis of Montcalm not to quit his intrenched lines to accept that strange challenge? Suppose these points—and none of them depend upon Wolfe at all—and what becomes of the glory of the young hero, of the great minister who discovered him, of the intoxicated nation which rose up frantic with self-gratulation at the victory? I say, what fate is it that shapes our ends, or those of nations? In the many hazardous games which my Lord Chatham played, he won this prodigious one. And as the greedy British hand seized the Canadas, it let fall the United States out of its grasp.

To be sure, this wisdom *d'après coup* is easy. We wonder at this man's rashness now the deed is done, and marvel at the other's fault. What generals some of us are upon paper! what repartees come to our mind when the talk is finished! and, the game over, how well we see how it should have been played! Writing of an event after a long interval of time, it is not difficult to criticise and find fault. But at the time when the news arrived of Wolfe's glorious deeds upon the Plains of Abraham—of that army marshalled in darkness, and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops—of that miraculous security of the enemy, of his present acceptance of our challenge to battle, and of his defeat on the open plain by the sheer valour of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news. The whole nation rose up and felt itself the stronger for Wolfe's victory. Not merely all men engaged in the battle, but those at home who had condemned its rashness, felt themselves heroes. Our spirit rose as that of

our enemy faltered. Friends embraced each other when they met. Coffee-houses and public places were thronged with people eager to talk the news. Courtiers rushed to the King and the great Minister by whose wisdom the campaign had been decreed. When he showed himself the people followed him with shouts and blessings. People did not deplore the dead warrior, but admired his *euthanasia*. Should James Wolfe's friends weep and wear mourning because a chariot had come from the skies to fetch him away? Let them watch with wonder, and see him departing, radiant; rising above us, superior. To have a friend who had been near and about him, was to be distinguished. Every soldier who fought with him was a hero.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

Will Carleton, an American; author of "Farm Ballads," &c., which have had a wide-spread popularity.

They've got a brand-new organ, Sue,
 For all their fuss and search;
 They've done just as they said they'd do,
 And fetched it into church.
 They're bound the critter shall be seen,
 And on the preacher's right
 They've hoisted up their new machine.
 In everybody's sight.
 They've got a chorister and choir,
 Ag'in my voice and vote;
 For it was never my desire
 To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true
 For five-an'-thirty year;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear;

I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
 Just as the preacher read,
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
 I took the fork an' led !
 And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
 Is comin' all about ;
 And I, right in my latter days,
 Am fairly crowded out !

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
 With tears all in his eyes,
 Read, " I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies."
 I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
 I s'pose I al'ays will ;
 It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
 In good old Ortonville ;
 But when that choir got up to sing,
 I couldn't catch a word ;
 They sung the most dog-gondest thing
 A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near ;
 An' when I see them grin,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And boldly waded in.
 I thought I'd chase their tune along,
 An' tried with all my might ;
 But though my voice is good an' strong,
 I couldn't steer it right ;
 When they was high, then I was low,
 An' also contrawise ;
 An' I too fast, or they too slow,
 To " mansions in the skiea."

An' after every verse, you know,
 They play a little tune ;

I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone ;
But oh, alas ! I found that I
Was singin' there alone !
They laughed a little, I am told ;
But I had done my best ;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me ;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be ;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said ;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head ;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh or cough !
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off !

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose ;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise ;
But drewed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five-an' thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 But Death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track ;
 An' some day I to church will go,
 And never more come back ;
 And when the folks gets up to sing—
 Whene'er that time shall be—
 I do not want no patent thing
 A-squealin' over me !

THE ART OF THE ACTOR AND THE READER.

*Edward H. Cox, Recorder of Helston, England ; author
 of "The Arts of Writing, Reading and Speaking."
 One of the original promoters of "Penny Readings."*

The actor reads from his memory instead of reading from a book, and he adds *action* to *expression*. The reader reads from the book, and not from his memory, but he should recite what he reads in precisely the same manner as does the actor. You have often heard it said of a man that he reads in a theatrical manner, as if that was a fault in him ; but before it is admitted to be a fault, we must understand precisely in what sense the phrase is used. The term might be employed to indicate reading like a bad actor, or like a good one. Some persons, educated in evil habits of reading, unaccustomed to hear good reading, and who have never contemplated reading as an art and an accomplishment, might ignorantly denounce as "theatrical" any reading that rises above gabbling, and all attempts to give natural expression to the words and thoughts. Such reading is theatrical, indeed, but only in a commendable sense. There

is, however, a theatrical *manner*, that is called so reproachfully, and with justice, for it means reading like a bad actor—ranting, mouthy and declamatory, or lugubrious and droning; tearing a passion to tatters, swelling into sing song, or lapsing into a monotonous drawl. Exaggerated expression in reading is like a part over-acted on the stage, but it is preferable to the absence of expression; and therefore see that you do not fall into the fault of monotony through fear of being called “theatrical.”

The faculty by which an actor is enabled to accomplish his task is that which gives to him the power of forgetting himself, and becoming somebody else. Reflect for a moment what a man must do in order to play some part in a drama—Hamlet, for instance. He must become Hamlet for the time, and for that time he must cease to be himself; he must think and feel as Hamlet, or he cannot look and move like Hamlet. He does not this by a process of argument: he does not read a scene in the play, and then say to himself, “Here Hamlet is awe-stricken at the appearance of the Ghost, and to look as if I was awe-stricken I must stand in this posture and open my eyes this wide, and make my voice quiver—so, and speak in such a tone. All this would be impossible of acquirement as a matter of teaching, for the memory could never carry such a multitude of directions, and recall them at the right moment. The actual process is more simple. The true actor reads the play; he ascertains what was the character of Hamlet; he learns the language put into Hamlet’s mouth. When he reproduces it, he becomes Hamlet, feels and thinks as Hamlet. The words have entered into his mind, and excited there the precise emotions Hamlet was imagined to feel by the genius that created him. He feels them, not by rule, or by an effort of his own, but *instinctively*. The mind being moved, the voice, the aspect, the action, express the mind’s emotions. It was thus that the dramatist wrote. He, too, did not artfully construct the thoughts

and emotions conveyed by the words spoken by his personages. Placing his own mind in their positions, he felt the feelings and thought the thoughts that such persons in such cases would have felt and thought, and these he clothed in appropriate language. The actor seizes upon the same personages, performs the same process of placing himself, in imagination, in the same positions, feels and thinks thus, and therefore rightly expresses the emotions and thoughts of the author. The difference between the genius of the actor and the genius of the author is this—that the actor does not create, he merely expresses the creations of the author. Although the creative genius is the greatest, great is the genius that can embody those creations and make them live before our eyes. When the process is contemplated, we cannot but marvel much at the power that can so identify itself with the emotions of another mind as to become that mind for a season, feel all that it felt, think all that it thought, and then express those thoughts and feelings as the creator of the character would have expressed them had he possessed the power to do so.

To be a *good reader* you must possess a portion of this faculty of the actor. The great actor has two mental powers that are perfectly distinct—each of which might exist without the other. He must be able to *read* truly and to *act* rightly. It is not enough for *him* that he can read the part as it ought to be read; he must also be able to act it as it ought to be acted. Herein is the difference between the actor and the reader. The reader requires to be only half an actor; he needs but to be accomplished in the first portion of the actor's art. Hence it is more easy to be a good reader than a good actor; hence it is that although a good actor must be a good reader, you may be a very good reader without being also a good actor. But bear this in mind, that you should endeavour to accomplish yourself even to the actor's skill in reading, and that the test of your excellence will be precisely that which would be applied to

the *reading* of his part by the actor upon the stage. As the critic would sit in judgment on the manner in which an actor *reads* Hamlet when he acts it—that is to say how he expresses the words, apart from the *acting*—so would a judicious critic judge your reading of it when seated in the drawing room. The rules to be observed by both are the same ; the same effects are to be studied, the same intonations to be used. You should so read that if the listener's eyes were bandaged he could not tell that you were not acting, save by perceiving that your voice is stationary.

I have dwelt on this connection and distinction between acting and reading, because they are seldom rightly understood even by those who have studied the art of reading. Some, fearing to be thought "theatrical," make a positive endeavour to avoid reading as an actor should read ; and, on the other hand, some think that acting and reading are identical, and rush into a mannerism that imperfectly unites the two and spoils both ; and these are the readers to whom the reproach of being "theatrical" properly applies. By clearly understanding what is the precise boundary between reading and acting—how nearly they approach but never touch—you will, I hope, educate yourself to advance boldly to the boundary of your art, without trespassing beyond it into the territory that belongs exclusively to the actor.

I cannot too often repeat to you that the foundations of the art of reading are *understanding* and feeling. If you do not clearly see the writer's meaning you cannot interpret truly his thoughts ; and unless you can feel the emotions he is painting you cannot give the right expression to the words that breathe them. If you are deficient in either of these faculties, no study will make you a good reader. Having these natural gifts, all the rest may be acquired by diligence and training. I do not assert that without these qualifications it is useless to learn the art of reading. I desire only to warn you that wanting them or either of them you may not hope to become an *accomplished* reader. But you may

acquire sufficient of the art for all the ordinary purposes of business or recreation ; you may read easily to yourself and pleasantly to others—more pleasantly, indeed, than many who possess the natural qualifications you want, but want the training you have received. Do not, therefore, be disheartened should you discover that you cannot throw your mind instantly into the conceptions of the author so as to think and feel them as if they had been your own, but manfully resolve to learn to do that which not one educated man in ten *can* do, namely, to read a page of prose or poetry with common propriety, to say nothing of reading it with effect.

And do not so hastily conclude that you have not the faculties in question. Rarely are they quite absent from any mind. Often they lie dormant for want of cultivation and stimulus, unknown even to the possessor, until some accident reveals to himself and others the capacities of which he was not before conscious. They may be awakened from sleep ; they may be stimulated into action ; they may be cultivated into excellence. Be assured that they are quite wanting in you before you despair. Do not resign on the first trial. Persevere until conviction is forced upon you.

How may you ascertain this important fact ? Take some dramatic composition, some play of Shakspeare's which you have not seen on the stage, or a chapter of dialogue in a novel, and read it aloud. Are you conscious that you understand the author's meaning ? Do you *feel* the emotions he expresses, or do they go into your ear and out at your lips without passing through your mind, and there becoming instinct with soul, so that you speak living words, and not mere inanimate sounds ? Your own feelings will soon tell you if you have any sympathies with the author. . . .

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that reading is *an art* which all may acquire sufficiently for the daily uses of life at home or abroad. As an accomplishment, where the pleasure of the audience is the object, reading must be something more than tolerable—it must be *good*.

THE KING'S TEMPLE.

A mighty king on his couch reclined,
With a haughty thought in his lonely mind :
" Has not God prospered me more than all ?
A nation would rise at my single call,
And its fairest maid would be proud to wear
A crown by the side of my crowned gray hair ;
I'll rear him a house for my greatness' sake,
And nobody's aid will I claim or take ;
From the gilded spire to the great crypt stone
It shall be my offering, and mine alone."

Then the site was chosen, the builders wrought
To find a shape for the monarch's thought ;
Soon the abbey rose 'gainst the calm blue sky,
And they built it broad, and they built it high ;
But if any offered with spade or hod,
To give his labour for naught to God,
Then the poor man's mite by the king was spurned,
And he paid him for every stone he turned.

Till at last, on a gorgeous autumn day,
All the solemn priests in their white array,
With prayers, and anthems, and censers came,
And opened the abbey in God's great name.

Now there lay in the chancel a great white stone,
With the king's name on it, and his alone ;
And the king stood near it with haughty brow,
And pondered, " The future will know me now
By the glorious temple I have made,
Unsullied by any plebeian aid."

And far away where the melody came
But softly, there lingered an aged dame ;
Her garment was worn, and her hair was thin,

And she looked like the last of all her kin,—
 Who had none to love, who had none to blame,
 Who would start at the sound of her Christian name,
 Yet she said, as the music o'er her passed,
 "Thank God that His house is complete at last."

* * * * *

The monarch, that night, on his couch reclined,
 With a proud content in his lonely mind ;
 But when he slept, he strangely dreamed ;—
 In the abbey chancel alone he seemed,
 And he sought his own royal name to read,
 But lo ! another was there instead ;
 'Twas a woman's name he never had heard,
 And his heart with wonder and wrath was stirred.
 And when he awoke, throughout his land
 By mouth of heralds he sent command
 If a woman bearing a certain name,
 Within a month, to his presence came,
 She should have a cup with a jewelled rim,—
 Besides the honour of seeing him.

On the second day, as he sat alone,
 The courtiers who stood about his throne
 Informed him the woman was at the gate ;
 And they thought, of course, she would have to wait
 (For even so did the royal kin,)
 For the kingly pleasure to let her in ;
 But he stamped his foot with a stern " Begone !
 And straightway bring her, and leave us alone."

Then, slowly and trembling, in there came,
 In her poor best weeds, a poor old dame,
 And the king himself (there were none to stare,)
 Kindly led her up to a velvet chair ;
 And when she grew used to the splendid place,
 And found she could gaze on a royal face,
 He begged, if she could, she would make it known

Why he dreamed her name on the chancel stone.
 "For what work have *you* done?" the monarch said:
 "I've built all the abbey, and asked no aid."

And the old dame lifted her streaming eyes,
 And held up her hands in her great surprise.
 "My liege," she answered, "how much could I do
 At a great, good work that was meet for you?
 'If the king had asked us,' I often thought,
 'I could not have given, for I have naught;'
 But in works for God, how it seems his plan,
 There's something to do that any one can.
 So when the builders were ready to sink,
 I carried some water and gave them to drink."

The king said nothing.

Ere morning shone
His name was gone from the chancel stone;
 And with looks of wonder the courtiers read
 The name of the *woman* writ there instead.

THE SEA.

Bryan Proctor (Barry Cornwall), barrister; born 1790, died 1868. In addition to his poetical works, he has published essays and tales in prose, "Life of Edmund Kean," an essay on "The Genius of Shakespeare," &c.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies,

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range ;
But never have sought, nor sighed for a change ;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Adapted for public reading from the "Sparrowgrass Papers."

It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison walls of the metropolis—the great brickery we call "the city," and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and in sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoar frost and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only.

It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs. S. and I moved into the country, we found some of our preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back parlour of Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is—early rising! with the lark—with the sun—while dew is on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the morn," and so forth.

Early rising! With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot!

Early rising! To plant, to prune, to drill, to transplant, to graft, to grain, to train, to sprinkle!

"Richard and Robin were two pretty men,

They laid in their bed till the clock struck ten :

Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky.

‘Oh, brother Robin ! the sun’s very high !’”

Early rising in the country is not an instinct ; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes—the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what with expenses of horse hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a waggon, the hippopotami cost as much as pine-apples.

They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener at \$2 a day to give me instructions) I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses.

I accordingly rose next morning at *five*, and it rained ! I rose *next* morning at five, and it rained ! The next, and it rained. It rained for two weeks. We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner.

“My dear,” said I to Mrs. S. “where did you get those fine potatoes ?”

“Why,” said she innocently, “out of that basket, from Long Island.”

The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled and boiled and mashed and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

Mrs. S., who is a notable housewife, said to me one day, “Now my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens.” There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably *large combs*.

“Yes, indeed,” said Mrs. S.—yes, she had observed

that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them—Crow!

"Crow!" said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then 'by the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we may give up all hope of having any eggs," said I, "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our *hens are all roosters.*"

And so they were—they grew up and fought with the neighbours' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good stout fellow, and a great barker, and a huge feeder.

He is a good watch-dog too, for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises, he comes right into the kitchen, and gets behind the stove.

First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out.

Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in.

Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbour shot at him twice before daybreak.

Finally we gave him away—and he came back—and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

We were worried about our cucumbers. Mrs. S. is fond of cucumbers, so I planted enough for ten families.

The more they are picked, the faster they grow; and if you do not pick them, they turn yellow and look ugly. Our neighbour has plenty too. He sent us some one morning by way of a *present*.

What to do with them we did not know. To give them away was not polite; to throw them away was wasteful; to *eat* them was impossible.

Mrs. S. said, "Save them for seed." So we did.

Next day our neighbour sent us a dozen more. We

thanked the messenger and took them in. Next morning, another dozen came. It was getting to be a serious matter; so I rose betimes on the following morning, and when my neighbour's cucumbers came, I filled his man's basket with some of my own by way of exchange.

This bit of pleasantry was resented by my neighbour, who told his man to throw them to the hogs. His man told our girl, and our girl told Mrs. S., and, in consequence, all intimacy between the two families ceased. The ladies do not speak—even at church.

We had a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant, by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help.

To provide for contingencies, we had the floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and when you are in the upper room of the house there might be an election for the House of Commons in the cellar, and you wouldn't know it. Therefore, if anyone should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. S. I have put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. S. has bought a rattle—such a rattle as watchmen carry. This is to alarm our neighbour, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver.

He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make enquiries afterwards.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy, writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable.

So I took the candle and a pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. First, I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl

always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow.

Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door and went up into the dining-room.

As is always the case, I found, when I could not get water, that I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but gave that up on account of its flavour. Then I opened the closet-doors; there was no water there. *And then, I thought of the dumb waiter !!*

The novelty of the idea made me smile. I took out two of the moveable shelves—stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter—got in myself, with the lamp—let myself down, until I *supposed* I was within a foot of the floor below—and *then let go*.

We—that is, the dumb waiter and I—came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult. It broke the pitcher—it extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above zero. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling *one* foot, I had fallen *five*.

My first impulse was to ascend by the way I had come up, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door—it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own.

And then I hoisted a window—and there was the rigid iron bars.

If ever I felt angry at anybody, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. S. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers, and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible—it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck and the Prisoner of Chillon.

Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker.

That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous.

Then I thought I heard a noise, and listened. It was Mrs. S. calling to me from the top of the stairs. I tried to make her hear me, but the confounded dogs united with howl and growl and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive—and tender.

Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognise my voice, even if she did hear it?

Mrs. S. called once or twice and then got frightened. The next I heard was a sound as if the earth had fallen in; by which I understood that Mrs. S. was springing the rattle!

That called out our neighbour, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern and a revolver.

The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but, fortunately, he missed me.

I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse.

It was not until he had aroused everybody around—broken in the basement door with an axe, got into the kitchen with his beastly savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar—that he recognised me, and then—

He wanted me to explain it.

But what kind of explanation could I make to him? I told him he could wait till my mind was composed and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully.

But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbours that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you in your own house as if you were a convicted felon.

He knows all about it, however, somebody has told him. Somebody tells everything in our village.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

An old Ballad, originally published by the antiquarian Peck, who attributes it, but without sufficient authority, to Ben Jonson.

From Oberon in fairy land,
 The King of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee, and merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly
 About this æry welkin soon,
 And, in a minute's space, descry
 Each thing that's done below the moon.
 There's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry, "Ware goblins !" where I go ;
 But Robin I their feats will spy,
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,
 With counterfeiting voice I greet,
 And call them on with me to roam,
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes ;
 Or else unseen with them I go,
 All in the nick to play some trick,
 And frolick it with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man ;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can ;
To trip and trot about them round ;
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind, away I go,
O'er hedge and lands, thro' pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine
And to make sport,
I snore and snort ;
And out the candles I do blow ;
The maids I kiss ; they shriek, " Who's this ? "
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool :
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel, to threads their flax I pull ;
I grind at mill
Their malt up still ;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow ;
If any 'wake and would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue ;
The bedclothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them all uncovered too.
'Twixt sleep and wake
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw ,
If out they cry, then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow aught,
 We lend them what they do require,
 And for the use demand we nought—
 Our own is all we do desire.

 If to repay
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night I them affright,
 With pinchings, dreams and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do
 But study how to cheat and lie,
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretly,
 I mark their gloze,
 And it disclose

To them whom they have wronged so ;
 When I have done, I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
 In loopholes where the vermin creep,
 Who from their folds and houses get
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,

And seem a vermin taken so ;
 But when they there approach me ^{near},
 I leap out, laughing ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance in heyday guise,
 And to our fairy king and queen
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.

 When larks 'gin sing,
 Away we fling,
 And babes newborn steal as we go,
 And elf in bed we leave instead ;
 Then wend us, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revelled to and fro,
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Goodfellow.

Elves, ghosts and sprites,
 Who haunt by nights—
 The hags and goblins do me know,
 And beldams old my feats have told :
 So *vale ! vale !* ho, ho, ho !

THE BALL-ROOM BELLES.

(*From "Fun."*)

See the ball-room full of belles,
 Merry belles ;
 What an evening of flirtation their merriment foretells.
 How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
 Through the mazy Mabel valse.
 Mothers glancing, but what matter !
 Pleasant partners how they flatter,
 Never dreaming girls are false
 When they sigh, sigh, sigh,
 And pretend that they would die—
 But they dream of expectations of the golden-studded
 swells ;
 Hear the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,
 Hear the laughing and the chaffing of the belles.

See the richly dowered belles,
 Golden belles,
 How they cotton to the stupid-headed swells.
 With what grace and matchless art
 They can play their pretty part
 For the quartered coats of arms !

Chaperones,
 How they advertise the charms
 Of their darlings,—with an ever ready alarm's
 Undertones !
 Oh ! and then these high-born swells,
 What a want of education their conversation tells.
 How it sells,
 How it dwells
 Upon bathos ! how it tells
 Of the lesson that impels
 All the sighing and the lying
 Of the belles, belles, belles.
 Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,
 All the glancing and the dancing of the belles.

Hear the loudly-talking belles,
 Prancing belles,
 How we sorrowfully gaze upon their costume, since it tells
 Of the latest Paris fashion !
 And the dark eyes how they flash on
 Every simple-looking girl !
 They can only whirl, whirl
 To the tune,
 With a noisy explanation of their doings in the Row,
 With a careless declaration that the ball is very slow,
 Dancing round, round, round,
 To the merry music's sound,
 Never pausing for a breath,
 Tho' their partners, pale as death,
 Look and gasp as if they'd fall into a swoon.
 Oh, you belles, belles, belles,
 What a tale your muslin tells ;
 And your hair.
 How you sneer and pick to pieces
 Major Maberly's six nieces.
 How you flirt upon the fifty-seventh stair ;
 Yet the people guess at last,

By your laughing,
 And your chaffing,
 Your vocabulary's fast,
 And the ear distinctly tells
 You are slangy,
 And slap-bangy,
 From your joking with the swells,
 And their easy conversation with the loudly-talking
 belles,
 With the belles,
 With the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,
 From the grinning and the dinning of the belles !

FACIAL ANOMALIES.

Dr. Karl Müller.

I was once sitting in a cool underground saloon at Leipsic, while, without, people were ready to die from the heat, when a new guest entered, and took a seat opposite to me. The sweat rolled in great drops down his face, and he was kept busy with his handkerchief, till at last he found relief in the exclamation, "Fearfully hot !" I watched him attentively as he called for a cool drink, for I expected every moment that he would fall from his chair in a fit of apoplexy. The man must have noticed that I was observing him, for he turned towards me suddenly, saying, "I am a curious sort of person, am I not ?" "Why ?" I asked. "Because I perspire only on the right side." And so it was ; his right cheek and the right half of his forehead were as hot as fire, while the left side of his face bore not a trace of perspiration. I had never seen the like, and in my astonishment was about to enter into conversation with him regarding this physiological curiosity, when his neighbour on the left broke

it tells

Row,
 slow,

in with the remark, "Then we are the opposites and counterparts of each other, for I perspire only on the left side." This, too, was the fact. So the pair took seats opposite to each other, and shook hands like two men who had just found each his other half. "Well! this makes an end of natural history," exclaimed another guest, who hitherto had quietly gazed on this strange performance as though it were a play; and every one that had overheard what was said came to look at this novel wonder.

"This makes an end of natural history!" This expression excited me to laughter, and involuntarily I exclaimed: "No, sir, this is just the beginning of natural history; for Nature has many strange caprices even as regards her symmetry." I then mentioned the case of a man I had known in my boyhood, who, Janus-like, had two totally different faces—on one side laughing, on the other crying. Naturally I dreaded this strange double face with its one side smooth, plump, and comely, like a girl's cheek, while the other side was all scarred by the small-pox. This side of his face denoted churlishness; and, while the other side wore a smile, this boded mischief. In this instance disease had been unsymmetrical.

Seated again in a different place, I mentioned to a friend, a physiologist, the wonderful anomaly I had seen. "Why," said he, "only look at the young Assessor von Thé, yonder; he will show you an asymmetry such as you will not meet with every day." Sure enough, this man had a nose which was situated by no means in the middle of his face. I had seen this young man often before, but had never clearly made out what it was in his face that impressed me. Now I saw it at once; it was the man's nose; and since then I have come to see that only a minority of mankind have their noses right in the middle of their faces; and most of us have our noses very much out of place without suspecting it.

But the eyes! Surely, these windows of the soul can

never be charged with asymmetry! I used to think nature had too correct an æsthetic sense to do such a thing as that. But I know two persons, one of whom, a man, has one eye brown and one blue; the other of them, a woman, has one eye blue and one black—her hair being brown. In the face of these facts, what are we to think of the eye as the “mirror of the soul?” Here, one eye threatens and flashes, and the other is as mild as the spring-time, the while only one heart beats and throbs in the bosom. Nay, the heart itself is not always in its own place; it sometimes occupies the right side of the chest. But it is of the eyes I was speaking and not of the heart. I do not propose to discuss the whole question of the colour of the eyes, down to albinism; I would simply observe that, as seen through them, the world wears a very different aspect for different individuals—a circumstance which, however, has nothing to do with symmetry. Some eyes see only complementary colours, *e. g.* red instead of green; others see no colour at all, everything appearing to them like copperplate engraving.

But colour, too, has its caprices, as shown in the hair. I once asked an acquaintance why he did not allow his moustache to grow. His reply was, because on one side it was light brown, and on the other white; and he bade me look at his eyebrows, where I would find at least a partial confirmation of what he said. In fact, my friend had not stated the whole truth, for the dualism was faintly discernible, even in the hair of his head. When a boy, I knew a whole family, the younger members of which had each on the poll one or two locks of white hair. It was but yesterday I discovered among my neighbours, a descendant of Abraham having black, curly hair, but blue eyes and light eyebrows and moustache—the latter being as becoming to its handsome wearer as if his hair had been brown. Clearly a reversion from Western race-mixture to the oriental type! I am confident that similar anomalies might often be noted if the attention were directed to them.

There are many other facial anomalies which fail to attract attention, because we have grown accustomed to them. We should expect the convex cast of one side of the face to fit, line for line, into the concave cast of the other ; but it is doubtful if there is to be anywhere found one single head of this ideal description. Neither the contour of the cheeks, nor the lines of the countenance, are the same on both sides, and they are all less so, because every one unconsciously tends to perform many unilateral facial movements, which in time cause a divergence between the two sides of the face. Besides, the head, projecting, as it does, freely into air, is more dependent than we imagine on wind and weather. Suppose a person were to sit constantly at a window, turning one side to the cooler atmosphere out of doors, and the other towards a hot stove—the result would be a twofold growth of the facial muscles. One side of the face might become rounded, the other flat or concave ; and though such faces are not unfrequent, we do not notice the anomaly, simply because we are accustomed to it. In the Lapp we have a good illustration of this unequal development. Just as the trees of his native land are stunted, so, too, his features become monstrous, irregular and one-sided ; the frontal bones are forced, as though by spasm, down on the maxillaries, producing the most singular combinations and contortions of the features. A not uncommon form of asymmetry, in more favoured lands, is the presence of a dimple on one cheek, while the other has no such indentation, or but a very faint one. In such cases the face has, as it were, a summer and a winter side, just as the apple, which is round and ruddy on its summer side, but on the shade-side flattened and wan.

We are too much inclined to regard these phenomena of asymmetry as merely accidental, whereas they are in fact the result of a universal law. Take, for instance, the case where the moustache is longer and thicker on one side of the lip than on the other ; the law is every-

where the same—nothing is like anything else, as Goethe has said. Throughout the entire organic world, and even down to the inorganic creation, down to the world of crystals, nothing that wears a specific form attains the full perfection of that form. I once requested a friend of mine, a mathematician, to reduce to a single formula the curves of an ivy-leaf. He spent weeks in measuring and calculating, but at last gave up the undertaking as an impossibility—no leaf was like another. Indeed, were Nature's forms ideally perfect, the result would be primness rather than beauty. Observe how powerfully the expression of the face is affected by the asymmetry between the upper and lower rows of the teeth. The position of the eyes at equal distances on each side of the median line of the face—the nose might seem to be indispensable for beauty, and yet how rarely are the eyes placed with perfect symmetry! The wonder is that these asymmetries of the face should be, after all, so slight as they are, considering how serious are the impediments placed in its way by the requirements of bodily growth. That the two halves of our body should grow so uniformly as they do, except in a very few instances, is the best evidence of the absolute unity of this form of organism, which is based on the vertebral column and developed along with it.

WHICH ?

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
 I looked at John—John looked at me
 (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
 As well as tho' my locks were jet).
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
 "Tell me again what Robert said?"
 And then I list'ning bent my head.
 This is his letter:

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not spare !
Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep ;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby slept ;
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white,
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way.
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair ;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick ! sad Dick ! our wayward son,
 Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
 Could he be spared ? "Nay, He who gave
 Bids us befriend him to the grave ;
 Only a mother's heart can be
 Patient enough for such as he ;
 And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To send him from her bedside prayer."
 Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love,
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in wilful way.
 And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."
 The while my heart beat audibly,
 Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
 So like his father. "No, John, no—
 I cannot, will not, let HIM go !"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away ;
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
 Happy in truth that not one face
 We missed from its accustomed place ;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting then to ONE IN HEAVEN !

THE CURATE'S WALK.

Thackeray.

[When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a lecture in London, in the course of which he read his best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hear-

ing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected, manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears.—*Charles Dickens' In Memoriam of Thackeray.*]

It was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which my friend the curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14 Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or Lady Bellaston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagger square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of B's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass plates on the doors; two on some of them; or simple names, as "Lunt," "Padgemore," &c. (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all), under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is goldbeaters' skin? and do they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of these small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the Court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtain or blinds. A bird-cage and very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico, seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a portress so small that I wondered how she ever could have lifted up the latch. She bobbed a courtesy, and smiled at the curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence, too, in reply to that salutation.

"Mother not at home?" says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

"Mother's out charring, sir," replied the girl; "but please to walk up, sir." And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second-floor front; in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

"These children attend my school at St. Timothy's," Mr. Whitestock said, "and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home."

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Cobourg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half a dozen plates, yellow bowls and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That Little Betsy, who looks so small, is nearly ten years old; and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say that her own mother having to go out on her charring operations, Betsy assumes command of the room during her parent's absence; has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time; keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it; and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar and mother's tea. They dine upon bread; tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at church and Sunday school. The younger children scarcely ever go out, save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly; sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman bookbinder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman,

and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register, which the curate opened haphazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

“The Island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S.E. by E., and the peak of the Crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The ‘Irascible’ entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday, 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of Ratatatua, the principal chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig,” &c., &c., &c.

“Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago.” I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in Her Majesty’s Heavies would be puzzled with words half the length. Whitestock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head, having received which present with a courtesy, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful—content with small pittances—practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in

a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner ! Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off "Raritongo," &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. "What will you do with it ?" I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, "We'll give it to mother." This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

Elizabeth says, "I would like two penn'orth of meat, if you please, sir."

'Melia : "Ha-porth of treacle, three-farthings worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread."

Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner : "Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple—aha—treacle, and—and"—here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'Melia actually interposed : "Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing apiece out of their money, so that Betsey might have a quarter of a pound of meat ?" She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposal and the calculations in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, Betsey had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Buildings has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens ! May their voyage in life prosper ! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies venturing over the great stormy ocean.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

*John G. Saxe ; an American writer of humorous poetry.
Born in 1815.*

This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,
Is old ; but the manner is wholly a new one.
One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
Has told it before in a tedious narration ;
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fulness,
But which nobody reads on account of its dulness.

Young PETER PYRAMUS—I call him Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the metre ;
But merely to make the name completer—
For Peter lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of pagan climes
That flourish now in classical fame,
Long before either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name—
Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know ;
In years, I ween, he was rather green,
That is to say, he was just eighteen—
A trifle too short, a shaving too lean,
But “a nice young man” as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen !

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl,

In the magical trap of an auburn curl,—
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door,
(They lived, in fact, on the very same floor,
With a wall between them and nothing more,—
Those double dwellings were common of yore,)
And they loved each other, the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,
That every young maid and every young blade
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade.
But (a-lack-a-day, for the girl and boy !)
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them awhile, the deepest annoy :
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn't happen to please the old folks !

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother
And tried their innocent passion to smother,
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other !
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred,
Or even deferred,
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging the bird ?
Now Peter, who was not discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appal,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick
Made a passage—though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter—
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes !

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighbouring grove ;

For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
 Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,
 To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
 In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
 The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
 The mulberry-tree impatient to find ;
 While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
 Strolled leisurely out some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
 A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on,
 Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
 And caused the young maiden in terror to flee,
 (A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
 Blood—and "a terrible thing among ladies,")
 And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
 The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter, arriving and seeing the veil
 All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
 Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
 And sat himself down to weep and to wail,
 For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter
 Made up his mind in very short meter,
 That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her !
 So breathing a prayer, he determined to share
 The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
 And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost !

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau,
 Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),
 She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring ;
 And seizing the knife that had taken his life,
 In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentleman !—pray recollect, if you please,

Not to make appointments near mulberry-trees.
Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.
Young ladies!—you shouldn't go strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out ;
And remember that accidents often befall
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall !

THE BOY-LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

From Forster's Life of Dickens.

James Hamert, the relative who had lived with us in Bayham Street, seeing how I was employed from day to day, and knowing what our domestic circumstances then were, proposed that I should go into the blacking warehouse, to be as useful as I could, at a salary, I think, of six shillings a week. I am not clear whether it was six or seven. I am inclined to believe, from my uncertainty on this head, that it was six at first and seven afterwards. At any rate, the offer was accepted very willingly by my father and mother, and on a Monday morning I went to the blacking warehouse to begin my business life.

It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made a sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school, and going to Cambridge.

The blacking warehouse was the last house on the left-hand side of the way, at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting of course on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blackening; first, with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked like a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs on similar wages. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of using and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin, and I took the liberty of using his name long afterwards in *Oliver Twist*.

Our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour—from twelve to one, I think it was, every day. But an arrangement so incompatible with counting-house business soon died away from no fault of his or mine; and, for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my paper string, scissors, paste-pot, and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other small work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, string, scissors and paste pots, down stairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy, whose name was Paul Green, but who was earnestly believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long

afterwards, to Mr. Sweedlepipe, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), worked generally side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. Poll Green's father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane Theatre; where another relation of Poll's, I think his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

My mother and my brothers and sisters were still encamped with a young servant girl from Chatham work-house, in the two parlours in the emptied house in Gower Street. It was a long way to go and return within the dinner hour, and usually I either carried my dinner with me or went and bought it at some neighbouring shop. In the latter case, it was commonly a saveloy and a penny loaf; sometimes, a fourpenny plate of beef from a cook's shop; sometimes, a plate of bread and cheese, and a glass of beer, from a miserable old public-house over the way—the Swan, if I remember right, or the Swan and something else that I have forgotten. Once, I remember tucking my own bread (which I had brought from home in the morning) under my arm, wrapped up in a piece of paper like a book, and going into the best dining-room in Johnson's alamode beef-shop in Charles Court, Drury Lane, and magnificently ordering a small plate of alamode beef to eat with it. What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition, coming in all alone, I don't know; but I can see him now staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a halfpenny, and I wish, now, that he hadn't taken it.

The key of the house was sent back to the landlord, who was very glad to get it, and I (small Cain that I was, except that I had never done harm to any one) was handed over as a lodger to a reduced old lady, long known to our family, in Little College Street, Camdentown, who took children in to board, and had once done so at Brighton; and who, with a few alterations and

embellishments, unconsciously began to sit for Mrs. Pipchin, in *Dombey*, when she took in me.

Sundays Fanny and I passed in the prison.* I was in the academy in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, at nine o'clock in the morning, to fetch her; and we walked back there together at night.

I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise?—to undertake the whole charge of my existence, that, on going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners' doors at Tottenham Court Road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll or a slice of pudding. There were two pudding shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court, close to St. Martin's Church (at the back of the church), which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear, two penn'orth not being larger than a penn'orth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand, somewhere near where the Lowther Arcade is now. It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby, with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot at about noon every day; and many and many a day did I dine off it.

We had half an hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee-shop and have half a pint of coffee and a slice of bread-and-butter. When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent Garden market and stared at the pine-apples. The coffee-shops to which I most resorted were one in Maiden Lane, one in a court (non-existent now) close to Hungerford Market, and one in St. Martin's Lane, of which I only recollect that it stood near the church, and that in the door there

* Where his father was a prisoner for debt.

was an oval glass plate, with "coffee-room" painted on it, addressed towards the street. If I ever find myself in a very different kind of coffee-room now, but where there is such an inscription on glass, and read it backward on the wrong side "moor-caffoe," as I often used to do then in a dismal reverie, a shock goes through my blood.

I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting house, wrapped in six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that but for the mercy of God I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad
day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and
maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary; she with sunny float-
ing hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with lips
so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh ;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
And she spoke in husky whispers—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart :
"Long years I've rang the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower ;
Every evening just at sunset it has tolled the twilight hour ;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right ;
Now I'm old I will not miss it ; girl, the Curfew rings to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow ;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night !"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the
old church door.

Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft
before ;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and
brow aglow,

Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to
and fro ;

Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one
ray of light,

Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not
ring to-night !"

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the
great dark bell,

And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell ;

See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
Curfew now—

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath
and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with
sudden light,

And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall
not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck be-
low ;

There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro ;

And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not
heard the bell) ;

And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell ;

Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow, too,
pale and white,

Still her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall
not ring to-night !"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder where, for a hundred
years before,
Human foot had not been planted ; and what this night
had done
Should be told long ages after—as the rays of setting
sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, and aged sires with
heads of white
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one
sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie saw him,
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden
beauty now ;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all
bruised and torn ;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so
sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with
misty light ;
“Go! your lover lives,” cried Cromwell: “Curfew shall
not ring to-night.”

THE MAD ENGINEER.

My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about
eight o'clock : but once a week we had to wait for the
arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the
morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from
the hotel, and found that my engineer had been so
seriously injured that he could not perform his work.
A railway carriage had run over him, and broken one of
his legs. I went immediately to the engine-house to

procure another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Sreegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent to Konigsberg on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen, and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned, and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant,—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir,—one of the oldest in the country,—and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such a peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the

heavy axletrees,—a trembling of the building,—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirsham, where we took up the passengers who had come on the Konigsberg Railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see travelling. I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours."

I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Oscue, where we took on board the Western mail.

"How we go," uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

"What!" cried one of the guards, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguishable mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine."

"Yes," I told him.

"Didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; "what do you mean? He told me that his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took *him*!" interrupted the man. "Sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognise him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

"Kroller, Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They swore that I could not make it! But see!

see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it. I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! We'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you."

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oscue just before us," cried out one of the guards. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash,—it was another engine,—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful Heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close. But hold," he added, "let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve

which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard-room, one of the guard recognised him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the Western mail for the next Northern mail to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see the passengers were not wholly at ease. and would

not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current of feeling which might have poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of the blow nearly two weeks; and when he recovered from that, he was sound again; his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a *crazy engineer*.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

W. S. Gilbert, a successful dramatist, and author of the "Bab Ballads," &c.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said :

"O, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig !"

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen learn,
And having got rid of his baccy quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul)
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here !' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'which
Of us two goes to the butcher?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved the cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowe'
In the other chap's hold, you see !

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you* !'

"So, he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

" And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels, and I smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth !

" And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And, as I a-eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see !

* * * * *

" And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say :

" Oh ! I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig ! "

—

MR. PERKINS HELPS TO MOVE A STOVE.

James M. Bailey. (Danbury News Man.)

It seems a pity that the glory of these bright May days should be marred by the materialism of soap and brush, mop and broom ; that the fragrant and delicate perfumes of budding nature and atmospherical freshness should be harnessed to the doubtful aroma of an up-turned house. But over our broad and beautiful land the terrors of domestic reform holds sway, and the masculine mind is harrowed by spectacles the little happiness we are allotted in this world does not warrant.

Mrs. Perkins has devoted this week to the onerous duty of cleaning house. Since six o'clock Monday morn-

ing that estimable lady has been the motive power of many brushes and cloths, and of much water and soap. At various hours when I have made my appearance near the house, I have caught sight of her portly form through several windows, a flaring handkerchief concealing her temples, and covering the site of her chignon.

There was an expression of deep redness upon her features that pained me while I beheld, but which at the same time led me to remark to myself that it was not the most favourable time for making a call, and thus looking and apprehending, I would turn sadly away.

Monday morning we had our breakfast in our comfortable dining room. At noon I took my dinner from the lid of the ice-chest. It was dreadful cold, and tasted clammy and disagreeable. In the evening I stood back of the stove, and partook of a slice of bread (the butter had got mislaid), and drank some of last year's tea from the irregular spout of the milk pitcher.

In the morning we ate breakfast in the sink (there was no fire in the stove, as it was to be kept cold for moving). The victuals had a flavour of great dampness, and tasted as though they had been fished out of the soap barrel. After astonishing my internal structure with the meal, I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Perkins to take down the stove. In justice to myself it may be well to remark that I never took down a stove, nor was present when that intricate performance was going on, and this, in a measure, accounts for the slight misgiving I may have entertained when brought face to face with the tremendous range.

The conversation that ensued was something like this :—

“ You want to use great care, Mr. Perkins, and not let the whole thing fall on you, and kill yourself.”

This appeared reasonable enough, and I readily promised to use my best endeavours to keep the whole thing from falling upon me.

“ And, Mr. Perkins, don't get nervous with the pipe,

because Mary Ann has just scrubbed the floor, and that stuff gringes in awfully."

I hadn't the remotest idea of what the stuff could be that gringes in awfully, but I didn't like to show ignorance before Mary Ann, and so I confidently responded,—

"Certainly not."

"And be very careful about your clothes, Mr. Perkins; now won't you?" This appeal was delivered with so much confidence mingled with doubt, that I hardly knew whether to treat it as a compliment, or a suspicion, and concluded it was best to split the difference, and preserve silence.

"We are all ready now, Mr. Perkins. Mary Ann, you come here and steady the pipe while Mr. Perkins gets on the chair and takes it down."

Upon this I mounted a chair and grasped the pipe; Mrs. Perkins grasped my legs.

"Goodness gracious, Cyrus Davidson Perkins! don't you know better than to stand on one of the best chairs in the house, and break right through the canes?"

I had to admit that I didn't know any better, but cheerfully got down and mounted another chair. This time I caught the pipe by its neck, and gave it a gentle pull from the chimney. It didn't move a bit, which encouraged me to believe I could bring a little more muscle into play, and under this impression I gave an extra twist. It came this time, and so much more readily than I had reason to expect, that I stepped down to the floor with it, passing over the top of the stove, and rubbing off an inch or so of skin from Mary Ann's nose.

"Oh, Moses!" screamed that lady.

"What have you done? Oh, what have you done?" cried Mrs. Perkins.

Singularly enough, I didn't say anything, but got upon my feet as quick as I could, and rubbed my head,

and looked all around where Mrs. Perkins and her weeping aid were standing.

"It's just like a man. You have made ten times more work than you have helped. Mary Ann, get the floor cloth. And there's a great spot on that floor we can never get off. I'd like to make a fool of myself, I know I should. I knew when you stuck yourself on that chair, you would kill somebody. Does it hurt you, Mary Ann? I wouldn't rub it too hard; we'll have to take it up dry and soap it over. You awkward man, didn't you know what you were doing? Now take the pipe out of doors, and don't look more foolish than you can help."

The manner in which this last was uttered left no room to doubt that I was the person referred to, and I picked up the pipe, and sorrowfully propelled it out doors; although I am compelled to admit that six links of pipe varied by two elbows at opposite angles, is not the most desirable thing in the world to escort out doors.

When I came back, Mrs. Perkins had dressed the wound on Mary Ann's face with a strip of brown paper, and told me I might help to carry the stove into the shed, if I was sure of being quite sober.

Upon this invitation I took hold of the range with the two ladies, and by loosening half a dozen joints in my spine, I was finally successful in getting the thing out of the room. But the pleasure of the occasion was irretrievably lost. Mrs. Perkins was ominously silent. Mary Ann's air was one of reproach, which, combined with the brown paper, gave her an appearance of unearthly uncertainty.

At dinner that day I ate some cold cabbage and a couple of soda crackers, carefully picking off the flakes of soap that adhered thereto. This morning I ate my breakfast on the stoop, and got my dinner through the milk-room window, eating it from the sill. It consisted of the last slice from yesterday's loaf, and two decrepit herrings.

What we are to have for supper, and whether it will be necessary to go home after it, are questions that depress me this P. M.

THE BURNING OF THE "GOLIATH."

(Times, December 27th, 1875.)

The *Goliath* was a vessel of the Royal Navy, lent by the Admiralty to the Forest Gate District Board of Managers, for the training of pauper boys from an association of metropolitan parishes, according to a system established when Mr. Goschen was First Lord of the Admiralty. She was moored in the estuary of the Thames off the Village of Grays, and was commanded by Staff-Commander Bouchier, of the Royal Navy, and a large staff of subordinate officers. On Wednesday morning, shortly before eight o'clock, a fire broke out in the lamp-room on the main deck. There is no doubt this was caused by the dropping of one of the lamps, which were at the time being extinguished and carried into the lamp room, to be cleaned and retrimmed for future use. A boy named Loeber, charged with this duty, dropped one of the lamps, which, unfortunately, had not been extinguished. The oil which was spilt caught fire at once, and the flames quickly spread over the floor of the lamp-room, which was saturated with oil. Loeber, with great promptitude and courage, tore off his coat, and, throwing it on the flames, sat down on it, in the hope, which soon proved unavailing, of extinguishing them. The fire was at once reported to Mr. Hall, the chief officer, and to Captain Bouchier, and though the fire-bell was rung immediately, and the boys rushed to their stations and pumps on the lower deck without confusion or delay, yet the fire had spread all over the main-deck, even before the bell had ceased ringing. Nevertheless, the boys stuck to their work on the lower deck till the fire began to reach them. The boats, most of which were hanging from the upper deck, could scarcely be reached on account of the flames, and it would have been almost impossible to lower them with safety, as the falls at one end or the other had

in most cases been burnt through, and they were consequently hanging end on to the water. The boys had to save themselves by jumping into the water from the ports and decks. Unfortunately, a fresh breeze was blowing at the time, and this not only fanned the flames through the open ports, but chilled the water and rendered swimming difficult. Happily, nearly all the boys had been taught to swim, and, as the vessel was not above a thousand feet from the shore, many managed to reach the land unaided. Others were picked up in boats, but no less than fifteen of the boys are still missing, though only five are up to this time known to be dead. Unfortunately, there is too much reason to believe that one of the teachers, named Wheeler, has also been drowned. He disappeared from a boat which capsized as he jumped into it, and, though its other occupants seem to have been picked up, he has not since been heard of. Captain Bouchier was the last to leave his ship, and his wife and daughters, with two female servants, who were on board, owed their escape to their own promptitude and courage. A barge was moored to the ship when the fire broke out, and many of the boys made their way into it; a few of the younger ones, scared by the smoke and the scorching flames, tried to push off from the ship before the barge was full; but an elder boy, named Bolton, whose courage and endurance deserve to be commemorated, held on manfully to the ship till he had taken all on board who were within his reach. Finally, Captain Bouchier and the crew of the boat in which he had been rescued rowed up to the bows, under the blazing rigging, and, at imminent risk of their lives, carried off a little fellow who was seen hanging in the chains. The ship burnt to the water's edge, and drifted from her moorings on to the mud of the river bank.

THE BURNING OF THE "GOLIATH."

*(As told by an old Gravesend Salt to a Messmate in
Greenwich Hospital.)*

(Punch.)

A dirty, foggy morning, 'twas ;
Grays loomed large, close a-lee ;
The watch was holystoning decks
As white as decks could be :
There were five hundred workhouse lads
A training for the sea.

Goliath was a giant hulk
Built in the days of yore :
And more than one small DAVID
Upon her books she bore,
No iron in her ; knees of oak,
And oak-heart at the core.

The bell had just struck half-past eight,
As broke the winter's day—
On the main-deck 'twas dousing glims
And stowing them away.
Darn that new-fangled paraffine !—
Whale-ile's the stuff, I say !

Young LOEBER had the lamps in charge—
A steady boy, I'm told—
One on 'em burnt his fingers, till
He couldn't keep his hold ;
Down fell the lamp ; along the decks
The blazing oil it rolled.

"Fire !" "Beat to quarters !" "Man the pumps !"—
I could cry like a fool

To read how them lads mustered all,
As if for morning school.
In their sky-larking at Christmas
They wasn't half as cool.

I've heerd of Balaclava—
But those were bearded men,
And these were little fellows,
Most part 'twixt twelve and ten.
Some calls 'em gutter children—
God bless our gutters, then !

The Capt'n he was at his post,
A smile upon his face ;
And not one officer or lad
But knew and kept his place.
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be,
The fire must win the race.

Most of the little chaps could swim ;
But, swim or not, they made
And kept their lines as regular
As soldiers on parade.
BOURCHIER had wife and girls aboard—
But by them lads he stayed.

Till when the pumps no longer sucked,
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board ;
Ship lost ! no lowering the boats !
The Captain gave the word,
" Leap from the ports ; swim, them that can :
The rest, trust in the Lord ! "

One little chap hung round his neck
A blubb'ring, " Burnt you'll be.
Jump over first—and then *we'll* jump."
" No, no, my boy," says he.
" The Skipper's last to leave the ship—
That is our way at sea."

So young and old their duty did,
Like sailors and like men :
There was HALL, and there was NORRIS,
There was GUNTON, TYE, and FENN—
Who swore he'd save the women,
And did it, there and then.

The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet—
Needs must when Vulcan drives—
Hand over hand—in sailor style—
His daughters saved their lives ;—
Brave girls, you see, and well brought up,
The stuff for a sailor's wife !

On the tank-barge some twenty boys
Had climbed dear life to save ;
The flames flared out, the pitched top-sides
Yawned like a fiery grave ;
And some set up the cry, " Shove off !"—
Lads will like lads behave.

But BILLY BOLTON's boyish voice
Was heard—" I'm mate in charge :
There's room enough for plenty more ;
Hold on there with the barge."
That BILLY BOLTON may run small,
The heart in him looms large.

But I can't tell you half the tale—
How, when they got ashore,
The kind, good women kissed and hugged,
And stripped the clothes they wore,
To wrap the boys as mothers will—
Or what is mothers for ?

There was a little soldier lad
His shipmates come to see,

He's gone, and some half-dozen more,
And MASTER WHEELER, he
Is with them little lads in heaven—
All rated there A. B.

As long as English workhouse lads
Work up to such good stuff,
BRITANNIA still will rule the waves—
Though here and there a muff
At Whitehall, or afloat, may make
Old JOHN BULL cut up rough !

THE MONSTER CANNON.

Victor Hugo ; a French poet and writer, born at Besançon, 1802. Was exiled from France in 1852, when he took up his residence in the Channel Islands, from which he wrote Philippics against Napoleon III. He is a prolific writer ; many of his works have been translated into English. The following is taken from his novel, "Ninety-three."

They heard a noise unlike anything usually heard. The cry and the noise came from inside the vessel.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become detached.

This, perhaps, is the most formidable of ocean events. Nothing more terrible can happen to a war vessel, at sea and under full sail.

A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels like billiard balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades,

prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a ram which capriciously assails a wall. Add this—the ram is of iron, the wall is of wood. This furious bulk has the leaps of the panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the pertinacity of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the silence of the sepulchre. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its whirlings are suddenly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How shall an end be put to this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire put out; but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze? How try to secure it? You can reason with a bull-dog, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; no resource with such a monster as a loose cannon. You cannot kill it: it is dead; and at the same time it lives with a sinister life which comes from the infinite. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This exterminator is a plaything. The horrible cannon struggles, advances, retreats, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts expectation, grinds obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The carronade, hurled by the pitching, made havoc in the group of men, crushing four at the first blow; then receding and brought back by the rolling, it cut a fifth unfortunate man in two, and dashed against the larboard side a piece of the battery which it dismounted. Thence came the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed towards the ladder. The battery was emptied in a twinkling of an eye.

The captain and lieutenant, although both intrepid men, had halted at the head of the ladder, and, dumb, pale, hesitating, looked down into the lower deck. Some one pushed them to one side with his elbow and descended.

It was an old man, a passenger.

Once at the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

Hither and thither along the lower deck came the can-

non. One might have thought it the living chariot of the Apocalypse.

The four wheels passed and repassed over the dead men, cutting, carving, and slashing them, and of the five corpses made twenty fragments which rolled across the battery; the lifeless heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood wreathed on the floor following the rolling of the ship. The ceiling, damaged in several places, commenced to open a little. All the vessel was filled with a monstrous noise.

The captain promptly regained his presence of mind, and caused to be thrown into the lower deck all that could allay and fetter the unbridled course of the cannon, —mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags of equipments, and bales of counterfeit assignats, of which the corvette had a full cargo.

But of what avail these rags? Nobody daring to go down and place them properly, in a few minutes they were lint.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the cannon upside down, and, once the four wheels were in the air, it could have been mastered. As it was, the havoc increased. There were chafings and even fractures in the masts, which, jointed into the frame of the keel, go through the floors of vessels and are like great round pillars. Under the convulsive blows of the cannon, the foremast had cracked, the mainmast itself was out. The battery was disjointed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were *hors de combat*; the breaches in the sides multiplied, and the corvette commenced to take in water.

The old passenger who had gone down to the lower deck seemed a man of stone at the bottom of the ladder. He cast a severe look on the devastation. He did not stir. It seemed impossible to take a step in the battery.

They must perish, or cut short the disaster; something must be done, but what?

What a combatant that carronade was !
That frightful maniac must be stopped.
That lightning must be averted.
That thunder-bolt must be conquered.
The captain said to the lieutenant :

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier ?"

"Yes."

"In the tempest ?"

"Yes. And in moments like these."

"In reality God only can rid us of this trouble."

All were hushed, leaving the cannon to do its horrible work.

Outside, the billows beating the vessel answered the blows of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

All of a sudden, in that kind of unapproachable circuit wherein the escaped cannon bounded, a man appeared, with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, guilty of negligence and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the harm, he wished to repair it. He had grasped a handspike in one hand, some gun-tackle with a slip-knot in the other, and jumped upon the lower deck.

Then a wild exploit commenced ; a Titanic spectacle ; the combat of the gun with the gunner ; the battle of matter and intelligence ; the duel of the animate and the inanimate.

The man had posted himself in a corner, and with his bar and rope in his two fists, leaning against one of the riders, standing firmly on his legs, which seemed like two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, as though rooted to the floor, he waited.

He was waiting for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that it must know him. He had lived for some time with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its jaws !

It was his tamed monster. He commenced talking to it as he would to his dog.

"Come," said he. He loved it, may be.

He seemed to wish that it would come towards him.

But to come towards him would be to come upon him. And then he was lost. How avoid the crush? That was the question. All looked upon the scene, terrified.

Not a breast breathed freely, except, perhaps, that of the old man who alone was on the lower deck with the two combatants, a sinister witness.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He stirred not.

Under them the blinded sea directed the combat.

At the moment when, accepting this dreadful hand-to-hand encounter, the gunner challenged the cannon, a chance rolling of the sea kept it immovable as if stupefied. "Come then!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it jumped towards him. The man escaped the shock.

The struggle began. A struggle unheard of. The fragile wrestling with the invulnerable. The monster of flesh attacking the brazen beast. On one side force, on the other a soul.

All this was passing in a shadow. It was like the indistinct vision of a prodigy.

A soul! a strange thing! one would have thought the cannon had one also, but a soul of hate and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to watch the man. There was—one would have thought so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It was a kind of gigantic insect of iron, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. At times, this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the battery, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger on its four claws, and commence again to dart upon the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, writhed like an adder in guarding against all these lightning-like movements.

He avoided encounters, but the blows he shunned were received by the vessel, and continued to demolish it.

An end of broken chain had remained hanging to the carronade. One end of it was fastened to the carriage; the other, free, turned desperately around the cannon and exaggerated all its shocks. The chain, multiplying the blows of the ram by its lashings, caused a terrible whirl around the cannon—an iron whip in a fist of brass—and complicated the combat.

Yet the man struggled. At times, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he crouched along the side, holding his bar and his rope; and the cannon seemed to understand, and, as though divining a snare, fled. The man, formidable, pursued it.

Such things cannot last long. The cannon seemed to say all at once—"Come! there must be an end to this!" and it stopped. The approach of the *denouement* was felt. The cannon, as in suspense, seemed to have, or did have—because to all it was like a living thing—a ferocious premeditation. Suddenly, it precipitated itself on the gunner. The gunner drew to one side, let it pass, and called to it, laughing—"Try again." The cannon, as though furious, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized again by the invisible sling which held it, bounded to starboard towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades sunk down under the pressure of the cannon; then as though blind, and knowing no longer what it was doing, it turned its back to the man, rolled backward and forward, put the stem out of order, and made a breach in the wall of the prow. The man had taken refuge at the foot of the ladder, a few steps from the old man who was present. The gunner held his handspike at rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn round, fell back on the man with the promptness of an axe-stroke. The man if driven against the side was lost. All the crew gave a cry.

But the old passenger, till then immovable, sprang forward, and more rapidly than all those wild rapidities.

He had seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crashed, he had succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the cannon. This decisive and perilous movement could not have been executed with more promptness and precision by a man accustomed to all the manœuvres of sea gunnery.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble stops a bulk ; a branch of a tree diverts an avalanche. The cannon stumbled. The gunner in his turn, taking advantage of this terrible juncture, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon stopped.

It leaned forward. The man using his bar as a lever, made it rock. The heavy mass turned over, with the noise of a bell tumbling down, and the man, rushing headlong, trickling with sweat, attached the slip-knot of the gun tackle to the bronze neck of the conquered monster.

It was finished. The man had vanquished. The ant had subdued the mastodon ; the pigmy had made a prisoner of the thunderbolt.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

*Richard Barham ; born at Canterbury, 1788, died 1845.
Author of "Ingoldsby Legends," and "My Cousin Nicholas," a novel.*

"Look at the clock !" quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she open'd the door to her husband's knock.
Then paus'd to give him a piece of advice,
"You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock !
Is this the way, you
Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vow'd to love and obey you ?—
Out all night !

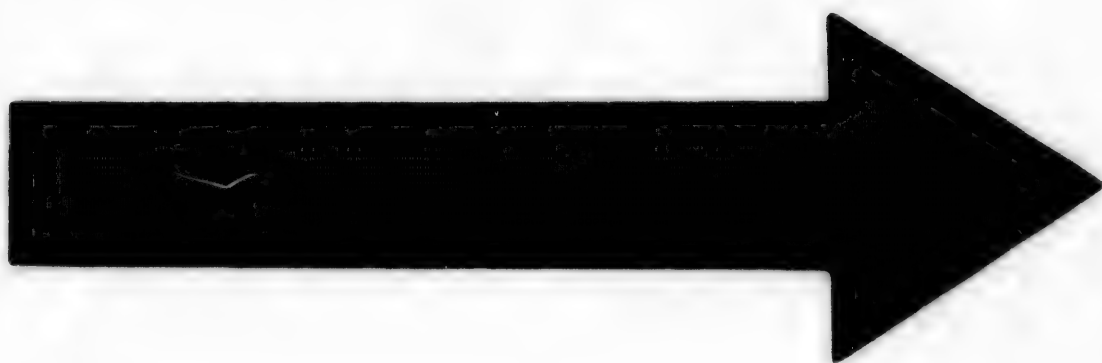
Me in a fright ;
 Staggering home as it's just getting light !
 You intoxicated brute !—you insensible block !—
 Look at the Clock !—Do !—Look at the Clock ! ”

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
 Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoat green,
 Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
 And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's ;
 Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
 Her gown-tail was turned up and tucked through the
 pocket-holes ;

A face like a ferret
 Betokened her spirit :
 To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
 Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce
 Had one darling vice ;
 Remarkably partial to anything nice,
 Especially ale—
 If it was not too stale
 I really believe he'd have emptied a pail ;
 Not that in Wales
 They talk of their Ales :
 To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble
 you,
 Being spelt with a C, two R's, and a W.

That particular day,
 As I've heard people say,
 Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
 And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,
 The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-boots.
 And then came that knock,
 And the sensible shock
 David felt when his wife cried, “ Look at the Clock ! ”
 For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,



28
25
22
20
18

10

'The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three !
 Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast ;
 But patience is apt to wear out at last,
 And David Pryce in temper was quick,
 So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick ;
 Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
 But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
 So he threw it, instead,
 Direct at her head ;
 It knock'd off her hat ;
 Down she fell flat ;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that :
 But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
 Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
 Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,
 I can't say for certain—but *this* I can,
 When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
 Mrs. Winifred Price was as dead as Queen Anne !

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
 Felt lonely, and moped ; and one evening he said
 He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.
 Not far from his dwelling,
 From the vale proudly swelling,
 Rose a mountain ; its name you'll excuse me from
 telling,
 For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
 That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
 Have really but little or nothing to do ;
 And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
 On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.
 Its first syllable "PEN,"
 Is pronounceable ;—then
 Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N ;
 About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,
 Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow :
 But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
 We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "PEN."

Well—the moon shone bright
 Upon "PEN" that night,
 When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his frig ,
 Was scaling its side
 With that sort of a stride
 A man puts on when walking in search of a bride.
 Mounting higher and higher,
 He began to perspire,
 Till finding his legs were beginning to tire,
 And feeling opprest
 By a pain in his chest,
 He paus'd and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest ;
 When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart.
 Which went pit-a-pat
 As he cried out " What's that ?"
 That very queer sound ?
 Does it come from the ground ?
 Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or around ?—
 It is not like Talking,
 It is not like Walking,
 It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
 Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—
 Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,—
 It's really a very odd sort of a noise !

Mr. Pryce had begun
 To "make up" for a run,
 As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
 When a single bright ray
 Shone out on the way
 He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
 Coming after him bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
 The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock !"

'Twas so !—it had certainly moved from its place,
 And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase ;
 'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
 And nothing was altered at all—but the Face !

In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
 The two little winder-holes turned into eyes
 Blazing with ire,
 Like two coals of fire ;
 And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,
 And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
 No !—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life !
 The identical face of his poor defunct Wife !

 One glance was enough,
 Completely "*Quant. Suff.*"
 As the doctors write down when they send you their
 "stuff,"—
 Like a weather cock whirled by a vehement puff,
 David turned himself round ;
 Ten feet of ground
 He clear'd, in his start, at the very first bound !

All I ever heard of boys, women, or men,
 Falls far short of Pryce as he ran over "PEN !"
 He now reaches its brow,—
 He has past it,—and now
 Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross
 it, he
 Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity.
 But, run as he will,
 Or roll down the hill,
 That bugbear behind him is after him still !
 And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
 The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking.
 Till exhausted and sore,
 He can't run any more,
 But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
 And screams when they rush out, alarmed at his knock,
 "Oh ! Look at the Clock ! - Do !—Look at the Clock !!"

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits at all,

And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
 To make a grand speech,
 And to preach and to teach
 People that "they can't brew their malt liquor too
 small!"

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
 Mr. Pryce, if he's there,
 Will get into "The Chair,"
 And make all his *quondam* associates stare
 By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
 "Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
 The dial he constantly watches, and when
 The long hand's at the "XII," and the short at the "X,"
 He gets on his legs,
 Drains his glass to the dregs,
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
 With the President's hammer bestows his last knock,
 And says solemnly—"Gentlemen!
 LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"

THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK.

Charles Dickens.

. . . One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black Hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were; twist-

ing and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black Hole.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the devil, sir!" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain, "and very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black Hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered His Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider; knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard

Doubledick; "and then the regiment and the world together will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say, with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not— Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend"—began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other man's. A common

soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a sergeant-major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of

men, recovered the colours of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres,—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave sergeant-major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colours he had won ; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men,—for the fame of following the old colours, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts,—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valour ; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day at Badajos,—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way,—the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry, who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men,—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and-thirty, whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Ma-

jor Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton!"

The bright, dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand that he had kissed thirteen years ago laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The English understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and, gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul. * * *

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

G. P. Morris.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbour of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein;
All eyes were turned on high!

There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
 Between the sea and sky ;
 No hold had he above, below ;
 Alone he stood in air ;
 To that far height none dared to go ;
 No aid could reach him there.

We gazed,—but not a man could speak !
 With horror all aghast,
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
 We watched the quivering mast.
 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
 And of a lurid hue ;
 As riveted unto the spot,
 Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck,—he gasped,
 “ Oh God ! Thy will be done ! ”
 Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
 And aimed it at his son :
 “ Jump far out, boy, into the wave !
 Jump, or I fire ! ” he said ;
 “ That only chance thy life can save !
 Jump ! jump, boy ! ”—he obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
 And for the ship struck out ;
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,
 With many a manly shout.
 His father drew in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,—
 Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, an American writer, born at Salem, Mass., 1807 ; author of "Twice-told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," a romance of deep interest, "The House of Seven Gables," &c. Was American Consul at Liverpool.

One September night, a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the drift-wood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees, that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the "herb heart's-ease," in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter, giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency, before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep, that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest, that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch, and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again, when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which

heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing between Maine on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

"Ah, this fire is the right thing!" cried he; "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face, all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you were going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair

to the fire, when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage, as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head, and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbours, and agree together pretty well upon the whole. Besides, we have a sure place of refuge hard by, if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family, so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit—haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage-door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered, when they little thought of it, from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place, where no stranger may intrude. But this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him

with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty, that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway, though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb, with none to recognise him.

"As yet," cried the stranger, his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm, "as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would know so much of me as you; that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask—'Who was he?—Whither did the wanderer go?' But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then let Death come! I shall have built my monument!"

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardour into which he had been betrayed.

"You laugh at me," said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand, and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country round about. And truly that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!"

"It is better to sit here by the fire," answered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township around the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbours, and be called 'Squire, and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one, with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian."

"There now!" exclaimed the stranger; "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate, or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man."

"We're in a strange way to-night," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it's a sign of something when folks' minds go a-wandering so. Hark to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among

themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother—

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he. "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume—a brook which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch.

But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer, if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly,

and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind, through the Notch, took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blest, who, in old Indian times, had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled, and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, the good old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and, with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notions," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning, and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind a-wandering too. Now, what should an old woman wish for when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day, till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery, which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before—a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding-day. But this evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said in her younger days, that if anything were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not set right, the corpse, in the coffin and beneath the clods, would strive

to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her nervous.

"Don't talk so, grandmother!" said the girl, shuddering.

"Now," continued the old woman, with singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly, "I want one of you, my children—when your mother is dressed, and in the coffin—I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's right?"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments," murmured the stranger youth. "I wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean—that wide and nameless sepulchre!"

For a moment the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers, that a sound, abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house, and all within it, trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips—

"The slide! the slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot—where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house the stream broke into two branches, shivering not a window there, but overwhelming the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated

everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain-side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the slide, and would shortly return to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will for ever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Woe for the high-souled youth, with his dream of earthly immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans—a mystery never to be solved; his death and his existence equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death-moment?

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

Thackeray.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure;

And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old nick-knacks, and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends,

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs, broken-backed ;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

'That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
A Mameluke fierce, yonder dagger has drawn ;
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old
times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never could change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;

But, since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed
chair.

And so I've valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room ;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair ;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "Pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this ; so do their boys. And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is

a short sharp "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda-bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

THE CHARCOAL-MAN.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his waggon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—

"Charco! Charco!"

While echo faint and far replies,—

"Hark, O! Hark, O!"

Charco! Hark O!"—such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;

'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm,
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
“Charco ! Charco !”

And many a roguish lad replies,—
“Ark, ho ! Ark, ho !
Charco ! Ark, ho !”—such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day,
He labours much for little pay ;
Yet feels no less of happiness,
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries—
“Charco ! Charco !”

And Martha from the door replies—
“Mark, ho ! Mark, ho !
Charco ! Mark ho !”—such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
And while his hand, washed clean and white
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries—
“Charco ! Charco !”

And baby with a laugh replies—
“Ah go ! Ah go !
Ah go ! Ah go !”—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honoured be the Charcoal-man !
'Though dusky as an African.
'Tis not for us that chance to be
A little better clad than he,

His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries—
 "Charco ! Charco !"
While mocking echo still replies—
 "Hark, O ! Hark, O !"
Charco ! Hark, O !"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds !

THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT.

Francis W. Parkman.

Adam Daulac, or Dollard, Sieur des Ormaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military rank in France, though what rank does not appear. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit ; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter ; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the sacraments. As they knelt for the last time before the altar in the chapel of Hôtel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm, not unmixed with an envy which had in it nothing ignoble. Some of the chief men of Montreal, with the brave Charles Le Moyne at their head, begged them to wait till the spring sowing was over, that they might join them ; but Daulac refused. He was jealous of the glory and the danger, and he wished to command, which he could not have done had Le Moyne been present.

The spirit of the enterprise was purely mediæval. The enthusiasm of honour, the enthusiasm of adventure, and the enthusiasm of faith were its motive forces. Daulac was a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World. Yet the incidents of this exotic heroism are definite and clear as a tale of yesterday. The names, ages and occupations of the seventeen young men may still be read on the ancient register of Montreal ; and the notarial acts of that year, preserved in the records of the city, contain minute accounts of such property as each of them possessed. The three eldest were of twenty-eight, thirty, and thirty-one years respectively. The age of the rest varied from twenty-one to twenty-seven. They were of various callings,—soldiers, armourers, locksmiths, lime-burners, or settlers without trades. The greater number had come to the colony as part of the reinforcement brought by Maisonneuve in 1653.

After a solemn farewell, they embarked in several canoes well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoemen ; and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of St. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were more successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of the Two Mountains, and slowly advanced against the current.

Meanwhile, forty warriors of that remnant of the Hurons, who, in spite of Iroquois persecutions, still lingered at Quebec, had set out on a war-party, led by the brave and wily Etienne Annahotaha, their most noted chief. They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins, under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal, where they were likely to find a speedy opportunity of putting their metal to the test. Thither accordingly they repaired, the Algonquin with three followers, and the Huron with thirty-nine.

It was not long before they learned the departure of Daulac and his companions. "For," observes the honest Dollier de Casson, "the principal fault of our Frenchmen is to talk too much." The wish seized them to share the adventure, and to that end the Huron chief asked the Governor for a letter to Daulac, to serve as credentials. Maisonneuve hesitated. His faith in Huron valour was not great, and he feared the proposed alliance. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to give Annahotaha a letter in which Daulac was told to accept or reject the proffered reinforcement as he should see fit. The Hurons and Algonquins now embarked and paddled in pursuit of the seventeen Frenchmen.

They meanwhile had passed with difficulty the swift current at Carillon, and about the 1st of May reached the foot of the more formidable rapid called the Long Sault, where a tumult of waters, foaming among ledges and boulders, barred the onward way. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forest sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of the rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already ruinous. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it. Their first care, one would think, should have been to repair and strengthen it; but this they seem not to have done—possibly, in the exaltation of their minds, they scorned such precaution. They made their fires, and slung their kettles on the neighbouring shore; and here they were soon joined by the Hurons and Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning, noon and night they prayed in three different tongues; and when at sunset the long reach of forests on the farther shore basked peacefully in the level

rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Saut. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. The canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met by a volley fired with such precipitation that one or more of them escaped the shot, fled into the forest, and told their mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack, and were quickly repulsed. They next opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighbouring forest.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences. Being provided with tools, they planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stones to the height of a man, leaving some twenty loop-holes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade ; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas. Some of the French dashed out, and, covered by the fire of their comrades, hacked off his head, and stuck it on the palisade, while

the Iroquois howled in a frenzy of helpless rage. They tried another attack, and were beaten off a third time.

This dashed their spirits, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt scarcely better than a cattle pen ; but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a spattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or "hominy," which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had ; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

Among the assailants were a number of Hurons adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now shouted to their countrymen in the fort, telling them that a fresh army was close at hand ; that they would soon be attacked by seven or eight hundred warriors ; and that their only hope was in joining the Iroquois, who would receive them as friends. Anahotaha's followers, half dead with thirst and famine, listened to their seducers, took the bait, and, one, two, or three at a time, climbed the palisade and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm ; and when

he saw his nephew, La Moache, join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast, with the courage of despair.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcements had come ; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with the Iroquois before their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on ; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of fire. Besides muskets, they had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigour of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigour ; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before, sure of a martyr's reward.

The uncertain, vacillating temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle, and enrolling themselves in the forlorn hope. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields, four or

five feet high, were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of cross-bars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire, they reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder, and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without ; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loop holes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more they had torn a breach in the palisade ; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen ; till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

Searching the pile of corpses, the victors found four Frenchmen still breathing. Three had scarcely a spark of life, and as no time was to be lost, they burned them on the spot. The fourth, less fortunate, seemed likely to survive, and they reserved him for future torments. As for the Huron deserters, their cowardice profited them little. The Iroquois, regardless of their promises, fell upon them, burned some at once, and carried the rest to their villages for a similar fate. Five of the number

had the good fortune to escape, and it was from them, aided by admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French of Canada derived all their knowledge of this glorious disaster.

To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed, to howl over their losses, and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance.

THE DRUMMER'S BRIDE.

Hollow-eyed and pale at the window of a jail,
Thro' her soft dishevelled hair, a maniac did stare, stare,
stare!

At a distance, down the street, making music with their
feet,

Came the soldiers from the wars, all embellished with
their scars,

To the tapping of a drum, of a drum;

To the pounding and the sounding of a drum!

Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

The woman heaves a sigh and a fire fills her eye,
When she hears the drum, she cries, "Here they come!
here they come!"

Then clutching fast the grating with eager, nervous
waiting,

See, she looks into the air, through her long and silky
hair,

For the echo of a drum, of a drum;

For the cheering and the hearing of a drum !
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

And nearer, nearer, nearer, comes, more distinct and
clearer,

The rattle of the drumming; shrieks the woman, " He,
is coming,

He is coming now to me ; quick, drummer, quick, till
I see ! "

And her eye is glassy bright, while she beats in mad
delight

To the echo of a drum, of a drum ;

To the rapping, tapping, tapping of a drum !

Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

Now she sees them, in the street, march along with
dusty feet,

As she looks through the spaces, gazing madly in their
faces ;

And she reaches out her hand, screaming wildly to the
band ;

But her words, like her lover, are lost beyond recover,

'Mid the beating of a drum, of a drum ;

'Mid the clanging and the banging of a drum !

Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

So the pageant passes by, and the woman's flashing eye
Quickly loses all its stare, and fills with a tear, with a
tear ;

As, sinking from her place, with her hands upon her
face,

" Hear ! " she weeps and sobs as wild as a disappointed
child ;

Sobbing, " He will never come, never come !

Now nor ever, never, never, will he come

With his drum, with his drum, with his drum ! drum,
drum, drum ! "

Still the drummer, up the street, beats his distant, dying
beat,
And she shouts, within her cell, "Ha! they're march-
ing down to hell,
And the devils dance and wait at the open iron gate:
Hark! it is the dying sound, as they march into the
ground,
To the sighing and the dying of the drum!
To the throbbing and the sobbing of the drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!"

MRS. GAMP'S ACCOUNT OF THE "HAMMER- TOORS."

A FRAGMENT.

Chas. Dickens.

Which Mrs. Harris's own words to me was these:
"Sairey Gamp," she says, "why not go to Margate?
Srimps," says that deer creetur, "is to your liking, Sairey;
why not go to Margate for a week, bring your constitu-
tion up with srimps, and come back to them loving arts
as knows and wallies of you, blooming? Sairey," Mrs.
Harris says, "you are but poorly. Don't denige it,
Mrs. Gamp, for books is in your looks. You must
have rest. Your mind," says she, "is too strong for
you; it gets you dwon and treads upon you, Sairey.
It is useless to disguise the fact—the blade is a-wear-
ing out the sheets." "Mrs. Harris," says I to her, "I
could not undertake to say, and I will not deceive you,
ma'am, that I am the woman I could wish to be. The
time of worrit as I had with Mrs. Colliber, the baker's
lady, that she would not so much as look at bottled
stout, and kept to gruel, has agued me, Mrs. Harris.
But, ma'am," I says to her, "talk not of Margate,

"for if I go anywheres, it is elsewheres and not there." "Sairey," says Mrs. Harris, solemn, "whence this insyttery? If I hav ever deceived the hardest working, soberest, and best of women, which her name is well be-known is S. Gamp, Knightsgate Street, High Holborn, mention it. If not," says Mrs. Harris with the tears a-standing in her eyes, "reweal your intentions." "Yes, Mrs. Harris," I says, "I will. Well I knows you, Mrs. Harris; well you knows me; well we both knows what the characters of one another is. Mrs. Harris, then," I says, "I *have* heerd as there is a expedition going down to Manjester and Liverspool, a play-acting. If I goes anywheres for change, it is along with that." Mrs. Harris clasps her hands, and drops into a chair. "And have I lived to hear," she says, "of Sairey Gamp, as always kep' herself respectable, in company with play-actors?" "Mrs. Harris," I says to her, "be not alarmed—not reg'lar play-actors—hammertoor." "Thank Evans!" says Mrs. Harris, and bustiges into a flood of tears.

When the sweet creetur had compoged herself, I proceeds in these words: "Mrs. Harris, I am told as these hammertoors are litter'ry and artistickle." "Sairey," says that best of wimmin, with a shiver and a slight relasp, "go on; it might be worse." "I likewise hears," I says to her, "that they're goin play-acting for the benefit of two litter'ry men; one as has had his wrongs a long time ago, and has got his rights at last,* and one as has made a many people merry in his time, but is very dull and sick and lonely his own self, indeed."† "Sairey," says Mrs. Harris, "you're an English woman, and that's no business of yourn."

"No, Mrs. Harris," I says, "that's very true; I hope I knows my dooty and my country. But," I says, "I am informed as there is ladies in this party. Mrs. Harris, you and me well knows what Ingeins often does.

* Leigh Hunt.

† John Poole.

If I accompanies this expedition, unbeknown and second class, may I not combine business with change of air, and prove a service to my feller-creeturs?" "Sairey," was Mrs. Harris's reply, "you was born to be a blessing to your sex. Good go with you! But keep your distance till called in. Bless you, Mrs. Gamp; for people is known by the company they keeps, and littery and artiskle society might be the ruin of you, bfore you was aware, with your best customers."

MRS. GAMP IS DESCRIPTIVE.

The number of the cab had a seven in it, I think, and a ought I know—and if this should meet his eye (which it was a black 'un, new done, that he saw with; the other was tied up), I give him warnin' that he'd better take that umbereller and patten to the Hackney coach office before he repents it. He was a young man in a weskit with sleeves to it and strings behind, and needn't flatter himself with a supposition of escape, as I gave this description of him to the police the moment I found he had drove off with my property; and if he thinks there an't laws enough, he's much mistook—I tell him that.

I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in the railways office that morning with my bundle on my arm, and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a feather, far less porkmangers which was a-lumpin' against me continual and sewere all round. I was drove about like a brute animal, and almost werritt into fits, when a gentleman* with a large shirt collar and a hook nose, and an eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipe's hawks, and long locks of hair, and wiskers that I wouldn't have nolady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a-turning round a corner, for any sum of money you could offer me, says, laughing, "Hallea, Mrs. Gamp,

* George Cruikshank.

what are *you* up to?" I didn't know him; but I says faintly, "If you're a Christian man, show me where to get a second class ticket for Manjester, and have me put in a carriage, or I shall drop!" Which he kindly did, in a cheerful kind of a way, skipping about in the strangest manner as ever I see, making all kinds of actions, and looking and vinking at me from under the brim of his hat (which was a good deal turned up), to that extent, that I should have thought he meant something but for being so flurried as not to have no thoughts at all until I was put in a carriage along with a individgle—the politest I ever see—in a shepherd's plaid suit, with a long gold watch-guard hanging round his neck, and his hand a tremblin' through nervousness worse than an asopian leaf.

"I'm werry appy, ma'am," he says—the politest vice as ever I heerd!—"to go down with a lady belonging to our party."

"Our party, sir!" I says.

"Yes, 'm," he says; "I'm Mr. Wilson, I'm going down with the wigs."

Mrs. Harris, wen he said he was going down with the wigs, such was my state of confugion and worrit that I thought he must be connected with the Government in some ways or another, but directly moment he explains himself, for he says: "There's five-and-twenty wigs in these boxes, ma'am," he says, a-pointing towards a heap of luggage, "as was worn at the Queen's Fancy Ball. There's a flaxen wig as was got up express for Jenny Lind the night she came out at the Italian Opera. It was very much applauded was that wig, ma'am, through the evening. It had a great reception. The audience broke out, the moment they see it."

"Are you in Mr. Sweedlepipe's line, sir?" I says.

"Which is that, ma'am?" he says—the softest and genteelst vice I ever heerd, I do declare, Mrs. Harris!

"Hair-dressing," I says.

"Yes, ma'am," he replies, "I have that honour. Do

you see this, ma'am?" he says, holding up his right hand.

"I never see such a trembling," I says to him. And I never did.

"All along of Her Majesty's Costume Ball, ma'am," he says. "The excitement did it. Two hundred and fifty-seven ladies of the first rank and fashion had their heads got up on that occasion by this hand, and my t'other one. I was at it eight-and-forty hours on my feet, ma'am, without rest. It was a powder-ball, ma'am. We have a powder piece at Liverpool. Have I not the pleasure," he says, looking at me curious, "of addressing Mrs. Gamp?"

"Gamp I am, sir," I replies, "both by name and natur."

"Would you like to see your beograffer's moustache and whiskers, ma'am?" he says; "I've got 'em in this box."

"Drat my beograffer, sir," I says; "he has given me no region to wish to know anything about him."

"Oh, Missus Gamp, I ask your parden"—I never see such a perlite man, Mrs. Harris. "P'raps," he says, "if you're not of the party, you don't know who it was assisted you into this carriage!"

"No, sir," I says, "I don't, indeed."

"Why, ma'am," he says, a-wisperin, "that was George, ma'am."

"What George, sir? I don't know no George," says I.

"The great George, ma'am," says he. "The Crook shanks."

If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head, and see the wery man a-making a picture of me on his thumb-nail, at the winder! while another of 'em—a tall, melancholy gent, with dark hair and a bass vice*—looks over his shoulder, with his head o' one side as if he understood the subject, and coolly says, "I've draw'd

* John Leech.

her several times—in *Punch*," he says too! The owda-cious wretch!

"Which I never touches, Mr. Wilson," I remarks out loud—I couldn't help it, Mrs. Harris, if you had took my life for it!—"which I never touches, Mr. Wilson, on account of the lemon!"

"Hush!" says Mr. Wilson, "There he is!"

"I only see a fat gentleman with curly black hair and a merry face, a-standing on the platform, rubbing his two hands over one another, as if he was washing of 'em, and shaking his head and shoulders very much; and I was wondering wot Mr. Wilson meant, wen he says, "There's Dougladge,* Mrs. Gamp!" he says, "There's him as wrote the life of Mrs. Caudle!"

Mrs. Harris, wen I see that little villain bodily before me, it give me such a turn that I was all in a tremble. If I hadn't lost my umbrellar in the cab, I must have done him an injury with it! Oh, the bragian little traitor! right among the ladies, Mrs. Harris; looking his wickedest and deceitfulest of eyes while he was a-talking to 'em; laughing at his own jokes as loud as you please; holding his hat in one hand to cool himself, and tossing back his iron-grey mop of a head of hair with the other, as if it was so much shavings. There, Mrs. Harris, I see him, getting encouragement from the pretty delooded creeturs, which never knowed that sweet saint, Mrs. C., as I did, and being treated with as much confidence as if he had never wiolated none of the domestic ties, and never showed up nothing! Oh the aggravation of that Dougladge! Mrs. Harris, if I hadn't apologized to Mr. Wilson, and put a little bottle to my lips which was in my pocket for the journey, and which it is very rare indeed I have about me, I could not have a-bared the sight of him—there, Mrs. Harris! I could not!—I must have tore him, or have give way and fainted.

* Douglas Jerrold.

While the bell was a-ringing, and the luggage of the hammertoors in great confusion—all a littery indeed—was handled up, Mr. Wilson demeens his-sel politer than ever. "That," he says, "Mrs. Gamp," a pinting to a officer-looking gentleman, that a lady with a little basket was a taking care on, "is another of our party; he's a author too—continually a-going up the walley of the Muses, Mrs. Gamp. There," he says, alloodin' to a fine-looking, portly gentleman, with a face like a amiable full moon, and a short mild gent, with a pleasant smile, "is two more of our artists,* Mrs G., well beknowed at the Royal Academy, as sure as stones is stones, and eggs is eggs. This resolute gent,"† he says, "a-coming along here, as is apparently going to take the railways by storm—him with the tight legs, and his weskit very much buttoned, and his mouth very much shut, and his coat a-flying open, and his heels a-giving it to the platform, is a cricket and beograffer and our principal tragegian." "But who," says I when the bell had left off, and the train had begun to move, "who, Mr. Wilson, is the wild gent in the perspiration, that's been a-tearing up and down all this time with a great box of papers under his arm, a-talking to everybody wery indistinct, and exciting of himself dreadful?" "Why?" says Mr. Wilson with a smile. "Because, sir," I says, "he's being left behind." "Good gracious!" cries Mr. Wilson, turning pale and putting out his head, "it's *your* beograffer—the Manager—and he has got the money, Mrs. Gamp!" However, some one chucked him into the train and we went off. At the first shriek of the whistle, Mrs. Harris, I turned white, for I had took notice of some of them dear creeturs as was the cause of my being in company, and I know'd the danger that——But Mr. Wilson, which is a married man, puts his hand on mine, and says, "Mrs. Gamp, calm yourself, its only the Ingen." "

* Frank Stone and Augustus Egg. † John Forster.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Mrs. Browning ; born 1809, married to Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, in 1846. Mrs. Browning's poems contain a rich mine of poetical ideas. She died at Florence, 1861.

Little Ellie sits alone
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow
 By a stream-side on the grass,
 And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow
 On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
 And her feet she has been dipping,
 In the shallow water's flow :
 Now she holds them nakedly
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
 And the smile she softly uses
 Fills the silence like a speech
 While she thinks what shall be done,
 And the sweetest pleasure chooses
 For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
 Chooses—" I will have a lover,
 Riding on a steed of steeds :
 He shall love me without guile,
 And to *him* I will discover
 The swan's nest among the reeds.

" And the steed shall be red-roan,
 And the lover shall be noble,

With an eye that takes the breath :
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

“ And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind ,
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“ But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face :
He will say, ‘ O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace ! ’

“ Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, ‘ Rise and go !
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’

“ Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say ;
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘ Farewell,’
I will utter and dissemble—
‘ Light to-morrow with to-day ! ’

“ Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong ;
To make straight distorted wills,

And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

" Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
' Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting !
What wilt thou exchange for it ? '

" And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove ;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—' Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

" Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee :
' I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but *thee* ! '

" He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds :
And when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE SAGUENAY.

*From "A Chance Acquaintance," by W. D. Howells, an
American writer.*

There have been, to be sure, some human agencies at work, even under the shadow of Cape Eternity, to restore the spirit to self-possession, and perhaps none turns from it wholly dismayed. Kitty, at any rate, took heart from some works of art which the cliff wall displayed near the water's edge. One of these was a lively fresco portrait of Lieutenant-General Sherman, with the insignia of his rank; and the other was an even more striking effigy of General O'Neil, of the armies of the Irish Republic, wearing a threatening aspect, and designed in a bold conceit of his presence there as conqueror of Canada in the year 1875. Mr. Arbuton was inclined to resent these intrusions on the sublimity of nature, and he could not conceive, without disadvantage to them, how Miss Ellison and the colonel should accept them so cheerfully as part of the pleasure of the whole. As he listened blankly to their exchanges of jests, he found himself

awfully beset by a temptation which one of the boat's crew placed before the passengers. This was a bucket-full of pebbles of inviting size ; and the man said, " Now, see which can hit the cliff. It's farther than any of you can throw, though it looks so near."

The passengers cast themselves upon the store of missiles, Colonel Ellison most actively among them. None struck the cliff, and suddenly Mr. Arbuton felt a blind, stupid, irresistible longing to try his chance. The spirit of his college days, of his boating and ball-playing youth, came upon him. He picked up a pebble, while Kitty opened her eyes in a stare of dumb surprise. Then he wheeled and threw it, and as it struck against the cliff with a shock that seemed to have broken all the windows on the Back Bay, he exulted in a sense of freedom the havoc caused him. It was as if, for an instant, he had rent away the ties of custom, thrown off the bonds of social allegiance, broken down and trampled upon the conventions which, his whole life long, he had held so dear and respectable. In that moment of frenzy, he feared himself capable of shaking hands with the shabby Englishman in the Glengarry cap, or of asking the whole admiring company of passengers down to the bar. A cry of applause had broken from them at his achievement, and he had for the first time tasted the sweets of popular favour. Of course a revulsion must come, and it must be of a corresponding violence ; and the next moment Mr. Arbuton hated them all, and most of all Colonel Ellison, who had been loudest in his praise. Him he thought for that moment everything that was aggressively and intrusively vulgar. But he could not utter these friendly impressions, nor is it so easy to withdraw from any concession, and he found it impossible to repair his broken defences.

He was not a dull man ; he had quite an apt wit of his own, and a neat way of saying things ; but humour always seemed to him something not perfectly well bred ; of course he helped to praise it in some old-established diner-out, or some woman of good fashion,

whose *mots* it was customary to repeat, and he ever tolerated it in books; but he was at a loss with these people, who looked at life in so bizarre a temper, yet without airiness or pretension, nay, with a whimsical readiness to acknowledge kindred in every droll or laughable thing.

The boat stopped at Tadousac on her return, and among the spectators who came down to the landing was a certain very pretty, conscious-looking, silly, bridal-faced young woman—imaginably the belle of the season at that forlorn watering-place—who before coming on board stood awhile, attended by a following of those elderly imperial and colonial British who heavily flutter round the fair at such resorts. She had an air of utterly satisfied vanity, in which there was no harm in the world; and when she saw that she had fixed the eyes of the shoreward gazing passengers, it appeared as if she fell into a happy trepidation too blissful to be passively borne; she moistened her pretty red lips with her tongue, she twitched her mantle, she settled the bow at her lovely throat, she bridled and tossed her graceful head.

“What should you do next, Kitty?” asked the colonel, who had been sympathetically intent upon all this.

“O, I think I should pat my foot,” answered Kitty; and in fact the charming simpleton on shore, having perfected her attitude, was tapping the ground nervously with the toe of her adorable slipper.

After the boat started, a Canadian lady of ripe age, yet of a vivacity not to be reconciled with the notion of the married state, capered briskly about among her somewhat stolid and indifferent friends, saying, “They’re going to fire it as soon as we are round the point;” and presently a dull boom, as of a small piece of ordnance discharged in the neighbourhood of the hotel, struck through the gathering fog, and this elderly sylph clapped her hands and exulted: “They’ve fired it, they’ve fired it! and now the captain will blow the whistle in answer.”

But the captain did nothing of the kind, and the lady, after some more girlish effervescence, upbraided him for an old owl, and an old muff, and so sank into such a flat and spiritless calm that she was sorrowful to see.

"Too bad, Mr. Arbuton, isn't it?" said the colonel; and Mr. Arbuton listened in vague doubt while Kitty built up with her cousin a touching romance for the poor lady, supposed to have spent the one brilliant and successful summer of her life at Tadousac, where her admirers had agreed to bemoan her loss in this explosion of gunpowder. They asked him if he did not wish the captain *had* whistled; and "Oh!" shuddered Kitty, "doesn't it all make you feel just as if you had been doing it yourself?" a question which he hardly knew how to answer, never having to his knowledge done a ridiculous thing in his life, much less been guilty of such behaviour as that of the disappointed lady.

COMIC MISERIES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
 Sets the whole room a-blaze,
 Don't think yourself a "happy dog,"
 For all your merry ways;
 But learn to wear a sober phiz,
 Be stupid if you can:
 It's such a very serious thing
 To be a funny man!

You're at an evening party, with
 A group of pleasant folks,
 You venture quietly to crack
 The least of little jokes.

A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain :
Alas ! for one that drops a jest
And takes it up again.

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse ;
You think you've got him, when he tells
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day.

You drop a pretty "jeu-de-mot"
Into a neighbour's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever things he hears ;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun.

By sudden change in politics,
Or sudden change in Polly,
You lose your love or loves, and fall
A prey to melancholy ;
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,
They think your very grief a joke,
You're such a funny man.

You follow up a stylish card,
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine).
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,

And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin !

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose.
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news,
You quarrel with your wife !

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself a "happy dog,"
For all your merry ways ;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can :
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

A BOARDING SCHOOL IN 1570.

In the days of good Queen Bess, schools were few and far between, as angels' visits are said to be, but in the Town of Norwich, England, there existed a celebrated "training school" for the youths of both sexes.

An old abbey furnished the requisite room, for high-born maidens slept in the cells where nuns had once repeated their *Ave Marias*, and were gathered by day in a school-room which had formerly been used as a refectory or dining-hall. Separated from this building by a crumbling stone wall of great height was the ancient monastery, which was now transformed into an academy for the boys of Albion. Both buildings were well nigh covered with beautiful clambering ivy.

The children of that day, in dress and appearance, were exact miniature copies of grown-up people.

Queen Elizabeth numbered three thousand robes in her wardrobe, and the daughters of noblemen carried with them to school from thirty to three hundred dresses, according to the wealth and station of their parents.

Young misses of six and ten years wore trains on important occasions, and at all times appeared in long, pointed waists, with deep ruffles around the neck. Silk robes were embroidered with serpents and birds, and ostriches in bright colours. Handkerchiefs were trimmed with gold lace, and sometimes ornamented with a dozen solid gold or silver buttons, which must have been particularly nice for young noses. Sleeves were worn separate from the dresses, and often of different material. Ladies' and children's boots were made with heels two inches high, which was called pantodes, and boots and slippers were frequently trimmed with artificial flowers.

Young lads also wore sleeves of gay colours. Wigs had not, in 1570, become fashionable *for children*, but their hair was often dyed. Garters were worn conspicuously by men and boys, and were a test of rank and fashion. It is on record that these articles, for State occasions, sometimes cost "four score pound a pair," equal to some three hundred and fifty dollars of our money.

The tops of boots were of embroidered linen, and shirts were often embroidered in gold thread. In such apparel as this, the school-boys of that day played leap-frog and hunt the slipper, and other ancient games.

The beds were the only furniture known, and were frequently of such size as to accommodate from twelve to twenty persons. Thus, a teacher could sleep with all his pupils around him. How would you like that, boys? One specimen of these bedsteads, the great bed of Ware—of which Shakespeare makes mention—is still preserved in England as a curiosity, and was, at one time, the property of the late Charles Dickens.

Hashes and stews formed the principal food set before the school children whose mode of life we are depicting, and, as forks were not brought from Italy till 1580, and did not come into general use for fifty years, they ate their stews and hashes with the aid of pewter spoons and—their fingers.

Table linen was unknown, but on feast days narrow strips of Turkey carpeting extended the length of the dining-table, this being the only purpose for which carpeting was used when brought to England. Rushes were scattered upon the floor and the remnants of each meal were thrown down to the dogs upon these rushes, which were renewed, as history tells us, *three or four times a year*.

And now, perhaps, you will inquire what were the studies pursued by the pupils of Norwich Academy in the year 1570?

Education was esteemed of much less importance than dress and amusements, and, therefore, we mention this topic last of all in our account of the "good old times."

The boys were taught "Latin, Greek, and figures," but we are told that the young ladies could scarcely read. Embroidery and working tapestry was the principal occupations of the fair sex, and the school girls were taught "to prepare physic and make pastry; to dry herbs and bind up wounds; to make banners and scarfs, and to be obedient to their fathers, brothers and lords."

Early marriages were frequent, and many of these Norwich school girls were wedded wives, and were taken home to keep the keys and cut the bread, and rule a retinue of servants—duties which would be required of them in the castles of their husbands.

Knitting became customary, and on the occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich, in 1570, eight young girls walked in the procession that welcomed her, knitting yarn hose, which were then a great curiosity.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

Will Carleton.

Hoots ! ye little rascal ! Come in on me, this way—
Crowdin' yourself amongst us this blustering winter's
day ;
Knowing that we already had three of ye, an' seven,
And trying to make yourself out a Christmas present
of Heaven ! !

Ten of you we have now, sir, for this world to abuse ;
And Bobbie, he have no waistcoat ; and Nellie, she have
no shoes ;
And Sammie, he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his
shame) ;
And the one that was just before you, we ain't had
time to name !

And all o' the banks be smashin', and on us poor folk
fall ;
And Boss he whittles the wages, when work's to be had
at all ;
And Tom, he have cut his foot off, and lies in a woeful
plight,
And all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat
at night ;

And but for your father and Sandy a-findin' somewhat
to do,
And but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us
thro',
And but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her
part,
Ye'd ha' seen us all in Heaven afore ye was ready to
start !

An' now ye have come, ye rascal ! chick so healthy and
fat and sound,
A-weighin,' I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound !
With your mother's eyes a-flashin', yer father's flesh
and build,
And a good big mouth and stomach, all ready to be
filled !

No, no, don't cry, my baby ; hush up, my pretty one !
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just in
fun ;
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're curious
folks ;
But we don't get much victual, and half our living is
jokes !

Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest ? Come, sit upon my
knee ;
I'll tell you a secret, youngster—I'll name ye after me.
Ye shall have all yer brothers and sisters with ye to
play,
An' ye shall have your carriage, an' ride out every day !

Why, boy, do you think ye'll suffer ?—I am getting a
trifle old,
But it'll be many years yet, before I lose my hold ;
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still them's yer
brothers there,
An' not a rogue of them all would see you harmed a
hair !

Say ! when ye came down from Heaven, my little name-
sake dear,
Did you see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like
this one here ?
That was yer little sister—she died a year ago,
And all of us cried like babies when they laid her under
the snow !

Hang it ! if all the rich men I ever see or knew,
Came here with all their traps, boy, and offered 'em for
you,
I'd show 'em the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from God !

TIDES IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., Principal of McGill University, Montreal ; Author of "Acadian Geology," "Archæia," &c.

Those parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick bordering on the Bay of Fundy present some interesting examples of marine alluvial soils, which, while of great practical value to the inhabitants, are equally fertile in material of thought to the geologist. The tide-wave that sweeps to the north-east, along the Atlantic coast of the United States, entering the funnel-like mouth of the Bay of Fundy, becomes compressed and elevated as the sides of the bay gradually approach each other, until in the narrower parts the water runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and the vertical rise of the tide amounts to sixty feet or more. In Cobequid and Chiegnecto Bays, these tides, to an unaccustomed spectator, have rather the aspect of some rare convulsion of nature than of an ordinary daily phenomenon. At low tide, wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed ; and the distant channel appears as a mere stripe of muddy water. At the commencement of flood, a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and, covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters. At the same time the tor-

rent of red water enters all the channels, creeks, and estuaries; surging, whirling and foaming, and often having in its front a white, breaking wave, or "bore," which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels. The mud flats are soon covered; and then, as the stranger sees the water gaining with noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him, as if no limit could be set to the advancing deluge. In a little time, however, he sees that the fiat, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther," has been issued to the great bay of tide; its retreat commences, and the waters rush back as rapidly as they entered.

The rising tide sweeps away the fine material from every exposed bank and cliff, and becomes loaded with mud and extremely fine sand, which, as it stagnates at high water, it deposits in a thin layer on the surface of the flats. This layer, which may vary in thickness from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a line, is coarser and thicker at the outer edge of the flats than nearer the shore; and hence these flats, as well as the marshes, are usually higher near the channels than at their inner edge. From the same cause—the more rapid deposition of the coarser sediment—the lower side of the layer is arenaceous (sandy), and sometimes dotted over with films of mica, while the upper side is fine and slimy, and when dry has a shining and polished surface. The falling tide has little effect on these deposits, and hence the gradual growth of the flats, until they reach such a height that they can be overflowed only by the high spring tides. They then become natural or salt marsh, covered with the coarse grasses and *Carices* which grow in such places. So far the process is carried on by the hand of nature; and before the colonization of Nova Scotia, there were large tracts of this grassy alluvium to excite the wonder and delight of the first settlers on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Man, however, carries

the land-making process farther; and by diking and draining, excludes the sea water, and produces a soil capable of yielding for an indefinite period, without manure, the most valuable cultivated grains and grasses. Already there are in Nova Scotia more than forty thousand acres of diked marsh, or "dike," as it is more shortly called, the average value of which cannot be estimated at less than twenty pounds currency per acre. The undiked flats, bare at low tide, are of immensely greater extent.

Much geological interest attaches to the marine alluvium of the Bay of Fundy, from the great breadth of it laid bare at low tide, and the facilities which it in consequence affords for the study of sun-cracks, impressions of rain-drops, foot-prints of animals, and other appearances which we find imitated on many ancient rocks. The genuineness of these ancient traces, as well as their mode of preservation, can be illustrated and proved only by the study of modern deposits. I quote a summary of facts of this kind from a paper on rain-prints by Sir Charles Lyell, who was the first to direct attention to these phenomena as exhibited in the Bay of Fundy.

"The sediment with which the waters are charged is extremely fine, being derived from the destruction of cliffs of red sandstone and shale, belonging chiefly to the coal measures. On the borders of even the smallest estuaries communicating with a bay, in which the tide rises sixty feet and upwards, large areas are laid dry for nearly a fortnight between the spring and neap tides, and the mud is then baked in summer by a hot sun, so that it becomes solidified, and traversed by cracks caused by shrinkage. Portions of the hardened mud may then be taken up and removed without injury. On examining the edges of each slab, we observe numerous layers, formed by successive tides, usually very thin, sometimes only one-tenth of an inch thick,—of unequal thickness, however, because, according to Dr. Webster, the night-tides rising a foot higher than the day-tides, throw down

more sediment. When a shower of rain falls, the highest portion of the mud-covered flat is usually too hard to receive any impressions; while that recently uncovered by the tide, near the water's edge, is too soft. Between these areas a gore occurs almost as smooth and even as a looking-glass, on which every drop forms a cavity of circular or oval form, and if the shower be transient, these pits retain their shape permanently, being dried by the sun, and being then too firm to be effaced by the action of the succeeding tide, which deposits upon them a new layer of mud. Hence we find on splitting open a slab an inch or more thick, on the upper surface of which the marks of recent rains occur, that an inferior layer, deposited perhaps ten or fifteen tides previously, exhibits on its under surface perfect casts of rain prints which stand out in relief, the moulds of the same being seen in the layer below."

After mentioning that a continued shower of rain obliterates the more regular impressions, and produces a blistered or uneven surface, and describing minutely the characteristics of true rain-marks in their most perfect state, Sir Charles adds:—

"On some of the specimens the winding tubular tracks of worms are seen, which have been bored just beneath the surface. Sometimes the worms have dived beneath the surface and then reappeared. Occasionally the same mud is traversed by the foot-prints of birds and muskrats, minks, dogs, sheep and cats. The leaves also of the elm, maple and the oak trees, have been settled by the winds over the soft mud, and having been buried under the deposits of succeeding tides, are found on dividing the layers. When the leaves themselves are removed, very faithful impressions, not only of their outline, but of their minutest veins, are left imprinted on the clay."

We have here a perfect instance, in a modern deposit of phenomena, which we shall have to notice in some of the most ancient rocks; and it is only by such minute

studies of existing nature that we can hope to interpret these older appearances. In some very ancient rocks, we have impressions of rain-marks, or their casts, on the under surface of the overlying beds, quite similar to those which occur in the alluvial mud of the Bay of Fundy. In these old rocks, also, and especially in the coal formation, we find surfaces netted with sun cracks, precisely like those on the dried surfaces of the modern mud flats, and faithful casts of these taken by the beds next deposited. A still more curious appearance is presented by the rill marks produced by the flowing of the preceding tide, or of rain down inclined surfaces of mud. The little streamlets flowing together into larger channels, form singular patterns, which may be compared to graceful foliage, or the ramification of roots, and which have often been mistaken for fossils.

THE GLOVE.

Schiller.

Before his lion-garden gate,
The wild-beast combat to await,
King Francis sate :
Around him were his nobles placed,
The balcony above was graced
By ladies of the court, in gorgeous state :
And, as with his finger a sign he made,
The iron grating was open laid,
And with stately step and mien
A lion to enter was seen.
With fearful look
His mane he shook,
And, yawning wide,
Stared around him on every side ;
And stretched his giant limbs of strength,
And laid himself down at his fearful length.

And the king a second signal made,—
And instant was opened wide
A second gate, on the other side,
From which, with fiery bound,
A tiger sprung.

Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld ;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue.
And, with glittering eye,
Crept round the lion slow and shy,
Then, horribly howling,
And grimly growling,
Down by his side himself he laid.

And the king another signal made :
The opened grating vomited then
Two leopards forth from their dreadful den,—
They rush on the tiger with signs of rage,
Eager the deadly fight to wage,
Who, fierce, with paws uplifted stood,
And the lion sprang up with an awful roar—
Then were still the fearful four :
And the monsters on the ground
Crouched in a circle round,
Greedy to taste of blood.

Now, from the balcony above,
A snowy hand let fall a glove :
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove !

And the Lady Kunigund, in bantering mood,
Spoke to Knight Delorges, who by her stood :
“ If the flame which but now to me you swore,

Burns as strong as it did before,
Go, pick up my glove, Sir Knight."
And he, with action quick as sight,
In the horrible place did stand ;
And with dauntless mien,
From the beasts between
Took up the glove with fearless hand ;
And as ladies and nobles the bold deed saw,
Their breath they held through fear and awe.
The glove he brings back, composed and light.
His praise was announced by voice and look,
And Kunigund rose to receive the knight
With a smile that promised the deed to requite ;
But straight in her face he flung the glove,—
" I neither desire your thanks nor love ;"
And from that same hour the lady forsook.

A CURIOUS HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

Tom Hood.

Jack Wysington was the messenger-lad
Of a mercantile house in the city,
Five shillings a week for wage he had—
That he didn't get more was a pity !
But how he grew rich is an anecdote which
You shall hear if you list to my ditty.

His possessions, with ease I could reckon them up,
But I'll name one thing—and that's
A bandy-legged, stump-tailed terrier pup,
Such a regular turk for the cats,
That old maids used to greet, as he walked in the
street,
His appearance with numerous " drats."

But on all things of Jack's, fell a Government tax—
His food, and his drink, and his raiment.
Oh, the people of Somerset House were not lax,
But e'en for the puppy to claim meant,
For they taxed him, poor man, at twelve shillings *per*
ann.—
Of the which he avoided the payment.

But at length one Government sternly designed
The tax upon dogs to be strict with ;
They avowed that whoever to pay it declined,
Heavy penalties they would afflict with.
Said he, "To show my sense, I'll purchase no license—
That dodge I'm too old to be tricked with!"

Next day to the Bank he had money to take
For the mercantile house in the City.
So he shipped him on board of the "Scaly-nosed
Snake,"
Which lay in the docks of St. Kitty.*
And him for to rate as the cabin-boy's mate
He prevailed on the owner's committee.†

They wrote him down as the cabin-boy's mate
In the good ship's papers and books :—
And furthermore, I am bound to state,
That struck with the animal's looks,
They entered the dog in the vessel's log
As a deputy-help of the cook's.

Now the captain was terribly prone to rum—
His habits were truly a scandal,
So when a hurricane happened to come
He his ship was unable to handle—

* Supposed to be St. Katharine's Docks.

† A legal term, implying the captain to whom the ship was intrusted.

And so she was lost, on a coral-reef tost,
Off the coast of Coromandel.

And out of the "Scaly-nosed Snake's" whole crew
(They numbered in all a score),
The terrier and Jack were the only two
That managed to swim to shore:—
For Jack, I suppose, is not one of those
For whom there is drowning in store!*

But when Jack and the terrier reached the land,
To the former's consternation,
He discovered the natives, a mighty band,
Drawn up like a deputation,
With prompt designs (so he judged by their signs)
To make of him cold collation.

But he speedily found that his guess was wrong,
For they showed him the greatest civility,
And wriggled and writhed as they led him along
With a superabundant agility.
To explain they would bring him at once to the king
To the best of their poor ability.

But when he arrived at the Majesty's court,
Where were seated the King and Prime Minister,
He found them by no means addicted to sport,
But to wearing a countenance sinister;
For they both kept on keeping incessantly weeping—
Quite strangers their cheeks to a grinny stir!

The Minister greeted our friend with a tear,
And the King with a groan of "Alack!"
But "Shiver my topsail-lee-scuppers, what cheer?
Look lively, my hearties!" cried Jack;

* A delicate allusion to the proverb, "Those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned."

" Please your Majesty, don't get piping your eye,"
And he lent him a slap on the back !

Thereat the Prime Minister gravely arose,
Looking fierce and forbidding as Phocion,
Then sadly and solemnly blew he his nose,
With a view to conceal his emotion.
Said he, " If you'd know the cause of our woe,
I'll endeavour to give you a notion.

" And first, let me state, for your full information,
When our great-great-*great* grandsires were brats,
That from sunrise to sundown the whole of the nation
Was sorely infested with rats.
But at last of *mus rattus* a riddance we gat us—
And then our affliction was cats !

" One Whittington, he was the man who brought
To our rat-eaten country a kitten.
When it cleared off our pest, how little we thought
With a new kind of plague we were smitten ;
For about his good hap this imprudent young chap
To his friends and relations had written :

" And lo ! thenceforth every merchantman here
Brought a shipload of cats for a cargo ;
Till, our cat-ridden nation beginning to fear
Such importing would rather too far go,
On ships that would deal in commodities feline
His Majesty laid an embargo.

" But alas ! the precaution was only a mockery !
For the cats now o'er all hold the sway—
They shatter our windows and throw down the crockery,
And carry our victuals away ;
They kill our canaries, and clear out our dairies—
They keep us awake with their nightly vagaries—

And the cold loins of lamb they purloin from our
'aireys'—

In fact there's the mischief to pay ! ”

Jack winked his eye with a cheery smile,

And “ Old fellow,” he chuckled, “ if that's

The only cause of your sadness, I'll

Effect a clean sweep of the cats !

This bandy-legged terrier will soon make you merrier ;

If he doesn't—I'll eat up your hats ! ”

So his bandy-legged, stumpy-tailed terrier cur,

Those cats he incited to worry.

There was spitting and scratching and flying of fur,

With a great caterwauling and scurry—

But the end of the fray was—the dog had the day,

For the cats had decamped in a hurry !

Then Jack he was loaded with silver and gold,

Pearls, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies—

Of the sum of his millions of millions, I'm told,

Twenty-seven exactly the cube is,

But he breathed in no ear how he'd won them, for fear

Of the weak imitation of boobies.

MORAL.

He returned, it is said, to the City, and there

Took a house, but afraid of disgraces,

When he learnt 'twas intended to make him Lord May'r,

Disappeared from it, leaving no traces ;

But, by latest advices, retails penny ices,

And was seen t'other day at the Races.

TROTTY VECK.

Arranged for public reading, from Dickens' "Chimes."

High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the murmur of the town, and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops ; so many centuries ago that the register of their baptism was lost, long, long before the memory of man, and no one knew their names. They had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy), and had their silver mugs, no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs ; and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church-tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices had these Bells ; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind ; they had sometimes been known to beat a blustering "Nor'-Wester ;" aye, "all to fits," as Toby Veck said ; for though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make it anything else, either (except Tobias), without a special Act of Parliament ; he having been as lawfully christened, in his day, as the Bells had been in theirs, though with not quite so much of solemnity or public rejoicing.

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief, for I am sure he had opportunities enough of forming a correct one. And whatever Toby Veck said, I say. And I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he did stand (all day long, and weary work it was) just outside the church door. In fact, he was a ticket porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

54 and 56 Warren St. New York.

Saml. and Henry Cole.

proprietors

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was to wait in, in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, “Why, where is he?” Instantly, his little white apron would be caught up over his head, like a naughty boy’s garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle, unavailingly, in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself, all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged, and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle that he wasn’t carried off bodily into the air, as a colony of frogs or snails or other very portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn’t make it. He could have walked faster—perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn’t well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage (always high) rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the

way ; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down ; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that any other man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted, making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footsteps in the mire ; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment for the thumb only, and a common room for the rest of the fingers ; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

In short, these same bells were very often in his ears, and very often in his thoughts, but always in his good opinion ; and he very often got such a crick in his neck by staring with his mouth wide open, at the steeple where they hung, that he was fain to take an extra trot or two afterwards, to cure it.

The very thing he was in the act of doing one cold day, when the last drowsy sound of twelve o'clock just struck, was humming like a melodious monster of a bee, and not by any means a busy bee, all through the steeple !

"Dinner-time—eh !" said Toby, trotting up and down before the church. "Ah-h !"

Toby's nose was very red, and his eyelids were very red, and he winked very much, and his shoulders were very near his ears, and his legs were very stiff, and altogether he was evidently a long way upon the frosty side of—Cool.

"Dinner-time—eh ?" repeated Toby, using his right-hand muffler like an infantine boxing-glove, and punishing his chest for being cold. "Ah-h-h !"

He took a silent trot after that for a minute or two.

"There's nothing," said Toby, breaking in afresh—but here he stopped short in his trot, and with a face

of great interest and some alarm, felt his nose carefully all the way up. It was but a little way (not being much of a nose), and he had soon finished.

"I—I thought it was gone," said Toby, trotting off again; "it—it's all right, however. I am sure I couldn't blame it if it was to go. It has a precious hard service of it in the bitter weather, and precious little to look forward to, for I don't take snuff myself. It's a good deal tried, poor creetur, at the best of times; for when it does get hold of a pleasant whiff or so (which ain't too often), it's generally from somebody else's dinner a-comin' from the baker's."

The reflection reminded him of that other reflection which he had left unfinished.

"There's nothing," said Toby, "more regular in its coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in its coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em. It's took me a long time to find it out. I wonder whether it would be worth any gentleman's while to buy that obseruation for the papers now or the Parliament."

Toby was only joking, for he gravely shook his head in self-depreciation. "Why, bless us, the papers is full of obseruations as it is, and so's the Parliament. It frightens me a'most. I don't know what we poor people are a-coming to. Heaven send we may be coming to something better in the new year nigh upon us. After all, I can't make out whether we poor people have any business on the earth or not."

"Why, father, father," said a pleasant voice hard by.

Toby started, stopped, and, looking round, found himself face to face with his own child, and looking close into her eyes.

Bright eyes they were. Eyes that would bear a world of looking in, before their depth was fathomed. Dark eyes, that reflected back the eyes which searched them; not flashingly or at the owner's will, but with a clear, calm, honest, patient radiance, claiming kindred with that

light which heaven called into being. Eyes that were beautiful and true, and beaming with hope. With hope so young and fresh: with hope so buoyant, vigorous and bright, despite the twenty years of work and poverty on which they had looked, that they became a voice to Trotty Veck, and said, "I think we have some business here—a little."

Trotty kissed the lips belonging to the eyes, and squeezed the blooming face between his hands.

"Why, pet," said Trotty, "what's to do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father; but here I am. And not alone—not alone."

"Why, you don't mean to say," observed Toby, looking curiously at a covered basket which she carried in her hand, "that you —"

"Smell it, father dear—only smell it!"

Trotty was going to lift up the cover at once in a great hurry, when she gaily interposed her hand.

"No! no! no! Lengthen it out a little. Let me just lift up the corner; just the lit-tle ti-ny cor-ner, you know. There, now. What's that?"

Toby took the shortest possible sniff, and cried out, "Why, it's hot."

"It's burning hot. It—it—it's scalding hot."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Toby, with a sort of kick. "Scalding hot?"

"But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come, you haven't guessed what it is, and you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry. Wait a minute. A little more of the cover. There—now guess."

Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid, the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah! it's very nice. It ain't—I suppose it ain't polonies?"

"No! no! no! nothing like polonies."

"No; it's mellower than polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's—it's—it's too decided for trotters. Ain't it?"

Meg was in ecstasies. He could not have gone wider of the mark than trotters, except polonies.

"Liver? No—there's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No! it ain't faint enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of cocks' heads. And I know it ain't sausages. I'll tell you what it is—it's chitterlings."

"No, it ain't—no, it ain't—no, it ain't."

"Why, what am I a-thinkin' on? I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

Tripe it was; and Meg in great joy protested he would say, in half a minute more, it was the best tripe ever stewed.

"And so," said Meg, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket-handkerchief, and if I like to be proud for once and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me; is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear. But they're always a-bringin' up some new law or another."

"Well, now, father, make haste, for there's a hot potato besides, and half a pint of fresh drawn beer in a bottle. Where will you dine, father? On the posts, or on the steps? Dear, dear, how grand we are. Two places to choose from!"

"The steps to-day, my pet; steps in dry weather, post in wet. There is a greater convenience in the steps at all times, because of the sitting down; but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then, here—here it is, all ready! And beautiful it looks. Come, father, come!"

As he was stooping to sit down, the chimes rang.

"Amen!" said Toby, pulling off his hat and looking up towards them.

"Amen to the Bells, father?"

"They broke in like a grace, my dear. They'd say a good one, I'm sure—if they could. Many's the kind thing they say to me."

"The Bells do, father? Well—"

"Seem to, my pet. And where's the difference? If I hear 'em, what does it matter whether they speak or not? Why, bless you, my dear, how often have I heard them say, 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby; Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby.' A million times? More."

"Well, I never."

She had, though—over and over again.

"When things is very bad—very bad indeed, I mean, almost at the worst—then it's 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby; Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby.' That way."

"And it comes—at last, father?"

"Always. Never fails."

"Why, Lord forgive me," said Toby, dropping his knife and fork, "my dear—Meg—why didn't you tell me what a beast I was?"

"Father!"

"Sitting here, crammin' and stuffin' and gorgin' myself; and you before me there, never so much as breaking your precious fast, nor wanting to, when——"

"But I have broken it, father—all to bits. I have had my dinner."

"Nonsense! Two dinners in one day! It ain't possible! You might as well tell me that two New Year's days will come together, or that I have had a gold head all my life, and never changed it."

"I have had my dinner, father, for all that, and if you'll go on with yours, I'll tell you how and where; and how your dinner came to be brought; and—and—and something else besides."

Toby still appeared incredulous, but resumed his

knife and fork, shaking his head as if he were not at all pleased with himself.

"I had my dinner, father, with—with—Richard. His dinner-time was early, and as he brought his dinner with him when he came to see me, we—we had it together, father."

"Oh!"

"And Richard says, father." Meg stopped—then resumed—then stopped.

"What did Richard say, Meg?"

"Richard says, father"—another stoppage.

"Richard's a long time in saying it."

"He says, father, another year is nearly gone, and where is the use of waiting on from year to year, when it is so unlikely we shall ever be better off than we are now? He says we are poor now, father, and we shall be poor then, but we are young now, and years will make us old before we know it. He says that if we wait—people in our condition—until we see our way quite clearly, the way will be a narrow one indeed—the common way—the grave, father.

"So Richard says, will I marry him on New Year's day—the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice—isn't it, father? But I haven't my fortune to be settled, like the great ladies, father, have I? And I said I'd come and talk with you, father. And as they paid the money for that work of mine this morning (unexpectedly, I am sure), and as you have fared very poorly for a whole week, and as I couldn't help wishing there would be something to make this day a sort of holiday for you, as well as a dear and happy day to me, father, I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you."

"THE THISTLE."

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

*George Murray, B.A., Oxon, First Classical Master in
the High School of Montreal.*

'Twas midnight ! Darkness, like the gloom of some
funereal pall,
Hung o'er the battlements of Slaines,—a fortress strong
and tall.
The moon and stars were veiled in clouds, and from the
Castle's height
No gleam of torch or taper pierced the shadows of the
night ;
Only the rippling of the Dee blent faintly with the
sound
Of weary sentry-feet that paced their slow unvarying
round.

The Earl was sleeping like a child that hath no cause
for fear ;
The Warder hummed a careless song, his lonely watch
to cheer ;
Knight squire and page, on rush-strewn floors, were
stretched in sound repose,
While spears and falchions, dim with dust, hung round
in idle rows,—
And none of all those vassals bold, who calmly dream-
ing lay,
Dream'd that a foe was lurking near, impatient for the
fray.

But in that hour,—when Nature's self serenely seemed to
sleep,—
In the dim valley of the Dee, a bow-shot from the
Keep,

A ghost-like multitude defiled, in silence, from the
 wood
 That, with its stately pines, concealed the Fort for
 many a rood,—
 The banner of that spectral host is soiled with murd'rous
 stains,—
 They are the "Tigers of the Sea,"* the cruel-hearted
 Danes !

Far o'er the billows they have swept to Caledonia's
 strand,—
 They carve the record of their deeds with battle-axe and
 brand,—
 Their march each day is tracked with flame, their path
 with carnage strown,
 For Pity is an angel-guest their hearts have never known ;
 And now the caitiffs steal by night to storm the Fort of
 Shames—
 They reck not of the fiery blood that leaps in Scottish
 veins !

Onward they creep with noiseless tread—their treach'rous
 feet are bare,
 Lest the harsh clang of iron heels their slumb'ring prey
 should scare ;
 "Yon moat," they vow, "shall soon be cross'd, yon
 rampart soon be scaled,
 And all who hunger for the spoil, with spoil shall be
 regaled.
 Press on—press on—and high in air the Raven Stand-
 ard wave ;
 Those drowsy Scots this night shall end their sleep—
 within the grave !"

* In Turner's "*Anglo-Saxons*," Book iv. Chap vi., the Danes
 are called "The Tigers of the Baltic."

Silent as shadows, on they glide—the gloomy fosse is
nigh—

“Glory to Odin, victory’s Lord ! its shelving depths are
dry ;

Speed, warriors, speed”—but, hark ! a shriek of agoniz-
ing pain

Bursts from a hundred Danish throats—again it rings,
again !

Rank weeds had overgrown the moat, now drained by
summer’s heat,

And bristling crops of thistles pierced the raiders’ naked
feet !

That cry, like wail of pibroch, stirred the sentry’s kind-
ling soul,

And, shouting “Arms ! to arms !” he sped the Castle
bell to toll ;

But ere its echoes died away upon the ear of night,
Each clansman started from his couch, and armed him
for the fight ;

The draw-bridge falls,—and, side by side, the banded
heroes fly

To grapple with the pirate-horde, and conquer them or
die !

As eagles, on avenging wings, from proud Ben Lomond’s
crest

Swoop fiercely down, and dash to earth the spoilers of
their nest ;—

As lions bound upon their prey,—or as the burning
tide

Sweeps onward with resistless might from some volcano’s
side,—

So rushed that gallant band of Scots—the Garrison of
Slaines—

Upon the “Tigers of the Sea”—the carnage-loving
Danes.

The lurid glare of torches served to light them to their
foes—
They hewed those felons, hip and thigh, with stern, re-
lentless blows—
Claymore, and battle-axe, and spear were steeped in
slaughter's flood,
While every thistle in the moat was splashed with crim-
son blood ;
And when the light of morning broke, the legions of the
Danes
Lay stiff and stark, in ghastly heaps, around the Fort of
Slaines !

Nine hundred years have been engulfed within the grave
of Time,
Since those grim Vikings of the North by death atoned
their crime.
In memory of that awful night, the thistle's hardy
grace
Was chosen as the emblem meet of Albin's dauntless
race ;
And never since, in battle's storm, on land or on the
sea,
Hath Scotland's honour tarnished been ;—God grant it
ne'er may be !

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

J. G. Whittier.

Under the green trees, just over the way,
Jack in the pulpit preaches to-day ;
Squirrel and song-sparrow, high on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily bells ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence rises to say,
In his queer little pulpit this fine Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy over him seen,
Painted by nature's hand black, brown and green.
Green is his pulpit, green are his hands ;
In his queer little pulpit the little priest stands

In black and white velvet, so gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice the chorister bee ;
Green fingers playing unseen on wind lyres,
Bird voices singing, these are his choirs.
The violets are deacons ; I know by this sign,
The cups that they carry are purple with wine.
The columbines bravely as sentinels stand
On the look-out, with all their red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones drooping and sad,
Great yellow violets smiling out glad ;
Buttercups' faces beaming and bright,
Clovers with bonnets, some red, some white ;
Daisies, their fingers half clasped in prayer,
Dandelions, proud of the gold of their hair ;
Innocents, children, guileless and frail,
Their meek little faces upturned and pale ;
Wild wood geraniums all in their best,
Languidly leaning in purple gauze dressed ;
All are assembled this sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest in his pulpit will say.

Lo, white Indian pipes on the green mosses lie ;
Who has been smoking profanely, so nigh ?
Rebuked by the preacher, the mischief is stopped,
But the sinners in haste have their little pipes dropped ;
Let the wind with the fragrance of fern and black birch
Blow the smell of the smoking clear out of the church.

So much for the preacher—the sermon comes next ;

Shall we tell how he preached it, and where was the text?

Alas! like too many grown-up folks who worship
In churches man-built, to-day,
We heard not the preacher expound or discuss;
We looked at the people and they looked at us;
We saw all their dresses, their colours and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets, the cut of their capes;
We heard the wind organ, the bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit we heard not a word.

BUGLE SONG.

Alfred Tennyson.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

DRAMATIC READING.

Edward W. Cox.

By the term "Dramatic Reading" I do not intend merely the reading of drama, but reading dramatically whatever is dramatic, whether it be or be not a drama in name or form. There is scarcely any kind of composition that does not contain something dramatic, for there are few writings so dull as to be unenlivened by an anecdote, an episode or apologue, a simile or an illustration, and these are for the most part more or less dramatic. Wherever there is a dialogue there is drama. No matter what the subject of the discourse—whether it be grave or gay, or its object be to teach or only to amuse,—if it assume to speak through any agency other than the writer in his own proper person, there is drama. As, in music, we have heard Mendelssohn's exquisite Songs without Words, wherein the airs by their expressiveness suggest the thoughts and feelings the poet would have embodied in choicest language and desired to marry to such music, so, in literature, there is to be found drama without the ostensible shape of drama; as in a narrative whose incidents are so graphically described that we see in the mind's eye the actions of all the characters, and from these actions learn the words they must have spoken when so acting and feeling.

Moreover, drama belongs exclusively to humanity. It attaches to the "*quicquid agunt homines.*" It is difficult to conceive, and almost impossible to describe, any doings of men that are not dramatic. All the external world might be accurately painted in words, without a particle of drama, though with plenty of poetry; but, certainly, two human beings cannot be brought into communication without a drama being enacted. Their intercourse could only be described dramatically, and that which is so described requires to be read dramatically. Of this

art the foundation is an accurate conception of the various characters, and the perfection of the art is to express their characteristics truly, each one as such a person would have spoken had he really existed at such a time and in such circumstances. The dramatist and the novelist conceive certain ideal personages; they place them in certain imaginary conditions; then they are enabled, by a mental process which is not an act of reasoning but a special faculty, to throw their own minds into the state that would be the condition of such persons so situated, and forthwith there arises within them the train of feelings and thoughts natural to that situation. It is difficult to describe this mental process clearly in unscientific language, but it will be at once admitted that something very like it must take place before Genius, sitting in a lonely room, could give probable speech and emotion to creatures of the imagination. That is the dramatic art of the author, and, because it is so difficult and rare, it is the most highly esteemed of all the accomplishments of authorship.

For the right reading of dialogue very nearly the same process is required. You must, in the first place, comprehend distinctly the characters supposed to be speaking in the drama. You must have in your mind's eye a vivid picture of them, as suggested by the author's sketch in outline. Next, you must thoroughly understand the meaning of the words the author has put into their mouths—that is to say, what thoughts those words were designed to express. This fancy portrait will suggest the manner of speaking; and then, clearly comprehending the meaning of the words, you will naturally utter them with the right tones and emphasis.

As the great author, having conceived a character and invented situations for it, by force of his genius, and without an effort of reason, makes him act and talk precisely as such a person would have acted and talked in real life; so the great actor, mastering the author's design, rightly and clearly comprehending the character

he assumes, and learning the words that character is supposed to speak, is able to give to those words the correct expression, not as the result of a process of reasoning, but instinctively, by throwing his mind into the position of the character he is personating. So does the good reader become for the time the personages of whom he is reading, and utters their thoughts as themselves would have uttered them. A reader must be an orator without the action.

Until you have attained to the ready use of this faculty of personation, you cannot be a good reader of dialogue; but it is a faculty capable of cultivation, and certain to improve by practice. Bashfulness is a very frequent cause of failures that are supposed to result from apparent lack of the faculty itself. Almost every reader shrinks at first from reading in character. He fears failure; he wants the courage to break down and try again; he is scared by his own voice, and has no confidence in his own capacities.

But I desire to impress upon you that dialogue must be read dramatically, or it had better not be read at all; and, that there may be no tendency to read it otherwise, make it a rule from the beginning of your practice of the art to read dramatically, whatever the book in your hand, and however unsatisfactory the manner in which you may do so at first. . . .

Dialogue is the very best practice for students of the art of reading. Nothing so rapidly and effectually destroys personal mannerisms. In other readings, it is yourself that speaks, and you speak according to your habits, which are more likely to be bad than good. But in dialogue you speak, not as yourself, but as some other person, and often as half a dozen different persons, so that you are unconsciously stripped of your own mannerisms. You must infuse into your style so much life and spirit—you must pass so rapidly from one mode of utterance to another, that the most inveterate habits are rudely shaken.

Dialogue is not only excellent practice for yourself, but, well read, it is the most pleasant of all forms of composition to listen to. It never wearies the ear by monotony, for the tones of the voice change with every sentence; nor the mind by overtaxing thought, for each speaker suggests a new train of ideas.

Being such, how should dialogue be read?

Dialogue must everywhere and at all times be read in character. Whosoever what you read assumes the form of a conversation between two or more persons, all that is represented as spoken should be read precisely as such descriptions, sentiments or arguments would have been uttered by such persons as the supposed speakers. I repeat, that you must read these in character, changing the character with each part in the dialogue, and preserving throughout the same manner of reading each of the parts, so that it shall not be necessary for you to name the speaker, but the audience shall know, from your utterance of the first half-dozen words, which of the characters is supposed to be speaking. And the change must be instantaneous. There must be no pause to think who the next speaker is, and what he is, and how you would represent him, or how you have already represented him; but you must pass from one to the other without hesitation and apparently without an effort. There is no emotion of the mind which you may not thus be required to express without any preparation, and the changes to opposite emotions are often most abrupt. In short, as I have before observed, a good reader will read as a good actor speaks, only in more subdued fashion, as speech is, naturally, when not accompanied by action.

This is what you should do; but how may you acquire the art of doing it?

Its difficulty cannot be denied. It demands some physical qualifications, wanting which success is impossible. You must possess a certain degree of flexibility of voice, or you will be unable to modify it for the dif-

ferent personages in the dialogue. All who have emotions can express them, but something more than that is necessary for the reading of dialogue. It would not do to express the emotions of a clown in the tones of a gentleman, and *vice versa*.

But apart from the true expression of the emotion, there is a manner of expression that is quite as requisite to be observed. If, for instance, you read the Trial Scene in "Pickwick," the speech of Sergeant Buzfuz should not only rightly express the ideas put into an advocate's mouth, but also the characteristic manner of his utterance of them. So with the examination of Sam Weller and the other witnesses. Some persons are physically incompetent to this; they cannot mould their voices, nor put off their own characters, nor assume other characters than their own.

But although there is no hope where the faculty is wholly wanting, if it exists, however feebly, it is capable of great improvement; not without limit, indeed, but the terminus cannot be assigned. So, unless you are conscious of entire incapacity, address yourself to the task hopefully and resolutely, undeterred by failure, because through failure you will best learn how to succeed. And the first qualification is courage.

Until you can do this, you will not have learned the art of reading dialogue; in which, as I asserted at the beginning of this letter, is comprised the whole art of Reading.

II.
DRAMATIC PIECES.

FROM "IVANHOE."

THE BLACK KNIGHT (KING RICHARD I.) AND FRIAR
TUCK (THE CLERK OF COPMANHURST).

SCENE: *The Hermit's Cell.*

The Knight (knocking loudly without).

The Clerk. Pass on, whosoever thou art, and disturb not the servant of God and Saint Dunstan in his evening devotions.

Knight. Worthy father, here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality.

Clerk. Good brother, it has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to destine me for the object of these virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nature would despise my couch; pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee.

Knight. But how is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road.

Clerk. And I pray you, good Christian brother, to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves* and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise.

Knight. The road—the road! Give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee.

Clerk. The road is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path which hangs over the river has lately, as I learn (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel), given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward ———

Knight. A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass! Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard, or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—ill deserved, as I doubt it is—hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly, or, by the road, I will beat it down and make entry for myself.

Clerk. Friend wayfarer, be not importunate. If thou puttest me to the use of carnal weapon, in my own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you. But patience—patience; spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure.

Knight (entering). The poverty of your cell, good father, should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of these two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and, of course, to match with most men.

Clerk. The good keeper of the forest hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend. (*Places a stool for each, and they sit.*)

Knight. Reverend hermit, were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness: first, where am I to put my

horse?—secondly, what can I have for supper?—thirdly, where am I to take up my couch for the night?

Clerk. I will reply to you with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose. (*Pointing successively to two corners of the hut.*) Your stable is there—your bed there; and (*reaching down a platter of parched peas*) your supper is here. This water is from the well of Saint Dunstan, in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!

Knight. It seems to me, reverend father, that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched peas and cold water.

Clerk. Sir Knight, your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens.

Knight. Holy father, upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?

Clerk. Thou mayst call me the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts; they add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—And now, valiant Knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?

Knight. Truly, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished.

Clerk. I see, Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel ; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been to the licence of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities ; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations.

Knight. I dare be sworn he did so ; I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl.—Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow ; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these peas, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse provender and horse beverage (*pointing to the provisions upon the table*), and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay.

[*The hermit, with a comic expression of hesitation, produces a large pasty and places it before his guest.*]

Knight. How long is it since the good keeper has been here ?

Clerk. About two months.

Knight. Everything in your hermitage is miraculous, holy Clerk ! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week. I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk, and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable ; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom.

Clerk. To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule.

Knight. Holy Clerk, I would gage my good horæ

yonder against a zecchin, that the same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite ; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture. Ha ! ha ! I thought so. Thanks, reverend father.

Clerk. Waes hael, Sir Sluggish Knight.

Knight. Drink hael, holy Clerk of Copmanhurst. Holy Clerk, I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who wherewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencher-man, should think of abiding by himself in the wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the k's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain.

Clerk. Sir Sluggish Knight, these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an' my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging.

Knight. Nevertheless, were I as thou, I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon,—as I pattered my prayers,—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime ?

Clerk. Friend Sluggard, thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God

sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup and welcome ; and do not, I pray thee, by farther impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee.

Knight. By my faith, thou makest me more curious than ever ! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met ; and I will know more of thee ere I part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with.

Clerk. Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee, respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity.

Knight. Thy health, most valiant Clerk ; name thy weapons.

Clerk. There is none, from the scissors of Delilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael to the scimitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the selection, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets ?

(Produces a couple of broadswords and bucklers.)

Knight. I promise thee, brother Clerk, I will ask thee no more offensive weapons. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries, and I see a weapon here (*stoops and takes out a harp*) on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler.

Clerk. I hope, Sir Knight, thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of Sluggard. I do promise I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup ; let us drink, sing and be merry. If thou knowest

ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst as long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please Heaven, shall be till I change my grey covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp ; and nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle. (*Tunes the harp.*)

Knight. Methinks, holy father, the instrument wants one string, and the rest have been somewhat misused.

Clerk. Ay, mark'st thou that ? that shows thee a master of the craft. Wine and wassail—all the fault of wine and wassail ! I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel, that he would damage the harp if he touched it after the seventh cup, but he would not be controlled. Friend, I drink to thy successful performance.

Knight. I will essay, then, a ballad composed by a Saxon glee-man, whom I knew in Holy Land. (*Sings.*)

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

I.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came ;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field ;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour :—

II.

“Joy to the fair !—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold ;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed ;

His spurs, to dash against a foe,
 His lance and sword to lay him low ;
 Such all the trophies of his toil,
 Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile

III.

"Joy to the fair ! whose constant knight
 Her favour fired to feats of might ;
 Unnoted shall she not remain,
 Where meet the bright and noble train ,
 Minstrel shall sing and herald tell—
 'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
 'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
 The listed field at Askalon !'

IV.

" ' Note well her smile !—it edged the blade
 Which fifty wives to widows made,
 When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
 Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
 Seest thou her locks, whose sunny glow
 Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow
 Twines not of them one golden thread,
 But for its sake a Paynim bled.'

V.

"Joy to the fair !—my name unknown,
 Each deed, and all its praise thine own :
 Then, oh ! unbar this churlish gate,
 The night dew falls, the hour is late.
 Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
 I feel the north breeze chill as death ;
 Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
 And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.'

Clerk. By my halidame, a good song and well sung.
 And yet, I think my Saxon countrymen had herded long

enough with the Normans, to fall into the tone of their melancholy ditties. What took the honest knight from home? or what could he expect but to find his mistress agreeably engaged with a rival on his return, and his serenade, as they call it, as little regarded as the cater-wauling of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true lovers—I fear you are none, or thou wouldst not spoil this good wine with water.

Knight. Why, did you not tell me that this water was from the well of your blessed patron, St. Dunstan?

Clerk. Ay, truly, and many a hundred of pagans did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any of it. Everything should be put to its proper use in this world. St. Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a jovial friar.

Knight. Well, now for thy ditty.

Clerk. (*Sings.*)

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

I.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

II.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career, [a spear,
And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

III.

Your monarch?—Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown,
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar?

IV.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone.
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own ;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

V.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the perridge of plums ;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

VI.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot,
And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

VII.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope ;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Knight. By my troth, thou hast sung well and lustily,
and in high praise of thine order. And, talking of the
devil, Holy Clerk, are you not afraid he may pay you a
visit during some of your uncanonical pastimes ?

Clerk. I uncanonical ! I scorn the charge—I scorn
it with my heels !—I serve the duty of my chapel duly
and truly. Two masses daily, morning and evening,
primes, noons, and vespers, *aves, credos, paters*——”

Knight. Excepting moonlight nights, when the venison
is in season.

Clerk. *Exceptis excipiendis*, as our old abbot taught me
to say, when impertinent laymen should ask me if I kept
every punctilio of mine order.

Knight. True, holy father, but the devil is apt to keep an eye on such exceptions ; he goes about, thou knowest, like a roaring lion.

Clerk. Let him roar here if he dares ; a touch of my cord will make him roar as loud as the tongs of St. Dunstan himself did. I never feared man, and I as little fear the devil and his imps. Saint Dunstan, Saint Dubric, Saint Winibald, Saint Winifred, Saint Swibert, Saint Willick, not forgetting Saint Thomas a Kent, and my own poor merits to speed, I defy every devil of them, come cut and long tail.—But to let you into a secret, I never speak upon such subjects, my friend, until after morning vespers.

Knight. 'Tis near morning now, and I'll e'en rest for an hour before sunrise. So, mine hospitable father, pleasant dreams to you.

FROM "THE HEIR-AT-LAW."

George Colman, Jr.

LADY DUBERLY, HER SON RICHARD, AND DR. PANGLOSS.

Lady D. And how does my lord come on with his learning, doctor ?

Pang. Apt, very apt, indeed, for his age. Defective in nothing now but words, phrases and grammar.

Lady D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel ; but there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

Pang. Time may do much. But, as to my lord, everybody hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance. "My soul, a lie."—Shakespeare. Hem ! [*Aside.*]

Lady D. A mighty pretty spoken man !—And you are made tutor, I'm told, doctor, to my Dicky ?

Pang. That honour has accrued to your obsequious

servant, Peter Pangloss. I have now the felicity of superintending your ladyship's Dicky.

Lady D. I must not have my son thwarted, doctor; for when he has his way in everything, he's the sweetest-tempered youth in Christendom.

Pang. An extraordinary instance of mildness!

Lady D. Oh, as mild as mother's milk, I assure you. And what is he to learn, doctor?

Pang. Our readings will be various: logic, ethics and mathematics; history, foreign and domestic; geography, ancient and modern; voyages and travels; antiquities, British and foreign; natural history; natural and moral philosophy; classics; arts and sciences; belles lettres and miscellanies.

Lady D. Bless me! 'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Pang. "A little learning—"

Lady D. Little? A load!

Pang. "Is a dangerous thing."—Pope. Hem!

Lady D. And you have left out the main article.

Pang. What may your ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean! Why, dancing, to be sure.

Pang. Dancing? Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance?

Lady D. Between whiles, you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall. As my lord's valet plays on the kit, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

Pang. With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not with the heels of my pupil.

Lady D. Fiddle faddle! Lady Betty tells me that the heads of young men of fashion, now-a-days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the barber and dentist.

Pang. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom. But if your ladyship—

Lady D. Look ye, doctor;—he must learn to dance



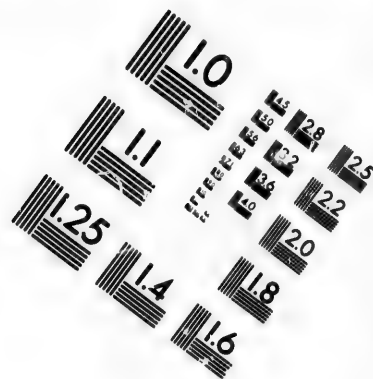
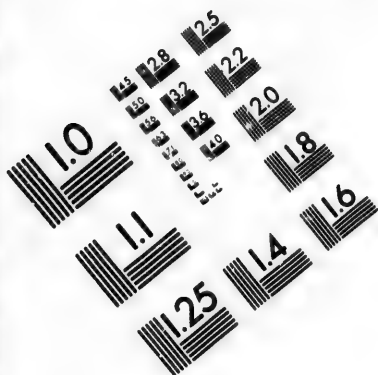
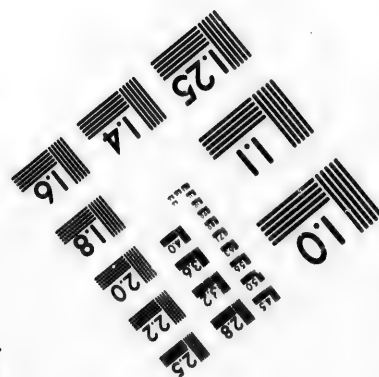
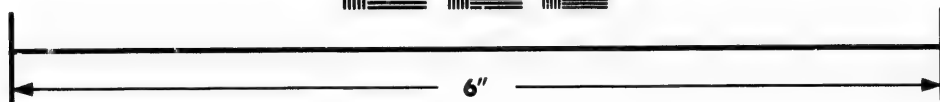
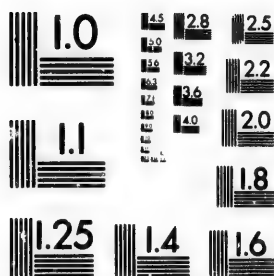


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and jabber French ; and I wouldn't give a brass farden for anything else. I know what's elegance ;—and you'll find the gray mare the better horse, in this house, I promise you.

Pang. Her ladyship is paramount. "*Dux foemina facti.*"—Virgil. Hem ! [Aside.]

Lady D. What's your pay here, Mr. Tutorer ?

Pang. Three hundred pounds per annum :—that is—six—no, three—no—ay—no matter :—the rest is between me and Mr. Dowlas. [Aside.]

Lady D. Do as I direct you in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

Pang. Double it ! What, again ! Nine hundred per annum ! [Aside.] I'll take it. "Your hand ; a covenant."—Shakespeare. Hem ! Bless me, I've got beyond the reading at last !

"I've often wished that I had, clear,
For life—"

[*Lord D. speaks without.*]

I hear, my lord—

"Nine hundred pounds a year."

Swift. Hem !

Enter LORD DUBERLY and DICK DOWLAS.

Lord D. Come along, Dick ! Here he is again, my lady. Twist, the tailor, happen'd to come in promiscuously, as I may say, and—

Pang. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

Lord D. Ay, accidentally—with a suit of my Lord Docktail's under his arm ; and, as we was in a bit of a rumpus to rig out Dick, why—

Pang. Dress, not rig—unless metaphorically.

Lord D. Well—to dress out—why, we—hump ! doctor, don't bother—in short, we popp'd Dick into 'em ; and, Twist says, they fit to a hair.

Dick. Yes, they are quite the dandy—aren't they,

mother? This is all the go, they say—cut straight—that's the thing—square waist—wrap over the knee, and all that. Slouch is the word now, you know.

Lady D. Exceeding genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick. They don't pinch—do they?

Dick. Oh no! just as if I'd been measured.

Lord D. Pinch? Why, my lady, they sit like a sack. But why don't you stand up? The boy rolls about like a porpus in a storm.

Dick. That's the fashion, father!—that's modern ease. Young Vats, the beau brewer, from the Borough, brought it down, last Christmas, to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing now without the Bond Street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles crammed into his coat pocket. Then away you go, lounging lazily along. "Ah, Tom! What! Will rolling away, you see! How are you, Jack? What! my little Dolly!"—that's the way—isn't it, mother?

Lady D. That's the very air and grace of our young nobility!

Lord D. Is it? Grace must have got plaguy limber and lopt, of late. There's the last Lord Duberly's father, done in our dining-room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops, too, in his time, they tell me; he carried a gold stick before George the First.

Lady D. Yes; and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallowed it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackeristick? A man should know how to bemean himself, when he is as rich as Pluto.

Pang. Plutus, if you please, my lord. Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion; but Plutus is the ruler of riches.

Lord D. There, Dick! d'ye hear how the tutorer talks? Odd rabbit, he can ladle you out Latin by the quart; and grunts Greek like a pig. I've gin him three

hundred a year, and settled all he's to larn you. Ha'n't I, doctor?

Pang. Certainly, my lord. "Thrice to thine—"

Dick. Yes, we know all about that. Don't we, doctor?

Pang. Decidedly—"and thrice to thine—"

Lady D. Aye, aye; clearly understood. Isn't it, doctor?

Pang. Undoubtedly—"And thrice again to make up nine."—Shakespeare. Hem!

SCENE FROM "LONDON ASSURANCE."

Dion Boucicault, author and actor.

SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, *in an elegant dressing-gown, and Greek skull-cap and tassels, &c.*

Sir H. Cool, is breakfast ready?

Cool. Quite ready, Sir Harcourt.

Sir H. Apropos. I omitted to mention that I expect Squire Harkaway to join us this morning, and you must prepare for my departure to Oak Hall immediately.

Cool. Leave town in the middle of the season, Sir Harcourt? So unprecedented a proceeding!

Sir H. It is! I confess it; there is but one power could effect such a miracle—that is divinity.

Cool. How?

Sir H. In female form, of course. Cool, I am about to present society with a second Lady Courtly; young—blushing eighteen; lovely! I have her portrait; rich! I have her banker's account—an heiress and a Venus!

Cool. Lady Courtly could be none other.

Sir H. Ha! ha! Cool, your manners are above your station. Apropos, I shall find no further use for my brocade dressing-gown.

Cool. I thank you, Sir Harcourt ; might I ask who the fortunate lady is ?

Sir H. Certainly ; Miss Grace Harkaway, the niece of my old friend, Max.

Cool. Have you never seen the lady, sir ?

Sir H. Never—that is, yes—eight years ago. Having been, as you know, on the Continent for the last seven years, I have not had the opportunity of paying my devoirs. Our connection and betrothal was a very extraordinary one. Her father's estates were contiguous to mine ;—being a penurious, miserly, *ugly* old scoundrel, he made a market of my indiscretion, and supplied my extravagance with large sums of money on mortgages, his great desire being to unite the two properties. About seven years ago, he died—leaving Grace, a girl, to the guardianship of her uncle, with this will :—if, on attaining the age of nineteen, she would consent to marry me, I should receive those deeds, and all his property, as her dowry. If she refused to comply with this condition, they should revert to my heir presumptive or apparent. She consents.

Cool. Who would not ?

Sir H. I consent to receive her 15,000*l.* a year.

Cool. Who would not ?

Sir H. So prepare, Cool, prepare ;—but where is my boy, where is Charles ?

Cool. Why—oh, he is gone out, Sir Harcourt ; yes, gone out to take a walk.

Sir H. Poor child ! A perfect child in heart—a sober, placid mind—the simplicity and verdure of boyhood, kept fresh and unsullied by any contact with society. Tell me, Cool, at what time was he in bed last night ?

Cool. Half-past nine, Sir Harcourt.

Sir H. Half-past nine ! Beautiful ! What an original idea ! Reposing in cherub slumbers, while all around him teems with drinking and debauchery ! Primitive sweetness of nature ! no pilot-coated, bear-skinned brawling !

Cool. Oh, Sir Harcourt !

Sir H. No cigar-smoking—

Cool. Faints at the smell of one.

Sir H. No brandy-and-water bibbing—

Cool. Doesn't know the taste of anything stronger than barley-water.

Sir H. No night parading—

Cool. Never heard the clock strike twelve, except at noon.

Sir H. In fact, he is my son, and became a gentleman by right of paternity—he inherited my manners.

Enter MAX HARKAWAY.

Max. Ha ! ha ! Sir Harcourt, I'm glad to see you ! Gi' me your fist—Dang it, but I'm glad to see you ! Let me see : six—seven years, or more, since we have met. How quickly they have flown !

Sir H. Max, Max ! give me your hand, old boy.—
[*Aside.*] Ah ! he is glad to see me ; there is no fawning pretence about that squeeze. Cool, you may retire.

[*Exit Cool.*]

Max. Why, you are looking quite rosy.

Sir H. Ah ! ah ! rosy ! Am I too florid ?

Max. Not a bit ; not a bit.

Sir H. I thought so.—[*Aside.*] Cool said I had put too much on.

Max. How comes it, Courtly, you manage to retain your youth ? See, I'm as grey as an old badger, or a wild rabbit ; while you are—are as black as a young rook. I say, whose head grew your hair, eh ?

Sir H. Permit me to remark, that all the beauties of my person are of home manufacture. Why should you be surprised at my youth ? I have scarcely thrown off the giddiness of a very boy—elasticity of limb—buoyancy of soul ! Remark this position—[*throws himself into an attitude.*] I held that attitude for ten minutes at Lady Acid's last *re-union*, at the express desire

of one of our first sculptors, while he was making a sketch of me for the Apollo.

Max. [*aside.*] Making a butt of thee for their gibes.

Sir H. Lady Sarah Sarcasm started up, and, pointing to my face, ejaculated, "Good gracious! does not Sir Harcourt remind you of the countenance of Ajax, in the Pompeian portrait?"

Max. Ajax!—humbug!

Sir H. You are complimentary.

Max. I'm a plain man, and always speak my mind. What's in a face or figure? Does a Grecian nose entail a good temper? Does a waspish waist indicate a good heart? Or, do oily perfumed locks necessarily thatch a well-furnished brain?

Sir H. It's an undeniable fact,—*plain* people always praise the beauties of the *mind*.

Max. Excuse the insinuation: I had thought the first Lady Courtly had surfeited you with beauty.

Sir H. No; she lived fourteen months with me, and then she left me.

Max. That, certainly, was flattering.

Sir H. I felt so, as I pocketed the ten thousand pounds damages.

Max. That must have been a great balm to your sore honour.

Sir H. It was—*Max*, my honour would have died without it; for on that year the wrong horse won the Derby—by some mistake. It was one of the luckiest chances—a thing that does not happen twice in a man's life—the opportunity of getting rid of his wife and his debts at the same time.

Max. Tell the truth, Courtly—did you not feel a little frayed in your delicacy—your honour, now? Eh?

Sir H. Not a whit. Why should I? I married *money*, and I received it—*virgin gold*! My delicacy and honour had nothing to do with it. The world pities the bereaved husband, when it should congratulate. No: the affair made a sensation, and I was the

object. Besides, it is vulgar to make a parade of one's feelings, however acute they may be: impenetrability of countenance is the sure sign of your highly-bred man of fashion.

Max. So a man must, therefore, lose his wife and his money with a smile—in fact, everything he possesses but his temper.

Sir H. Exactly; and greet ruin with *vive la bagatelle!* For example: your modish beauty never decomposes the shape of her features with convulsive laughter. A smile rewards the *bon mot*, and also shows the whiteness of her teeth. She never weeps impromptu—tears might destroy the economy of her cheek. Scenes are vulgar, hysterics obsolete; she exhibits a calm, placid, impenetrable lake, whose surface is reflection, but of unfathomable depth—a statue, whose life is hypothetical, and not a *prima facie* fact.

Max. Well, give me the girl that will fly at your eyes in an argument, and stick to her point.

Sir H. But etiquette, *Max!* remember etiquette!

Max. Hang etiquette! I have seen a man who thought it sacrilege to eat fish with a knife, that would not scruple to rise up and rob his brother of his birth-right in a gambling-house. Your thorough-bred, well-blooded heart will seldom kick over the traces of good feeling. That's my opinion, and I don't care who knows it.

Sir H. Pardon me—etiquette is the pulse of society, by regulating which, the body politic is retained in health. I consider myself one of the faculty in the art.

Max. Well, well; you are a living libel upon common sense, for you are old enough to know better.

Sir H. Old enough! What do you mean? I have not sown my wild oats yet.

Max. Time you did, at sixty-three.

Sir H. Sixty-three! Good gracious!—forty, 'pon my life! forty, next March.

Max. Why, you are older than I am.

Sir H. Oh! you are old enough to be my father.

Max. Well, if I am, I am; that's etiquette, I suppose. Poor Grace! how often I have pitied her fate! That a young and beautiful creature should be driven into wretched splendour, or miserable poverty!

Sir H. Wretched! wherefore? Lady Courtly wretched! Impossible!

Max. Will she not be compelled to marry you, whether she likes you or not?—a choice between you and poverty. [*Aside.*] And hang me if it isn't a tie! But why do you not introduce your son, Charles, to me? I have not seen him since he was a child. You would never permit him to accept any of my invitations to spend his vacation at Oak Hall,—of course, we shall have the pleasure of his company now.

Sir H. He is not fit to enter society yet. He is a studious, sober boy.

Max. Boy! Why, he's five-and-twenty.

Sir H. Good gracious! Max,—you will permit me to know my own son's age,—he is not twenty.

Max. I'm dumb.

Sir H. You will excuse me while I indulge in the process of dressing. Cool, prepare my toilet. That is a ceremony which, with me, supersedes all others. I consider it a duty which every gentleman owes to society, to render himself as agreeable an object as possible: and the least compliment a mortal can pay to nature, when she honours him by bestowing extra care in the manufacture of his person, is to display her taste to the best possible advantage; and so, *au revoir*.

SCENE FROM "QUEEN MARY."

*Tennyson.**Scene : WOODSTOCK.**The Princess Elizabeth and a Lady in Waiting.*

Lady. The colours of our Queen are green and
white ;

These fields are only green, they make me gape.

Elizabeth. There's whitethorn, girl.

Lady. Ay, for an hour in May.
But court is always May, buds out in masques,
Breaks into feather'd merriments, and flowers
In silken pageants. Why do they keep us here ?
Why still suspect your Grace ?

Elizabeth. Hard upon both.

[*Writes on the window with a diamond.*

Much suspected, of me

Nothing proven can be.

Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

Lady. What hath your Highness written ?

Elizabeth. A true rhyme.

Lady. Cut with a diamond ; so to last like truth.

Elizabeth. Ay, if truth last.

Lady. But truth, they say, will out,
So it must last. It is not like a word,
That comes and goes in uttering.

Elizabeth. Truth, a word !

The very Truth and very Word are one,
But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples ; every tongue
Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first.

Lady. I do not follow.

Elizabeth. How many names, in the long sweep of
time

That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
On the chance mention of some fool that once—
Brake bread with us, perhaps ; and my poor chronicle
Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bedingfield
May split it for a spite.

Lady. God grant it last,
And witness to your Grace's innocence,
Till doomsday melt it.

Elizabeth. Or a second fire,
Like that which crackled underfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,
And char us back again into the dust
We spring from. Never peacock against rain
Scream'd as you did for water.

Lady. And I got it.
I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to you—
I read his honest horror in his eyes.

Elizabeth. Or true to you ?

Lady. Sir Henry Bedingfield !
I will have no man true to me, your Grace,
But one that pares his nails ; to me ? the clown !
For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap
And gloss of court ; but of this fire he says,
Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,
Only a natural chance.

Elizabeth. A chance—perchance
One of those wicked wilfuls that men make,
Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I know
They hunt my blood. Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ
I might despair. But there hath some one come ;
The house is all in movement. Hence and see.

[Exit LADY.]

Milkmaid (singing wi hou)

Shame upon you, Robin,
 Shame upon you now !
 Kiss me, would you ? with my hands
 Milking the cow ?
 Daisies grow again,
 Kingcups blow again,
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
 Kiss'd me well, I vow ;
 Cuff him, could I ? with my hands
 Milking the cow ?
 Swallows fly again,
 Cuckoos cry again,
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
 Come and kiss me now ;
 Help it, can I ? with my hands
 Milking the cow ?
 Ringdoves coo again,
 All things woo again,
 Come behind and kiss me milking the cow !

Elizabeth. Right honest and red-cheek'd ; Robin was
 violent,

And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
 And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid,
 To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
 Then have my simple headstone by the church,
 And all things lived and ended honestly.
 I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter :
 Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet,
 The violence and the craft that do divide
 The world of nature ; what is weak must lie ;
 The lion needs but roar to guard his young ;

The lapwing lies, says "here" when they are there.
 Threaten the child ; "I'll scourge you if you did it."
 What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,
 To say "I did not?" and my rod's the block.
 I never lay my head upon the pillow
 But that I think, "Wilt thou lie there to-morrow?"
 How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
 Hath shock'd me back into the daylight truth
 That it may fall to-day! Those damp, black, dead
 Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death—
 Too dead ev'n for a death-watch! Toll of a bell,
 Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
 Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
 For there was life—and there was life in death—
 The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,
 Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, "Come away,
 The civil wars are gone for evermore:
 Thou last of all the Tudors, come away,
 With us is peace!" The last? It was a dream;
 I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has gone,
 Maid Marian to her Robin—by-and-by
 Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by night,
 And make a morning outcry in the yard;
 But there's no Renard here to "catch her tripping."
 Catch me who can; yet sometimes I have wish'd
 That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
 Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, Gardiner,
 Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess
 In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself
 Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when my Lord?
 God save the Queen. My jailor—

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

Bedingfield. One, whose bolts,
 That jail you from free life, bar you from death.
 There haunt some Papist ruffians hereabout
 Would murder you.

Elizabeth. I thank you heartily, sir,
 But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,

And God hath blest or cursed me with a nose—
Your boots are from the horses.

Bedingfield.

Ay, my Lady.

When next there comes a missive from the Queen
It shall be all my study for one hour
To rose and lavender my horsiness,
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

Elizabeth. A missive from the Queen : last time she
wrote,

I had like to have lost my life : it takes my breath :
O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,
Are you so small a man ? Help me : what think you,
Is it life or death ?

Bedingfield.

I thought not on my boots ;

The devil take all boots were ever made
Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it here,
For I will come no nearer to your Grace ;

[*Laying down the letter.*

And, whether it bring you bitter news or sweet,
And God hath given your Grace a nose, or not,
I'll help you, if I may.

Elizabeth.

Your pardon, then .

It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy ; with free wing
The world were all one Araby. Leave me now,
Will you, companion to myself, sir ?

Bedingfield.

Will I ?

With most exceeding willingness, I will ;
You know I never come till I be called.

[*Exit.*

Elizabeth. It lies there folded : is there venom in it ?
A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting.
Come, come, the worst !
Best wisdom is to know the worst at once.

[*Reads :*

“ It is the King's wish, that you should wed Prince
Philibert of Savoy. You are to come to Court on the
instant ; and think of this in your coming.

“ MARY THE QUEEN.”

Think ! I have many thoughts ;
 I think there may be birdlime here for me ;
 I think they fain would have me from the realm ;
 I think the Queen may never bear a child ;
 I think that I may be some time the Queen,
 Then, Queen indeed : no foreign prince or priest
 Should fill my throne, myself upon the steps.
 I think I will not marry anyone,
 Specially not this landless Philibert
 Of Savoy ; but, if Philip menace me,
 I think that I will play with Philibert—
 As once the holy father did with mine,
 Before my father married my good mother—
 For fear of Spain.

Enter LADY.

Lady. O Lord ! your Grace, your Grace,
 I feel so happy : it seems that we shall fly
 These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun
 That shines on princes.

Elizabeth. Yet, a moment since,
 I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,
 To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—
 A right rough life and healthful.

Lady. But the wench
 Hath her own troubles ; she is weeping now ;
 For the wrong Robin took her at her word.
 Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.
 Your Highness, such a milkmaid ?

Elizabeth. I had kept
 My Robins and my cows in sweeter order
 Had I been such.

Lady (slyly). And had your Grace a Robin ?

Elizabeth. Come, come, you are chill here ; you want
 the sun

That shines at court ; make ready for the journey.
 Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke. Ready at once

HOW TO MAKE LODGINGS PAY DOUBLE.

J. M. Morton.

MR. BOX, MR. FOX AND MRS. BOUNCER.

Fox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! (*His hair is very short.*) I look as if I had just been cropped for the militia! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind—I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. (*Knock.*) Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MRS. BOUNCER.

Mrs. B. Good morning, Mr. Fox. I hope you slept comfortable, Mr. Fox?

Fox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Fox.

Fox. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

Mrs. B. Certainly. (*Holding glass before Fox, who ties his cravat.*) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

Fox. Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat. (*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before.

Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Puts on hat.*) Now I'm off! By-the-bye, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast—

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Fox!

Fox. It is not only the case with the coals, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Fox! you surely don't suspect me!

Fox. I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it's the cat.

Mrs. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about, sir?

Fox. Grumble! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a Dictionary!

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Fox. Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G, you'll find "Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartments full of smoke?

Mrs. B. Why, I suppose the chimney—

Fox. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, you're not guilty of cheroots or Cubas?

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, Mr. Fox.

Fox. Nor partial to a pipe?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Fox. Then, how is it that—

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

Fox. At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

Mrs. B. Why the gentleman who has got the attics

is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet on the mantel-piece—

Fox. The mantel-piece! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

Mrs. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Fox. Ah, then you mean to say, that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

Mrs. B. Why—

Fox. Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I am going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up!

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I—

Fox. From the appearance of his out and man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Fox. Well, good morning Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir?

Fox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster!

Mrs. B. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Fox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work in a newspaper office all night and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Fox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I am getting double rent for my room, and neither

of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Fox's things out of Mr. Box's way. I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Fox spoke about it. Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Fox, becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes do differ so.

Box (Without.) Pooh—pooh!—Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir?

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! (*Going.*)

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I am going down?

Mrs. B. (Confused.) Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims—hats with naps, and hats without naps; in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir. And, by-the-bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favour, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I shall give you warning at once.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Box, do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you?

[Goes out slamming door after her.]

Box. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I have of getting rid of that old woman! Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere—*(Feeling in his pockets)*—I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—*(Produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on the table)*—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? *(Looking on mantel-piece, and taking box, opens it.)* Now 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees too bad! I had a whole box full three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my lucifer matches would be sacred! I'm certain Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! *(Places gridiron on fire, and then, with a fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.)* How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. *(Yawning again.)* Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so here goes.

Enter FOX, hurriedly.

Fox. Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven and a half minutes behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to

me—"Fox, I shan't want you to-day; you can have a holiday."—Thoughts of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner [*Puts chop on table.*] Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Holloa! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Holloa—[*Seeing lucifer-box on table*—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'm certain I did. Why, the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare! And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals and my gridiron to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that. [*Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron.*] Now, then, for my breakfast things. [*Goes out slamming door after him.*]

Box. [*Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtains.*] Come in, if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer. I wonder how long I've been asleep? Goodness gracious, my bacon! [*Leaps off bed and runs to the fireplace.*] Holloa! what's this? A chop! Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's, I'll be bound. She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too, and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? [*Seeing it on table.*] Here it is. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it. And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! [*Digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*] So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! [*With the fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*] I may as well lay my breakfast things.

Fox. [*Putting his head in quickly.*] Come in—come

in. [*Opens door, enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, and suddenly recollects.*] Oh, goodness, my chop! [*Running to fireplace.*] Holloa! what's this? The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Bless me, I can't stand this. Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that, who are you?

Fox. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that, what do you want?

Fox. Go to your attic, sir—

Box. *My* attic, sir? *Your* attic, sir!

Fox. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you do not instantly leave my apartment.

Box. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

Fox. *Your* apartment? Ha, ha! Come, I like that! Look here, sir. [*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*] Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent—

Box. [*Produces a paper, and holds it close to Fox's face.*] Ditto, sir!

Both. Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. BOUNCER runs in at door.

Mrs. B. What is the matter? [*FOX and BOX seize MRS. BOUNCER by the arm and drag her forward.*]

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Fox. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mrs. B. Well—but, gentlemen—

Fox. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him.*]

Box. Explain! [*Pulling her round to him.*] Whose room is this?

Fox. Yes, whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

Mrs. B. No.

Fox. There! You hear, sir, it belongs to me!

Mrs. B. No—it belongs to both of you!

Fox and Box. Both of us!

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry,—but you see, this gentleman—[*pointing to BOX*]—only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman—[*pointing*

to FOX]—at night, I thought I might venture until my little back second floor room was ready—

Fox and Box. [*Eagerly.*] When will your little back second floor room be ready?

Mrs. B. Why, to-morrow—

Fox. I'll take it!

Box. So will I!

Mrs. B. Excuse me; but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Fox and Box. True.

Fox. I spoke first, sir—

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go—

Fox. Go? Pooh, pooh!

Mrs. B. Now, don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—

Fox and Box. Then put it up!

Mrs. B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now, *do* keep your tempers.

SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS."

Sheridan.

A Dressing-room in MRS. MALAPROP'S Lodgings—
LYDIA sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand. *LUCY*,
as just returned from a message.

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could you not get *The Reward of Constancy*?

Lucy. No indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor *The Fatal Connexion*?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*?

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

Lucy. Or, *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked everywhere for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-eared it, it wa'n't fit to read.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb; and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here, ma'am.—[*Taking books from under her cloak and from her pockets.*] This is *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle*. Here are *The Tears of Sensibility*, and *Humphrey Clinker*. This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, written by herself, and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*, where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

Lyd. Very well—give me the sal volatile.

Lucy. Is it in the blue cover, ma'am?

Lyd. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. Oh, the drops!—here, ma'am.

Lyd. Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is.

Lucy. O ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lucy. They'll not come here.

Lucy. O! ma'am, they are both coming upstairs.

Lyd. •Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—thrust *Lord Aim-*

worth under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—so, so now—lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. O! ma'am! the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lyd. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em. [Exit LUCY.]

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP and Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no

preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he had been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit.]

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet.

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop,

that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fie fie, Sir Anthony ! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know ?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning ; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman ; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of our mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice.—Then, sir, she would have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries ;—but, above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do ; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she was saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you ; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal ?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you ; I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this;"—if he demurred, I knocked him down: and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o'my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—[*Calls.*] Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

Lucy. Oh, gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

PARVENUES.

MRS. CHARLOCK AND MISS MATILDA CHARLOCK.

Mrs. C. Well, I never! Why, Matilda, here's the Scaggs's advertising their house to be let for the summer! don't that show what a pretty state *his* affairs must be in? Your pa said they were agoing to pieces long ago; and he had a great mind to buy him up.

Matilda. I don't see that the house-letting has anything at all to do with it. Why, the Frimleys' daily governess told me that Lord Pettypeer was going to do the same (and you know she teaches the young Pettypeers), for he expects to make heaps of money by it during the Exhibition.

Mrs. C. Does he? Well I wish your pa would take it for us; it's just the part of town I should like to bring you out in. And as when poor old Merriton's gone, we shall have to offer Clara a home, she might just as well be left to look after the place here; for I expect when we do launch out in our proper sphere, I shall have my hands full.

Matilda. Oh, dear me! I almost dread it; for I'm

sure an aristocratic life must be very trying, particularly in the season ; and we had certainly better begin at once to accustom ourselves to the style of life, or we *shall* feel awkward when the time comes.

Mrs. C. Of course we must ; although I put your pa in a regular way, yesterday, because I proposed an " At home " once a week to him. He flew in such a passion, and, as usual, wanted to know the cost. But when I assured him that all we had to do was to send out invitations to two hundred more than the house would hold, light up the rooms, and leave all that came to cram themselves in a given time in as small a space as possible, and then drag their way out as they best could, he sobered down, and said—" Then be as fashionable as you like, for it seems to be more inconvenient to the guest than expensive to the host—consequently, it won't hurt me."

Matilda. Oh ! that's all right ! Well, then, ma, when shall we fix for the first " At home " ? and whom shall we ask ?

Mrs. C. Two questions I'm puzzled to answer. It's so very provoking, this illness of old Merriton coming just now ! He may die to-morrow, or linger for a month ; and he's so well known and liked in the City, that if we were to fix a time at a venture, and send out invitations, we couldn't calculate on any of the merchants ! they'd be sure to say your pa was slighting his uncle, and I don't believe one of them would come.

Matilda. Parcel of rubbish ! Then I'm sure they may stay away, for we can very soon get a really stylish circle about us, without a paltry merchant in it ! I wish you'd leave it to me, ma ; and say it shall be this day fortnight, and I'll let you see what a sensation party I can get up.

Mrs. C. I don't mind leaving it entirely in your hands. But be sure you ask the Blinkingtons, and upon no account forget the Foodles,—because they are very highly connected. Indeed, Ernest, Foodle's wife's brother-in-law, holds an appointment in al-most the Royal household ; and as I hope to see you presented some day,

I think it as well that we should secure friends as near the Court as possible.

Matilda. Lor, ma, I don't think so much of the Foodles. But when my list is made you shall see it, and I know that you'll approve of it. The whole of the Blinkingtons must come, of course; and their cousin, the Honourable Ginger Middlemist; and then the Fitz-Vernon Trails; and Lady Amphibula Grimes, and all her set. Lor! we shall soon make up the number; and I'll see at last if it isn't possible to have a decent party without hearing in every corner of the room that everlasting "business is business!" Ugh! I hate the very sound of it!

Mrs. C. That's just what I'm always telling your pa! We're not fit to mix with these City money-grubbers! I can't abide them. They're only fit, like old Merriton, to make money for high-minded people to spend. What's the time, Matilda?

Matilda. Just ten.

Mrs. C. Dear! dear! at half-past I'm expecting that clergyman's wife for cook's character, and here I'm not dressed. I must go and put on my moire antique, for these people think nothing of you unless you make an appearance.

Matilda. You look very well, ma! I'm sure I wouldn't put myself out of the way, for she's only a curate's wife.

Mrs. C. Well, if I do nothing else I must just put on my rings and chain, or I might as well be a nobody.

[*Exit* MRS. CHARLOCK.]

Matilda. Now, I wonder if I dare ask Marmaduke Pounce to our "At home?" No! I think not; because he does hang about one so, and might just stick himself in the way of some more distinguished admirer; and I confess I'd rather be Lady What's-your-name on five farthings a year than Mrs. Marmaduke Pounce with the ground rent of Cheapside and Cornhill for my pin-money.

SCENE FROM "THE KING OF THE COMMONS."

Rev. James White.

HOLYROOD—THE KING'S CLOSET.

Enter an ATTENDANT, conducting BISHOP.

Atten. His Grace will not be long ere he returns.
Please you, be seated.

Bishop. Guard well the prisoner. [*Exit Attendant.*]

On the eve of war
To leave his foes unwatched—his very camp
A scene of treason ; but I've laid my hand
On every loop in the net. 'Tis like the king—
Some playful hiding in a surgher suit—
I thought he had been sobered. That's his step.

Enter JAMES.

James. Ha ! my good lord—but we are unfitly geared
For shrift and penance ; we have rid for the life
Up hill—down dale. But you look big with care.
Out with it ; it will burst you.

Bishop. It befits
Neither my years nor my great calling, Sir,
Nor the meek spirit that should harbour here,
To mix in the fierce struggles in a court.

James. I know you well. Excuse me, good my
Lord,
If, with the flippant quickness of the tongue,
I hide the respect and deep reverence
Which my heart bears to the right reverend virtues
Of meekness, truth, and most sweet gentleness,
I've ever found in you.

Bishop. Ah, Sir ! I'm old—
It may be that my time is nearly done—

But I would fain, even to the end of my life,
 Bear you true service ; for I've mark'd in you
 Ever, from boyish days, a loving heart—
 Loving, though fiery ; and most merciful—
 Too merciful !

James. Nay ; not so, my good Lord.
 Ill fares it with kings' swords when the sharp blade
 Shines oftener in the subject's dazzled eyes,
 Than the pearl-studded heft and jewell'd sheath.

Bishop. There may be times when the steel blade is all
 That gives true value to the jewell'd sheath.

James. How mean you ? You were my preceptor,
 Sir—

Most kind—most wise : but you have told me often
 I lack'd the bridle, not the spur.

Bishop. The bridle,
 In your wild course of dalliance and deray ;
 The spur, in action fitting for a king.

James. Not so—by Heaven ! not so. Show me the
 deed

You'd have me do that's fitting for a king.
 And, though it tore the softest string i' my heart,
 I'll do it.

Bishop. Prepare you, then !

James. What is't, I say ?
 You think I have no higher, nobler thoughts
 Than suit a pageant king on silken throne ?
 My lord, you know me not.

Bishop. What would you do
 If treachery —

James. Pah ! you know of treachery, too.
 Fear not, my Lord—I'm glad 'twas only that !
 Whew !—my mind's easy now. Why, my good Lord,
 I thought 't had been some terribler thing than that.

Bishop. Than what, my liege ?

James. You'll see—you'll see ; fear not.
 I tell you a king's eye can see as clear
 As a good bishop's. Ere three hours are fled,

There will be proof. Come to our court at nine
You'll see some action then that fits a king ;
And, as you go, send me Lord Seton.

Bishop. Seton !

No ; save in keeping of the guard.

James. My Lord,

Say that again : perhaps I heard not right.

I told you to send Seton—my friend Seton—

Lord Seton—and you answered something What ?

Bishop. That he's the traitor I would warn you of.

James. Seton a traitor ? Seton, that I've loved
Since we were boys ! Ho ! Seton !—Rest you, Sir ;
You shall avouch this thing.—Seton ! ho ! Seton !

Bishop. My liege, I've proofs.

James. What say you ?—proofs ?

Bish. Ay, proofs,
Clearer than sunlight.

Enter ATTENDANT.

James [with dignity.] Take our greeting, Sir,
To the Lord Seton—we would see him here.

[Exit Attendant.]

Proofs ! and of Seton's guilt ! Can it be so ?
He was my friend—from five years old—so high ;
We'd the same masters, played at the same games—
Coits—golf. Fool ! fool ! to think that anything
Can bind a heart. I thought his heart was mine,
His love—his life—and to desert me now !
Viper ! He shall not live to laugh at me—
At the poor king that trusted. Viper—dog !
My Lord, this thing you say is full of proof ?

Bishop. Ay, Sir. Be firm.

James. Firm ! There's no tyrant king
That flung men's hearts to feed the beasts i' the circus ;
That tore men's limbs with horses for their sport ;
That sent men to the tigers, and looked on
To see them quivering in the monster's claw
Was half so firm—so pitiless !

Enter SETON.

You're here !

Seton. Welcome, kind liege, to Holyrood again !

James. Back—back—keep off me ! We're your king,
Lord Seton !

We will be just—we were in anger late.

We're calm.—Though it should burst my heart in twain

I will be calm. [*Aside.*]

Seton. My liege, what means this change ?

I am not used to hear so harsh a voice

From my kind master—from my friend !

James. Not that !

By Heaven, we're friend to not a man on earth !

No—never more !

Seton. You are unjust to me.

You wrong me—oh, you wrong me, Sir !

James [*Aside*]: Oh, Heaven !

That I should hear a traitor borrow thus

John Seton's voice, and look through Seton's eyes !

Now, then, my lord ; what say you of this man ?

Bishop. That he deceives you.

Seton. I ? you false-tongued—but,

Forgive me my rough speech ; you wear a garb

That checks my tongue.

James. In what does he deceive ?

Bishop. He and Lord Hume ——

James. What ! he, too ? Where's Lord Hume !

Bishop. I blame not him, my liege !

James. No. Is he true ?

Send me Lord Hume : I'd see at least one man

That keeps his faith !

Seton. My liege, I know not yet

What charge the good Lord Bishop brings against me :

But, if it's breach of faith, of love to you,

I will not say he lies—but it is false.

James. Say on—say on ; be sure your proof is strong ;

For this is such an hour, I would not live it,

For all the wealth of earth. Quick ! Have it o'er !

Bishop. You bear command, Lord Seton, of the host !

James. He does !

Bishop. And yet you entertain advice
With English Dacre. Nay, deny it not ;
I've seen the messenger in close discourse
At night, within your tent. I know his errand,
For I have trusty watchers in the camp.

James. Do you deny this ?

Seton. I cannot deny ——

James. Villain ! you can't deny ! Oh, shame, oh,
shame !

Where will you hide you ? But go on—we're calm.

Bishop. His errand was to offer you great sums
Of English gold.

James. Was this his errand ?

Seton. Yes.

James. And your base coward sword sprung not at
once

Forth from the sheath ? You did not slay the man ?

Seton. No !

Bishop. And he sent a message back to Dacre,
And gave the envoy passage, and safe conduct.

James. Is all this true ?—Oh, Seton, say the word
One little word—tell me it is not true !

Seton. My liege, 'tis true.

James. Then by the name we bear,
You die !—a traitor's death ! Sirrah ! the guard.
I will not look again to where he stands.

Enter GUARD : they stand by SETON.

Let him be taken hence—and let the axe
Rid me of——Seton ! is it so in truth,
That you've deceived me—joined my enemies ?
You—you—my friend—my playmate !—is it so ?
Sir, will you tell me wherein I have failed
In friendship to the man that was my friend ?
I thought I loved you—that in all my heart
Dwelt not a thought that wronged you.

Seton. You have heard

What my accuser says, and you condemn me—

I say no word to save a forfeit life—

A life is not worth having, wher't has lost

All that gave value to it—my sovereign's trust!

James [to the Bishop]. You see this man, Sir—he's
the self-same age

That I am. We were children both together—

We grew—we read in the same book—my Lord,

You must remember that?—how we were never

Separate from each other; well, this man

Lived with me, year by year; he counselled me,

Cheered me, sustained me—he was as myself—

The very throne that is to other kings

A desolate island rising in the sea—

A pinnacle of power, in solitude,

Grew to a seat of pleasance in his trust.

The sea, that chafed all round it with its waves,

This man bridged over with his love, and made it

A highway for our subjects' happiness—

And now! for a few pieces of red gold

He leaves me. Oh, he might have coined my life

Into base ingots—stript me of it all—

If he had left me faith in one true heart,

And I should ne'er have grudged him the exchange.

Go, now. We speak your doom—you die the death!

God pardon you! I dare not pardon you—

Farewell.

Seton. I ask no pardon, Sir, from you.

May you find pardon—ay, in your own heart,

For what you do this day!

Bishop. Be firm, my liege.

James. Away, away, old man!—you do not know—

You cannot know—what this thing costs me. Go!

I'm firm.

Seton. Who is it that accuses me?

'Tis like your noble nature to be sudden;

I thought you just no less.

James. Ha! hear you that?
Bring on your proof. Though his own tongue confess'd
Enough to whet the dullest axe to a point—
Where is that envoy?

Bishop. He is here, my liege.

James. Bring him. [*Exit Bishop.*]
Let the Lord Seton stay.

Enter BISHOP and English MESSENGER.

How now?

You came with message from Lord Dacre's camp?

Mes. From the Lord Dacre's self—so please you, Sir,
But will Lord Seton's letter of safe conduct
Bear me in surety?

James. Have no fear, my friend:
His letter of safe conduct! What contained
Your message to Lord Seton?

Mes. A free offer
Of twenty thousand marks.

James. For what—for what?

Mes. To stay inactive, or lead off the force,
When brought to face our army.

James. Was it so?
To leave me fenceless! and he answered you
Kindly—he paused a little, just a little
Before he struck his king, his friend, to the earth.
Out with it all!—He gave you a message back?
Is't so—is't so?

Mes. Yes, please your Majesty.

James. I knew it!—a few phrases—a regret—
A fear—a hope; but he agreed at last.
Tell me the answer he sent back to Dacre.

Bishop. [*Shows a letter.*] Here is the very letter—
I laid hold of it.

On the man's person.

James. Read, read, good Lord Bishop;
Blink not a word of it—a syllable;
Deliver it as we were Dacre's self,

Now, what says Seton, that degenerate Scot ?

Bishop. [*Reads.*] *This is my answer to Lord Dacre's message :*

*I trample with my heel on your foul bribe—
I send you scorn, and hatred, and defiance.*

James. More, more !

Bishop. *I cast my glove into your face,
And summon you to meet me, foot to foot,
When flies the Scottish banner on the Tweed
On Monday morn——*

James. Go on !

Bishop. *I call you slave,
To think to wean me from my loyalty,
My truth, my honour to my trusting King.*

James. Ha !—was it so ? Go forth, good messenger,
Bear you this chain of gold. [*Hurries the Messenger out.*]

*My good Lord Bishop,
What meant you ?—But no, no—you meant it well,
Go mind your priests, my lord,—meddle no more
In things like this. Keep to your duties, Sir ;
Bid not your priests be “firm”—tell them to be
Gentle, forgiving, trustful, but not firm ;
No more—no more. [*Hurries the Bishop out.*
Guards, leave my friend, Lord Seton.*

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Now we're alone ? Come, Seton ! Seton, here !
To my heart. [*They embrace.*] Why said you nothing ?

Seton. For I knew
Your justice 'self would be the pleader for me.

James. Ah, Seton, what a shock it gave my heart,
To think that you had left me. Pardon it ;
It was because I trusted you the most,
That the blow fell so heavy. I was wrong,
And you'll forgive me ; all my life shall be
A recompense for the vile thought that dwelt
But for ten minutes, —not a minute more,—
In my weak heart ; but tell me you'll forgive it,

Seton. Forgive it, my good liege,—

James. I know you will.

For I will earn it of you with such trust
As never king had in his friend before.

SCENE FROM "THE SAINT'S TRAGEDY."

Rev. Charles Kingsley.

A Chamber in the Wartburg. ELIZABETH sitting in widow's weeds ; GUTA and ISENTRADIS by her.

Isen. What? Always thus, my Princess? Is this
wise,

By day with fasts and ceaseless coil of labour ;
About the ungracious poor—hands, eyes, feet, brain,
O'ertasked alike—'mid sin and filth, which make
Each sense a plague—by night with cruel stripes,
And weary watching on the freezing stone,
To double all your griefs, and burn life's candle,
As village gossips say, at either end ?
The good book bids the heavy-hearted drink,
And so forget their woe.

Eliz. 'Tis written too
In that same book, nurse, that the day shall come
When the bridegroom shall be taken away—and then—
Then shall they mourn and fast : I needed weaning
From sense and earthly joys ; by this way only
May I win God to leave in mine own hands
My luxury's cure : Oh ! I may bring him back,
By working out to its full depth the chastening,
The need of which his loss proves : I but barter
Less grief for greater—pain for widowhood.

Isen. And death for life—your cheeks are wan and
sharp
As any three-days' moon —you are shifting always

Uneasily and stiff, now, on your seat,
As from some secret pain.

Eliz. Why watch me thus ?

You cannot know—and yet you know too much—
I tell you, nurse, pain's comfort, when the flesh
Aches with the aching soul in harmony,
And even in woe, we are one ; the heart must speak
Its passion's strangeness in strange symbols out,
Or boil, till it bursts inly.

Guta. Yet, methinks

You might have made this widowed solitude
A holy rest—a spell of soft grey weather,
Beneath whose fragrant dews all tender thoughts
Might bud and burgeon.

Eliz. That's a gentle dream ;

But nature shows nought like it : every winter,
When the great sun has turned his face away,
The earth goes down into the vale of grief,
And fasts, and weeps, and shrouds herself in sables,
Leaving her wedding garlands to decay—
Then leaps in spring to his returning kisses—
As I may yet !

Isen. There, now—my foolish child !

You faint ; come—come to your chamber—

Eliz. Oh, forgive me !

But hope at times throngs in so rich and full,
It mads the brain like wine : come with me, nurse,
Sit by me, lull me calm with gentle tales
Of noble ladies wandering in the wild wood,
Fed on chance earth-nuts, and wild strawberries,
Or milk of silly sheep, and woodland doe.
Or how fair Magdalen 'mid desert sands
Wore out in prayer her lonely blissful years,
Watched by bright angels, till her modest tresses
Were to her pearled feet their golden shroud :
Come, open all your lore.

SOPHIA and AGNES enter.

My mother-in-law !

(*Aside.*) Shame on thee, heart ! why sink, whene'er
we meet ?

Soph. Daughter, we know of old thy strength, of
metal

Beyond us worldlings : shrink not, if the time
Be come which needs its use.

Eliz. What means this preface ? Ah ! your looks
are big

With sudden woes—speak out.

Soph. Be calm and hear

The will of God toward my son, thy husband.

Eliz. What ! is he captive ? Why then—what of
that ?

There are friends will rescue him—there's gold for
ransom—

We'll sell our castles—live in bowers of rushes—

Oh, God ! that I were with him in the dungeon !

Soph. He is not taken.

Eliz. No ! he would have fought to the death !

There's treachery ! What paynim dog dare face

His lance, who naked braved yon lion's rage,

And eyed the cowering monster to his den ?

Speak ! Has he fled ; or worse ?

Soph. Child, he is dead.

Eliz. (*Clasping her hands on her knees.*) The world
is dead to me, and all its smiles !

Isen. Oh, woe ! my prince ! and doubly woe, my
daughter !

[ELIZABETH springs up and rushes out.

Oh, stop her—stop my child ! She will go mad—

Dash herself down—Fly—fly—she is not made

Of hard, light stuff, like you.

[ISENTRÜDIS and GUTA run out.

Soph. I had expected some such passionate outbreak
At the first news : you see now, Lady Agnes,

These saints, who fain would "wean themselves from earth,"

Still yield to the affections they despise
When the game's earnest. Now—ere they return—
Your brother, child, is dead.

Agnes. I know it too well;
So young—so brave—so blest! And she—she loved
him—

Oh! I repent of all the foolish scoffs
With which I crossed her.

Soph. Yes—the Landgrave's dead.
Attend to me—Alas! my son! my son!
He was my first-born! but he has a brother—
Agnes! we must not let this foreign gipsy,
Who, as you see, is scarce her own wits' mistress,
Flaunt sovereign over us, and our broad lands,
To my son's prejudice. There are barons, child,
Who will obey a knight, but not a saint;
I must at once to them.

Agnes. Oh, let me stay!

Soph. As you shall please—your brother's land-
gravate

Is somewhat to you, surely—and your smiles
Are worth gold pieces in a court intrigue,
For her, on her own principles, a downfall
Is a chastening mercy—and a likely one.

Agnes. Oh! let me stay, and comfort her!

Soph. Romance!

You girls adore a scene—as lookers on.

[Exit SOPHIA.]

Agnes (alone). Well spoke the old monks, peaceful
watching life's turmoil,

"Eyes which look heavenward, weeping still will see:
God's love with keen flame purges, like the lightning
flash,
Gold which is purest, purer still must be."

GUTA *enters.*

Alas ! returned alone ! Where has my sister been ?

Guta. Thank Heaven, you here alone, for such sad sight would haunt

Henceforth your young hopes—crush your young shuddering fancy down

With dread of like fierce anguish.

You saw her bound forth ; we towards her bower in haste

Ran trembling : spell-bound there, before her bridal bed
She stood, while wan smiles flickered, like the northern dawn,

Across her worn cheeks' ice-field ; keenest memories then
Rush'd with strong shudderings through her—as the winged shaft

Springs from the tense nerve ; so her passion hurled her forth

Sweeping, like fierce ghost, on through hall and corridor,
Tearless, with wide eyes staring, while a ghastly wind
Moaned on through roof and rafter, and the empty helms
Along the walls rang clattering, and above her waved
Dead heroes' banners ; swift and yet more swift she drove,

Still seeking aimless ; sheer against the opposing wall
At last dashed reckless—there with frantie fingers clutched

Blindly the ribbed oak, till that frost of rage
Dissolved itself in tears, and like a babe,
With inarticulate moans, and folded hands,
She followed those who led her, as if the sun
On her life's dial had gone back seven years,
And she were once again the dumb, sad child
We knew her ere she married.

Isen (entering). As after wolf, wolf presses, leaping through the snow-glades,

So woe on woe throngs surging up.

Guta.

What ? treason ?

Isen. Treason, and of the foulest. From her state
 she's rudely thrust ;
 Her keys are seized ; her weeping babies pent from her ;
 The wenches stop their sobs to sneer askance,
 And greet their fallen censor's new mischance.

Agnes. Alas ! Who dared to do this wrong ?

Isen. Your mother and your mother's son—
 Judge you, if it was knightly done.

Guta. See ! see ! she comes, with heaving breast,
 With bursting eyes, and purpled brow ;
 Oh, that the traitors saw her now !
 They know not, sightless fools, the heart they break.

[*ELIZABETH enters slowly.*

Eliz. He is in purgatory now. Alas !
 Angels ! be pitiful ! deal gently with him !
 His sins were gentle. That's one cause left for living—
 To pray and pray for him ; why all these months
 I pray'd—and here's my answer : Dead of a fever !
 Why thus ? So soon ! Only six years for love !
 While any formal, heartless matrimony,
 Patched up by court intrigues, and threats of cloisters,
 Drags on for six times six, and peasant slaves
 Grow old on the same straw, and hand in hand,
 Slip from life's oozy bank, to float at ease.

[*A knocking at the door.*

That's some petitioner.

Go to—I will not hear him ; why should I work,
 When he is dead ? Alas ! was that my sin ?
 Was he not, Christ, my lode-star ? Why not warn
 me ?
 Too late ! What's this foul dream ? Dead at Otran-
 to—

Parched by Italian suns—no woman by him—
 He was too chaste ! Nought but rude men to nurse !
 If I had been there, I should have watched by him—
 Guessed every fancy—God ! I might have saved him !

[*A servant-man rushes in.*

Servant. Madam, the Landgrave gave me strict com-
 mands-- —

Isen. The Landgrave, dc't?

Eliz. I might have saved him!

Servant (to Isen). Ay, saucy madam!
The Landgrave *Henry*, lord and master,
Freer than the last, and yet no waster;
Who will not stint a poor knave's beer,
Or spin out Lent through half the year.
Why—I see double!

Eliz. Who spoke there of the Landgrave? What's
this drunkard?

Give him his answer—'Tis no time for mumming.

Servant. The Landgrave Henry bade me see you
out

Safe through the gates, and that at once, my lady;
Come!

Eliz. Why, that's hasty—I must take my chil-
dren—

Ah! I forgot—they would not let me see them.
I must pack up my jewels.

Servant. You'll not need it—
His Lordship has the keys.

Eliz. He has indeed.

Why, man!—I am thy children's godmother—
I nursed thy wife myself in the black sickness.
Art thou a bird, that when the old tree falls,
Flits off, and sings in the sapling?

[*The man seizes her arm.*

Keep thine hands off—

I'll not be shamed—lead on. Farewell, my ladies,
Follow not! There's want to spare on earth already;
And mine own woo is weight enough for me.
Go back, and say Elizabeth has yet
Eternal homes, built deep in poor men's hearts;
And, in the alleys underneath the wall,
Has bought with sinful mammon heavenly treasure,
More sure than adamant, purer than white whales' bone,
Which now she claims. Lead on; a people's love shall
right me.

FROM THE COMEDY OF "PAUL PRY."

Poole.

TANKARD, BILLY, OLDBUTTON AND PRY.

Tan. Well, Billy, only rid me of this intolerable Paul, and your wages shall mend. Here has this Mr. Pry, although he has an establishment of his own in the town, been living and sleeping here these six days ! But I'm determined to get rid of him ; and do you instantly go, Billy, and affront him ; do anything with him, so as you make him turn his back upon the house. Eh, here's a coach driven up ; it is surely Mr. Oldbutton ; run, Billy, run. [*Exit BILLY.*] Roaring times, these. [*BILLY enters, showing in Mr. OLDBUTTON.*] Welcome, sir, most welcome to the Golden Chariot.

Mr. Oldbutton. Landlord, I have some letters to answer ; which is my apartment ?

Tan. Why, sir—confound that Paul Pry, he has the gentleman's room, and I can't get him out of it—why, sir, I did not expect you for some hours yet ; if you'll have the kindness to step into this apartment for a few minutes, your own room shall be properly arranged. I really beg ten thousand—

Mr. Old. No compliments, Mr. Landlord, and when you speak to me in future, keep yourself upright ; I hate tradesmen with backs of whalebone.

Tan. Why, civility, Mr. Oldbutton—

Mr. Old. Is this the room ? [*TANKARD bows. Exit OLDBUTTON.*]

Tan. Now, such a customer would deeply offend a man, if he had not the ultimate satisfaction of making out his bill. [*Enter BILLY.*] Oh, you've just come in time ; ask no questions ; there's Mr. Pry's room ; if you get him out of the house I'll raise your

T

wages ; if you do not, you shall go yourself. Now you know the terms. [*Exit.*]

Bill. Then it is either you or myself, Mr. Pry ; so here goes.

Paul Pry. Hope I don't intrude ; I say, Billy, who is that old gentleman who just came in ?

Enter PAUL PRY.

Bill. Old gentleman ?—why there's nobody come in.

Paul. Don't fib, Billy ; I saw him.

Bill. You saw him !—why, how could you see him when there's no window in the room ?

Paul. I always guard against such an accident, and carry a gimlet with me. [*Producing one.*] Nothing like making a little hole in the wainscot.

Bill. Why, surely you haven't—

Paul. It has been a fixed principle of my life, Billy, never to take a lodging or a house with a brick wall to it. I say, tell me, who is he ?

Bill. [*Aside.*] Well, I'll tell him something. Why, if you must know, I think he's an army lieutenant on half pay.

Paul. An army lieutenant ! half pay ! Ah ! that will never afford ribbons and white feathers.

Bill. Now, Mr. Pry, my master desires me to say, he can't accommodate you any longer ; your apartment is wanted, and really, Mr. Pry, you can't think how much you'll oblige me by going.

Paul. To be sure, Billy, I wouldn't wish to intrude for the world—your master's doing a good deal of business in this house—what did he give for the good-will of it ?

Tan. [*Without.*] Billy ?

Bill. There, now, I'm called—and I've to make ready the room for the Freemasons, that meet to-night—they that wouldn't admit you into their society.

Paul. Yes, I know ; they thought I should intrude.

Tan. [*Without.*] Billy ?

Bill. Now you must go—goodbye, Mr. Pry—I'm called.

Paul. Oh, goodbye,—good morning. [*Exit.*]

Bill. He's gone ! I'm coming, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PAUL PRY.

Paul. An army lieutenant ! Who can it be ? I shouldn't wonder if it's Mrs. Thomas's husband, who, she says, was killed in India ! If it should be, it will break off her flirting with Mr. Cinnamon, the grocer ; there's pretty doings in that quarter, for I caught the rheumatism watching them in a frosty night last winter ! An army lieutenant ! Mr. Thomas has a daughter ; I'll just peep through the key-hole and see if there's a family likeness between them. [*Goes to the door and peeps.*] Bless me ! why, there certainly is something about the nose—oh ! he's writing. [*The door is suddenly opened by OLDBUTTON, who discovers PAUL.*]

Paul. I hope I don't intrude—I was trying to find my apartment.

Mr. Old. Was it necessary to look through the key-hole for it, sir ?

Paul. I'm rather short-sighted, sir ; sad affliction ! my poor mother was short-sighted, sir ; in fact, it's a family failing ; all the Pry's are obliged to look close.

Mr. Old. Whilst I sympathize with your distresses, sir, I hope to be exempt from the impertinence which you may attach to them.

Paul. Would not intrude for the world, sir. What may be your opinion, sir, of the present state of the kingdom ? How do you like peace ? It must press hard upon you gentlemen of the army ; a lieutenant's half pay now is but little to make both ends meet.

Mr. Old. Sir !

Paul. Especially when a man's benevolent to his poor relations. Now, sir, perhaps you'll allow something out of your five-and-six-pence a day to your mother or

maiden sister. Between you and me, I must tell you what I have learnt here.

Mr. Old. Between you and me, sir, I must tell you what I have learnt in India.

Paul. What! have you been in India? Wouldn't intrude an observation for the world; but I thought you had a yellowish look; something of an orange-peeling countenance. You've been in India! Although I'm a single man, I wouldn't ask an improper question; but is it true that the blacks employ no tailors or milliners? If not, what do they do to keep off the flies?

Mr. Old. That is what I was about to inform you, they carry canes. Now, sir, five minutes' conversation with you has fully convinced me that there are flies in England as well as in India; and that a man may be as impertinently inquisitive at Dover as at Bengal. All I have to add is—I carry a cane.

Paul. In such a case, I'm the last to intrude. I've only one question to ask—Is your name Thomas? whether you have a wife? how old is she? and where were you married?

Mr. Old. Well, sir, a man may sometimes play with a puppy, as well as kick him; and, if it will afford you any satisfaction, learn my name is Thomas.

Paul. Oh, poor Mr. Cinnamon! This is going to India! Mr. T., I'm afraid you'll find that somebody here has intruded in your place—for between you and me—[OLDBUTTON surveys him contemptuously, and whilst PAUL is talking, OLDBUTTON stalks off. PAUL, on looking round.] Well, it isn't that I interfere much in people's concerns; if I did, how unhappy I could make that man. This Freemason's sign puzzles me; they wouldn't make me a member; but I have slept six nights in the next room to them; and, thanks to my gimlet, I know the business. There was Mr. Smith, who was only in the *Gazette* last week, taking his brandy and water; he can't afford that, I know. Then there was Mr.

Hodgkins, who makes his poor wife and children live upon baked potatoes six days out of the week [for I know the shop where they are cooked,] calling like a lord for a Welsh rarebit; I only wish his creditors could see him; but I don't trouble my head with these matters; if I did—eh! Why there is one of the young Joneses going again to Mr. Notick, the pawnbroker's; that's the third time this week. Well, I've just time enough to run to Notick's and see what he's brought, before I go to inquire at the post office who in the town has letters. [*Exit.*]

COPPERFIELD AND TRADDLES.

Dialogue from Dickens.

Traddles. [*Looking up.*] Good gracious! It's Copperfield. [*Rush into each other's arms.*]

Copperfield. All well, my dear Traddles?

Trad. All well, my dear, dear Copperfield, and nothing but good news! [*Rumples his hair in his excitement.*] My dear fellow, my long lost and most welcome friend, how glad I am to see you! How brown you are! How glad I am! Upon my life and honour, I never was so rejoiced, my dear Copperfield—never! My dear fellow, and grown so famous! Good gracious me! *when* did you come, *where* have you come from, *what* have you been doing? [*Seats COPPERFIELD in an easy chair, and shakes hands again with him.*] To think that you should have been so nearly coming home as you must have been, my dear old boy, and not at the ceremony.

Cop. What ceremony, my dear Traddles?

Trad. Good gracious me! didn't you get my last letter?

Cop. Certainly not, if it referred to any ceremony.

Trad. [*Passing his hands through his hair until it stands upright, then placing them on his knees and looking straight at COPPERFIELD.*] Why, my dear Copperfield, I am married!

Cop. Married!

Trad. Lord bless me, yes! By the Rev. Horace—to Sophy—down in Devonshire. Why, my dear boy, she's behind the window curtain. [*Mrs. T. steps out.*] Look here!

Cop. [*Shaking hands with both.*] My dear friends, I wish you joy with all my heart.

Trad. What a delightful re-union this is! You are so extremely brown, my dear Copperfield! Bless my soul, how happy I am!

Cop. And so am I.

Mrs. Traddles. And I am sure I am!

Trad. We are all as happy as possible! Even the girls are happy. Dear me! I declare, I forgot them.

Cop. Forgot?

Trad. The girls. Sophy's sisters. They are staying with us. They have come to have a peep at London. The fact is, when—was it you that tumbled up stairs, Copperfield?

Cop. [*Laughing.*] It was.

Trad. Well, then, when you tumbled up stairs, I was romping with the girls. In point of fact, we were playing at Puss in the Corner. But as that wouldn't do in Westminster Hall, and as it wouldn't look quite professional if they were seen by a client, they decamped. And they are now—listening, I have no doubt. [*Nodding towards a door.*]

Cop. [*Laughing.*] I am sorry to have occasioned such a dispersion.

Trad. Upon my word, if you had seen them running away, and running back again, after you had knocked, to pick up the combs they had dropped out of their hair, and going on in the maddest manner, you wouldn't have said so. [*To Mrs. T.*] My love, will you fetch the

girls ? [*Exit MRS. T. Immediately peals of laughter are heard outside.*] Really musical—isn't it, my dear, Copperfield ? It's very agreeable to hear ; it quite lights up these old rooms. To an unfortunate bachelor of a fellow who has lived alone all his life, you know, it's positively delicious. It's charming. Poor things they have had a great loss in Sophy—who, I do assure you, Copperfield, is, and ever was, the dearest girl !—and it gratifies me beyond expression to find them in such good spirits. The society of girls is a very delightful thing, Copperfield. It's not professional, but it's very delightful. [*COPPERFIELD assents.*] But then our domestic arrangements are, to say the truth, quite unprofessional altogether, Copperfield. Even Sophy's being here is unprofessional. And we have no other place of abode. We have put to sea in a cockboat, but we are quite prepared to rough it. And Sophy's an extraordinary manager ! You'll be surprised how these girls are stowed away. I am sure I hardly know how it's done.

Cop. Are many of the young ladies with you ?

Trad. The eldest—the beauty—is here—Caroline. And Sarah's here. And the two youngest, that Sophy educated, are with us. And Louisa's here.

Cop. Indeed !

Trad. Yes. Now, the whole set—I mean the chambers—is only three rooms ; but Sophy arranges for the girls in the most wonderful way, and they sleep as comfortably as possible. Three in that room, and two in that.

Cop. And you ?

Trad. Well, we are prepared to rough it, as I said just now, and we *did* improvise a bed last week upon the floor here. But there's a little room in the roof,—a very nice room, when you're up there,—which Sophy papered herself to surprise me ; and that's our room at present. It's a capital little gipsy sort of place. There's quite a view from it.

Cop. And you are happily married at last, my dear Traddles. How rejoiced I am!

Trad. Thank you, my dear Copperfield. [*They shake hands again.*] Yes, I am as happy as it's possible to be. There's your old friend, you see [*nods towards flower-stand*], and there's the table with the marble top! All the other furniture is plain and serviceable, you perceive. And as to plate, bless you, we haven't so much as a tea spoon.

Cop. [*Cheerfully.*] All to be earned?

Trad. Exactly so. All to be earned. Of course we have something in the shape of tea-spoons, because we stir our tea. But they're Britannia metal.

Cop. The silver will be the brighter when it comes.

Trad. The very thing we say. You see, my dear Copperfield [*confidentially*], after I had delivered my argument in *Jipes versus Wigzell*, which did me great service with the profession, I went down into Devonshire and had some serious conversation in private with the Reverend Horace. I dwelt upon the fact that Sophy—who, I do assure you, Copperfield, is the dearest girl!—

Cop. am certain she is.

Trad. She is indeed. But I am afraid I am wandering from the subject. Did I mention the Reverend Horace?

Cop. You said that you dwelt upon the fact—

Trad. True! Upon the fact that Sophy and I had been engaged for a long period, and that Sophy, with the permission of her parents, was more than content to take me—in short, on our present Britannia-metal footing. Very well. I then proposed to the Reverend Horace that if I could turn the corner say of two hundred and fifty pounds in one year, and could see my way pretty clearly to that or something better next year, and could plainly furnish a little place like this besides, then, and in that case, Sophy and I should be united. I took the liberty of representing that we had been patient for

a good many years, and that the circumstance of Sophy's being extraordinarily useful at home ought not to operate with her affectionate parents against her establishment in life—don't you see?

Cop. Certainly it ought not.

Trad. I am glad you think so, Copperfield, because, without any imputation on the Reverend Horace, I do think parents and brothers, &c., are sometimes rather selfish in such cases. I also pointed out that my most earnest desire was to be useful to the family; and that if I got on in the world, and anything should happen to him—I refer to the Reverend Horace—or to Mrs. Crewler, it would be the utmost gratification of my wishes to be a parent to the girls. He replied in a most admirable manner, exceedingly flattering to my feelings, and undertook to obtain the consent of Mrs. Crewler to this arrangement. They had a dreadful time of it with her, but they brought her through it—and we were married yesterday six weeks. You have no idea what a monster I felt, Copperfield, when I saw the whole family crying and fainting away in every direction! Mrs. Crewler couldn't see me before we left,—couldn't forgive me, then, for depriving her of her child,—but she's a good creature, and has done so since. I had a delightful letter from her only this morning.

Cop. And, in short, my dear friend, you feel as blessed as you deserve to feel.

Trad. [*Laughing.*] O, that's your partiality! But, indeed I am in a most enviable state. I work hard, and read law insatiably. I get up at five every morning, and don't mind it at all. I hide the girls in the daytime, and make merry with them in the evening,—and, in short, I am the happiest fellow alive.

MARK TAPLEY'S RETURN.

PART I.

*Dialogue from Dickens.**Scene : PARLOUR AT THE DRAGON.*

MRS. LUPIN *seated at a table with her chin on her hand.*
On the table is her neglected supper.

Mrs. Lupin. [*Shaking her head mournfully.*] Dear me! Ah, dear, dear me!

[*Enter a Stranger, muffled up in a sailor's over coat, and with his hat pulled over his eyes.*]

Stranger. [*Gruffly.*] A pint of the best old beer, here. [*Sits down.*]

Mrs. L. A bad night!

Stranger. It is, rather.

Mrs. L. There's a fire in the kitchen, and very good company there. Hadn't you better go and dry yourself?

Stranger. No, thank'ee.

Mrs. L. It's enough to give you your death of cold.

Stranger. I don't take my death easy, or I should, most likely, have took it afore to-night. Your health, ma'am. [*Raises tankard to his mouth.*]

Mrs. L. Thank you.

Stranger. [*Setting down tankard without drinking.*] What do you call this house? Not the Dragon—do you?

Mrs. L. Yes, the Dragon.

Stranger. Why, then, you've got a sort of relation of mine here, ma'am—a young man of the name of Tapley. What! Mark, my boy [*looking about the room*], have I come upon you at last, old buck?

Mrs. L. [*Trimming candle, with her back to Stranger.*] Nobody should be made more welcome at the Dragon,

master, than any one who brought me news of Mark. But it's many a long day and month since he left here and England. And whether he's alive or dead, poor fellow, Heaven above us only knows!

Stranger. Where did he go, ma'am?

Mrs. L. [*Still trimming candle.*] He went to America. How could he ever go to America? [*Sobs. Stranger catches her in his arms.*] Oh, Mark! Mark!

Mark. Yes, I will! Another—one more—twenty more! You didn't know me in that hat and coat? I thought you would have known me anywheres! Ten more!

Mrs. L. So I should have known you, if I could have seen you; but I couldn't, and you spoke so gruff. I didn't think you could speak gruff to me, Mark, at first coming back.

Mark. Fifteen more! How handsome and how young you look! Six more! The last half dozen warn't a fair one, and must be done over again. Lord bless you, what a treat it is to see you! One more! Well, I never *was* so jolly. Just a few more, on account of there not being any credit in it! [*Pauses to take breath.*] Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit's outside—I left him under the cart-shed, while I came on to see if there was anybody here. We want to keep quiet to-night, till we know the news from you, and what it's best for us to do.

Mrs. L. There's not a soul in the house except the kitchen company. If they were to know you had come back, Mark, they'd have a bonfire in the street, late as it is.

Mark. But they mustn't know it to-night, my precious soul. So have the house shut and the kitchen fire made up; and when it's all ready, put a light in the window, and we'll come in. One more! I long to hear about old friends. You'll tell me all about 'em—won't you? Mr. Pinch, and the butcher's dog down the street, and the terrier over the way, and the wheelwright's, and every one of 'em. When I first caught

sight of the church to-night, I thought the steeple would have choked me, I did. One more! Won't you? Not a very little one to finish off with?

Mrs. L. You have had plenty, I am sure. Go along with your foreign manners!

Mark. That ain't foreign, bless you! Native as oysters, that is! One more, because it's native! As a mark of respect for the land we live in! This don't count as between you and me, you understand. I ain't a-kissin' you now, you'll observe, I'm a-kissin' my country.
[Exit MARK.]

PART II.

TOM PINCH and MARK TAPLEY together.

Tom. And what do you mean to do now, Mark?

Mark. Mean to do, sir?

Tom. Ay, what course of life do you mean to pursue?

Mark. Well, sir, the fact is, that I have been a thinking rather of the matrimonial line, sir.

Tom. You don't say so, Mark!

Mark. Yes, sir. I've been a turnin' of it over.

Tom. And who is the lady, Mark?

Mark. The which, sir?

Tom. The lady. Come! You know what I said as well as I do.

Mark. You couldn't guess, I suppose, Mr. Pinch?

Tom. How is it possible? I don't know any of your flames, Mark. Except Mrs. Lupin, indeed.

Mark. Well, sir, and supposin' it was her—supposin', for the sake of argument, it was her, sir.

Tom. Why, I thought such a connection wouldn't suit you, Mark, on any terms.

Mark. Well, sir, I used to think so myself, once; but I a'n't so clear about it now. A dear, sweet creature, sir!

Tom. A dear, sweet creature ! To be sure she is. But she always was—was she not ?

Mark. Was she not ?

Tom. Then, why on earth didn't you marry her at first, Mark, instead of wandering abroad, and losing all this time, and leaving her alone by herself, liable to be courted by other people ?

Mark. Why, sir, I'll tell you how it came about. You know me, Mr. Pinch, sir. There a'n't a gentleman alive as knows me better. You're acquainted with my constitution, and you're acquainted with my weakness. My constitution is to be jolly, and my weakness is to wish to find a credit in it. Very good, sir ; in this state o' mind, I gets a notion in my head that she looks on me with a eye of—with what you may call a favourable sort of eye, in fact.

Tom. No doubt ; we knew that perfectly well, when we spoke on this subject long ago ; before you left the Dragon.

Mark. Well, sir ; but being at that time full of hopeful visions, I arrives at the conclusion that no credit is to be got out of such a way of life as that, where everything agreeable would be ready to one's hand. Lookin' on the bright side of human life, in short, one of my hopeful visions is, that there's a deal o' misery awaitin' me, in the midst of which I may come out tolerable strong, and be jolly under circumstances as reflects some credit. I goes into the world, sir, wery buoyant, and I tries this. I goes aboard ship first, and wery soon discovers (by the ease with which I'm jolly, mind you) as there's no credit to be got there. I might have took warning by this, and gave it up ; but I didn't. I gets to the U-nited States ; there my master falls sick and nearly dies, and I do begin—I won't deny it—to feel some little credit in sustaining my spirits. What follows ? Jest as I'm beginning to come out, and am a treadin' on the werge, my master deceives me.

Tom. Deceives you !

Mark. Swindles me. Turns his back on ev'rything as made his service a creditable one, and leaves me high and dry, without a leg to stand upon—in which state I returns home. Wery good. Then all my hopeful wisions bein' crushed, and findin' that there a'n't no credit for me nowhere, I abandons myself to despair, and says, "Let me do that as has the least credit in it of all—marry a dear, sweet creetur as is wery fond of me—me bein', at the same time, wery fond of her; lead a happy life, and struggle no more again the blight which settles on my prospects."

Tom. (*Laughing.*) If your philosophy, Mark, be the oddest I ever heard of, it is not the least wise. Mrs. Lupin has said "Yes," of course?

Mark. Why, no, sir; she hasn't gone so far as that yet, which I attribute principally to my not havin' asked her. But we was wery agreeable together—comfortable, I may say. It's all right, sir.

Tom. Well! I wish you joy, Mark, with all my heart. Goodbye, for the present.

Mark. Goodbye, sir! Goodbye, Mr. Pinch. [*Exit TOM.*] Although you *are* a damper to a honourable ambition, you little think it, but you was the first to dash my hopes. Pecksniff would have built me up for life, but your sweet temper pulled me down. Goodbye, Mr. Pinch!

III.

EXTRACTS FOR RECITATION.

LOCHINVAR.

Scott.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west !
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone !
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight, like the young Lochinvar !

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none,—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented !—the gallant came late !—
For, a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar !

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers, and all ;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word—
“ O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war ?—
Or to dance at our bridal ?—young Lord Lochinvar ! ”

“ I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide !

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine !—
 There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar !”

The bride kissed the goblet ! The knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup !
 She looked down to blush and she looked up to sigh—
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “ Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace !
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bride-maidens whispered “ ’Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
 var !”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door and the charger stood
 near—

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur !
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow !” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Netherby
 clan :
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea—
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S
EXHIBITION.*Horace Smith.*

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory.

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,

And thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune :
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,

Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass ;

Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great Temple's dedication ?

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,

Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,

For thou wast dead, and buried and embalm'd

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—

Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations ;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Did'st thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold :—
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears, adown that dusky cheek, have rolled :—
Have children climbed those knees and kiss'd that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
O, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

THE BELLS.

*Poe.*ARRANGED FOR RECITATION BY MR. A. MELVILLE
BELL.

Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells! What a world of merriment their melody foretells! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night! while the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight; keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinabulation that so musically wells from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—golden bells. What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight! From the molten-golden notes what a liquid ditty floats! what a gush of euphony voluminously wells! How it swells! how it dwells on the future! how it tells of the rapture that impels to the swinging and the ringing, to the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—brazen bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the startled air of night how they scream out their affright! in a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire. What a tale their terror tells of Despair! How they clang and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour on the bosom of the palpitating air! Yet the ear it fully knows, by the twanging and the clanging, how the danger ebbs and flows; yet the ear distinctly tells, by the jangling and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and swells, by the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—in the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells! What a

world of solemn thought their monody compels ! In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright at the melancholy menace of their tone ! For every sound that floats from the rust within their throats is a groan. And the people—ah, the people that dwell up in the steeple, all alone, and who, tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone, feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone ;—they are neither man nor woman—they are neither brute nor human—they are ghouls: and their king it is who tolls ; and he rolls, rolls, rolls, a pæan from the bells, and his bosom proudly swells with the pæan of the bells, and he dances and he yells ; keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the pæan of the bells—to the throbbing of the bells—to the sobbing of the bells, to the rolling of the bells, to the tolling of the bells—to the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Campbell.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded—to die !

When reposing at night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
T'was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back !

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And I knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I wore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart,—

“Stay ! stay with us !—rest ! thou art weary and
 worn !”

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
 But sorrow returned with dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE PASSIONS.

Collins.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young.—
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined :
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were tired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for madness ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid ;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds !—his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure !
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien ;
 While each strain'd ball of sight—seemed bursting from
 his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd :
 And now, it courted Love ; now, raving, call'd on
 Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
 Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing—
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket
 rung ;
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 queen,
 Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain.
They saw, in Temple's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

THUNDER STORM AMONG THE ALPS.

Lord Byron.

It is the hush of night ; and all, between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar ;
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill !
At intervals, some bird, from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dew

All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wast not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines!—a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights—which appear as lovers, who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of their fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed!
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years—all winter!—war within themselves to wage!

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand!
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,

Flashing and cast around ! of all the band
The brightest, through these parted hills, hath fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand
That, in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

THE OCEAN.

Lord Byron.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews ; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with thy shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown !

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments, which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage ! their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests !—in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime !
The image of eternity !—the throne
Of the invisible ! Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ! Each zone
Obeys thee ! Thou goest forth, dread ! fathomless ! alone !

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

Robert Browning.

I sprang to the stirrups, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-
drew ;
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheekstrap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-
chime.
So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and an
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay
spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongress, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

THE OWL AND THE BELL.

George Macdonald.

"*Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome !*"
Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home,
Up in the tower, away and unseen,
In a twilight of ivy, cool and green ;
With his *Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome !*
Singing bass to himself in his house at home.

Said the Owl to himself, as he sat below
On a window-ledge like a ball of snow,
" Pest on that fellow, sitting up there !
Always calling the people to prayer !
With his *Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome !*
Mighty big in his house at home !

" I will move," said the Owl, " but it suits me well ;
And one may get used to it, who can tell ?
So he slept in the day with all his might,
And rose and flapped out in the hush of night
When the Bell was asleep in his tower at home,
Dreaming over his *Bing, Bang, Bome !*

For the Owl was born so poor and genteel,
 He was forced from the first to pick and steal;
 He scorned to work for honest bread—
 "Better have never been hatched!" he said.
 So he slept all day; for he dared not roam
 Till night had silenced the *Bing, Bang, Bome!*

When his six little darlings had chipped the egg,
 He must steal the more; 'twas a shame to beg.
 And they ate the more that they did not sleep well;
 "It's their gizzards," said *Ma*; said *Pa*, "It's the Bell!
 For they quiver like leaves in a wind-blown tome,
 When the Bell bellows out his *Bing, Bang, Bome!*"

But the Bell began to throb with the fear
 Of bringing the house about his one ear;
 And his people were patching all day long,
 And propping the walls to make them strong.
 So a fortnight he sat, and felt like a nome,
 For he dared not shout his *Bing, Bang, Bome!*

Said the Owl to himself, and hissed as he said,
 "I do believe the old fool is dead."
 Now,—now, I vow, I shall never pounce twice;
 And stealing shall be all sugar and spice.
 But I'll see the corpse, ere he's laid in the loam,
 And shout in his ear, *Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!*

"Hoo! hoo!" he cried, as he entered the steeple,
 "They've hanged him at last, the righteous people!
 His swollen tongue lolls out of his head—
 Hoo! hoo! at last the old brute is dead.
 There let him hang, the shapeless Ignome!
 Choked, with his throat full of *Bing, Bang, Bome!*

So he danced about him, singing TOO-WHOO!
 And flapped the poor Bell, and said, "Is that you?"
 Where is your voice with its wonderful tone,

Banging poor owls, and making them groan ?
A fig for you now, in your great hall-dome !
Too-who is better than "*Bing, Bang, Bome !*"

So brave was the Owl, the downy and dapper,
That he flew inside and sat on the clapper ;
And he shouted *Too-who* ! till the echo awoke,
Like the sound of a ghostly clapper-stroke :
" Ah, ha ! " quoth the Owl, " I am quite at home—
I will take your place with my *Bing, Bang, Bome !*"

The Owl was uplifted with pride and self-wonder ;
He hissed, and then called the echo thunder ;
And he sat the monarch of feathered fowl
Till—*Bang !* went the Bell—and down went the Owl,
Like an avalanche of feathers and foam,
Loosed by the booming *Bing, Bang, Bome !*

He sat where he fell, as if nought was the matter,
Though one of his eyebrows was certainly flatter.
Said the eldest owlet, " Pa, you were wrong ;
He's at it again with his vulgar song."
" Be still," said the Owl ; " you're guilty of pride :
I brought him to life by perching inside."

" But why, my dear ? " said his pillowy wife ;
" You know he was always the plague of your life."
" I perhaps have given him a lesson of good for evil ;
" Perhaps the old ruffian will now be civil."
The Owl looked righteous and raised his comb ;
But the Bell bawled on his *Bing, Bang, Bome !*

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself :
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, man,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, IV. 1.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school ; and then, the lover ;

Sighing like furnace, with woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
 In fair round body, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
 AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 7.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—
 The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
 Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 This is no flattery ; these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head !
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
 Have their round haunches gored.
 Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jacques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, thinks we do more usurp
 Than doth our brother, that hath banished us.
 To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal
 Behind an oak, whose antique roots peep out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
 To which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 1.

A fool—a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
 A motley fool;—a miserable varlet!—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool;—
 Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,
 And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms;
 In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir, quoth he,"
 "Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune;"
 And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative :
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 7.

EPILOGUE.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ;
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true, that "good wine needs no bush,"
'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to
good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays
prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor
cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play !
I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will
not become me : my way is to conjure you ; and I'll be-
gin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the
love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as
please you ; and I charge you, O men, for the love you
bear to women, as I perceive by your simpering none of
you hates them, that between you and the women, the
play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many
of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that
liked me, and breaths that I defied not : and, I am sure,

as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make courtsey, bid me farewell.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

TOUCHSTONE ON QUARRELLING.

If any man doubt that I have been a courtier, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one—but that was ta'en up. When we met, we found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause; that is, upon a lie seven times removed; as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true; this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome;" and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct." I durst go no further than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords and parted.—O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will nominate in order now the degrees of the lie. The first, the "retort courteous;" the second, the "quip modest;" the third, the "reply churlish;" the fourth, the "reproof valiant;" the fifth, the "countercheck quarrelsome;" the sixth, the "lie with circumstance;" the

seventh, the "lie direct." All these you may avoid, but the "lie direct;" and you may avoid that too, with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as "If you said so, then I said so!"—"Oh! . . . did you so?" and they shook hands, and were sworn brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the time of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharf. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, II. 2.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
 For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter with.
 Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have passed.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances;
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history.
 These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them,—
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it ; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough ; no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there ;
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

TWELFTH NIGHT, I. I.

She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat, like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more ; but indeed,
 Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

TWELFTH NIGHT, II. 4.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double-cherry, seeming parted ;
 But yet a union in partition.
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, it is not maidenly :
 Our sex as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, III. 2.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy fingers of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on 3 :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice ;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear ; at which he starts and wakes ;
And, being thus frighted, swears a paayer or two,
And sleeps again.

ROMEO AND JULIET, I. 4.

These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

TEMPEST, IV. 1.

From camp to camp,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile :
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all watched night :
 But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold (as may unworthiness define)
 A little touch of Harry in the night :
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
 Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and rag'd foils,
 Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,—
 The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

HENRY V., III. 7.

K. Hen.—Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage :

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !—On, on, you nobless English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords from lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and St. George !

HENRY V., III. 1.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ; and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf,
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentle-woman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

1 HENRY IV., I. 3.

Richard.—Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;—
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;—
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing-world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days ;
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And, if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says, that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dives, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.
 RICHARD III., I. 1.

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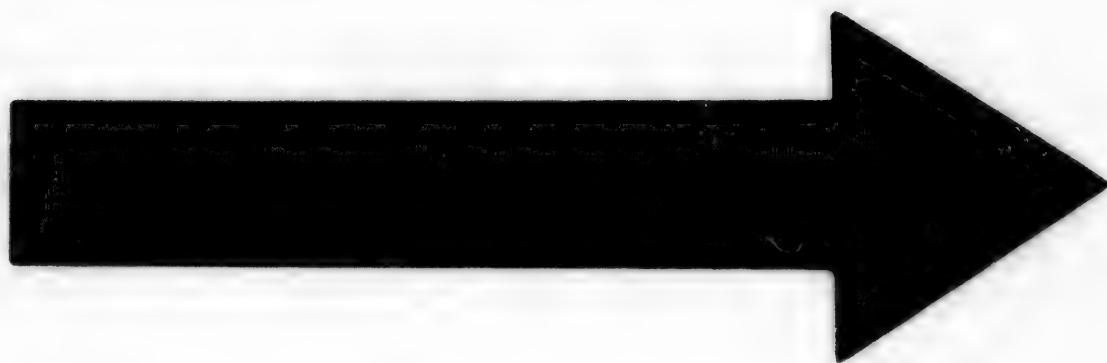
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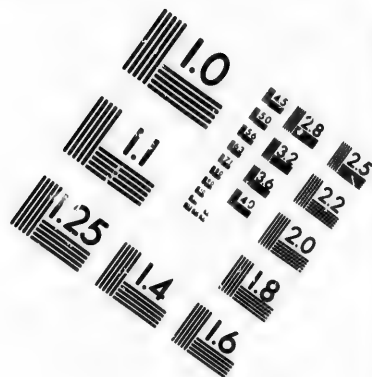
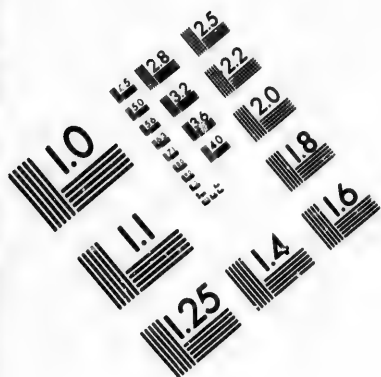
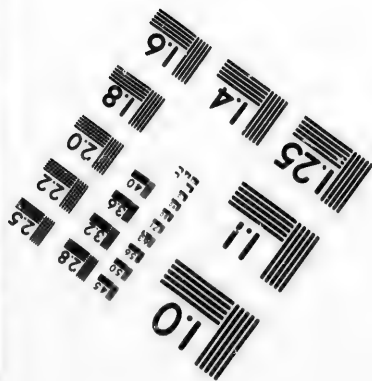
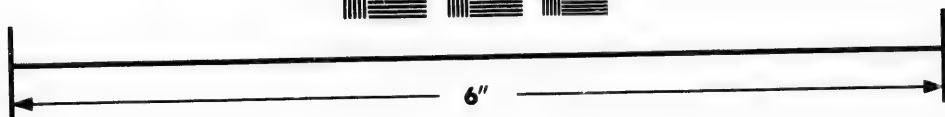
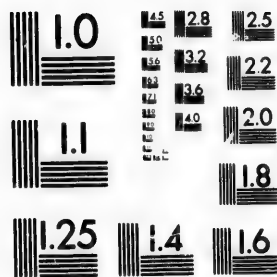


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